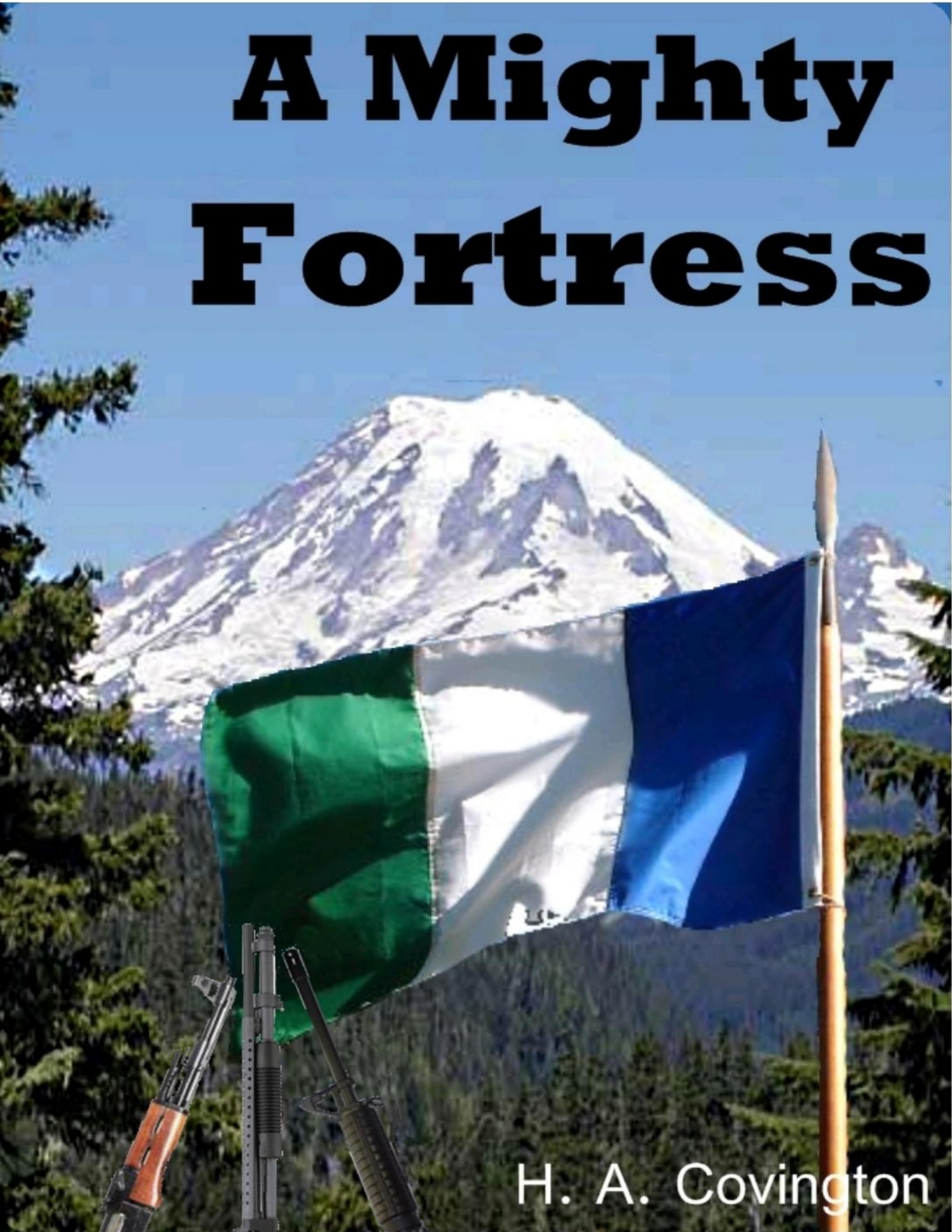


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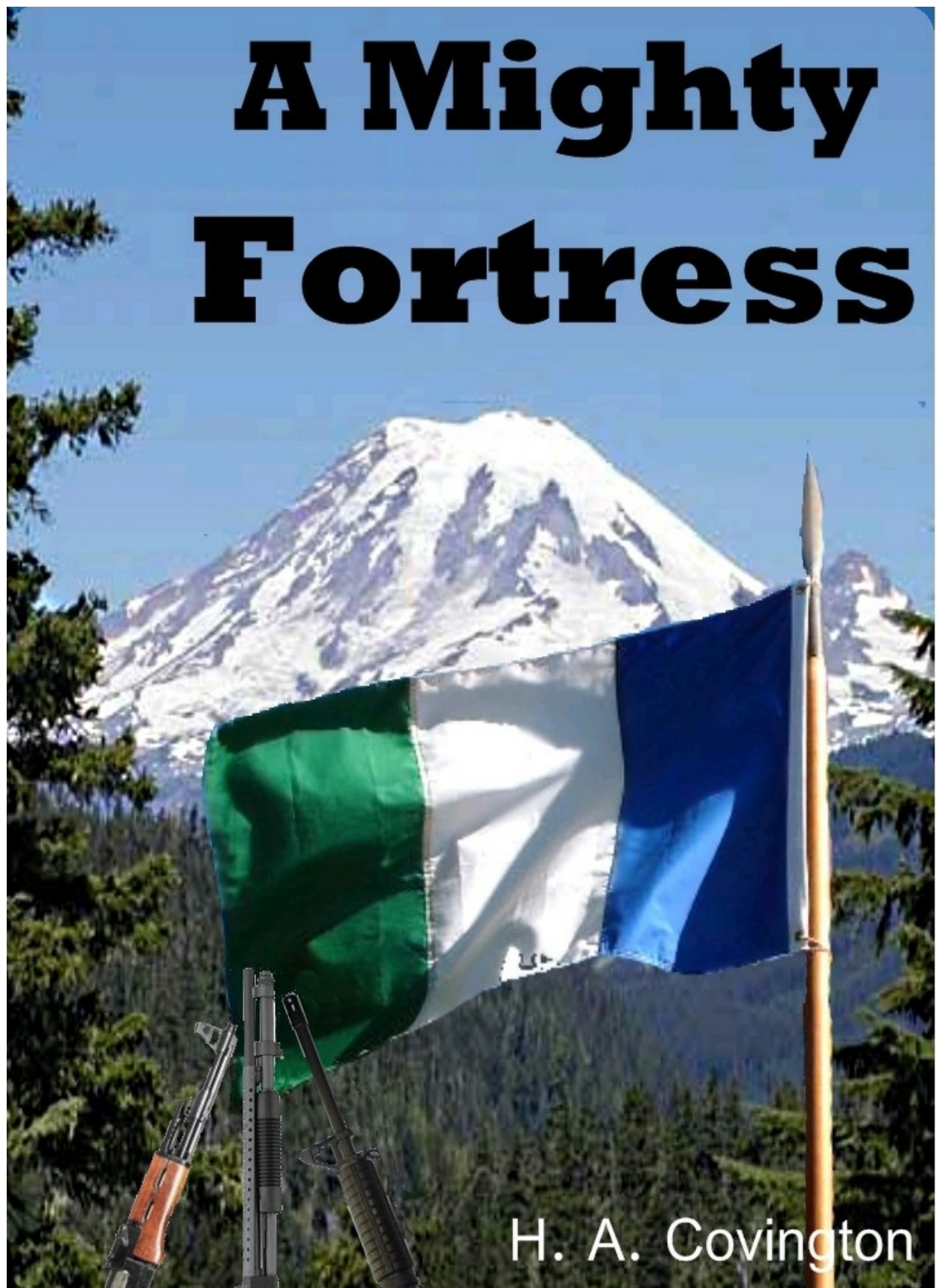
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A Mighty Fortress



H. A. Covington

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by

H. A. Covington

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A Mighty Fortress

Glossary of Northwest Acronyms

and Terms

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God - Christian Hymn written by Martin Luther.
The national

anthem of the Northwest American Republic.

ASU - Active Service Unit. The basic building block of the NVA paramilitary structure.

Generally speaking, an active service unit was any team or affinity group of Northwest

Volunteers engaged in armed struggle against the United States government. The largest active

service units during the War of Independence were the Flying Columns (*q. v.*) that moved across

the countryside in open insurrection. These could sometimes number as many as 75 or even 100

men. More usual was the urban team or crew ranging from four or five to no more than a dozen

Volunteers. After a unit grew larger than seven or eight people, the logistics of movement and

supply and also the risk of betrayal reached unacceptably high levels, and the cell would divide

in two with each half going its separate way. Command and coordination between the units was

often tenuous at best. The success and survival of an active service unit was often a matter of the

old Viking adage: "Luck often enough will save a man, if his courage hold."

Aztlan - A semi-autonomous province of Mexico consisting of the old American states of

southern and western Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, parts of Colorado, and southern

California below a line roughly parallel with the Mountain Gate border post.

BATF - Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms division of the United States Treasury Department.

Used by the government in Washington D. C. unlawfully to suppress many early right-wing and

racial nationalist groups and individuals. Unlike its more sophisticated counterpart the FBI,

BATF seldom resorted to such things as bribery, fabrication, or forgery to get convictions. All

brawn and no brain, BATF simply smashed their way into the homes of dissidents such as

Kenyon Bellew and David Koresh and started shooting. Many of their agents later became

Fatties when the FATPO (*q.v.*) superceded the old ATF organization at the beginning of the War

of Independence. BATF was declared a criminal organization by Parliament and any surviving

members are subject to arrest, trial, and punishment if apprehended.

The Beast - Term similar in meaning to ZOG (*q.v.*) used initially by Christian Identity people to

describe the Federal government of the United States and the Zionist, liberal power structure in

general. The expression later came into more widespread use among the Northwest American

Republic's non-CI population.

Break Bad - An incident or encounter between the NVA and Federal forces or others that turns

violent.

Brigade - In the paramilitary organization of the Northwest Volunteer Army, a loose

combination of all of the partisan units assigned to a specific geographic area. In the larger cities

of the Homeland such as Seattle, Portland or Spokane there might be as many as two or three

brigades, each operating independently of the others, so that a single catastrophic betrayal or

Federal assault could not wipe out the NVA in that metropolitan area. A brigade could comprise

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as many as two or three dozen active service units of various kinds and strengths, including

technical, supply, and support teams. Some of the smaller brigades covering larger and more

rural areas only had a few units. In actual practice there was always an immense amount of

confusion and overlap in membership and function between units. As is the case with any

conflict, nothing about the War of Independence was ever as neatly cut and dried as the

Republic's history books have portrayed.

BOSS - Bureau of State Security. The Republic's political police. The mission of BOSS may be

summed up simply in the five words of its motto: "*We will never go back.*" In *The Hill of the*

Ravens Don Redmond pithily summarizes that mission when he says, “The revolution is forever.

Our job is to make sure of that.”

CI - Christian Identity. By the time of writing of this book, the predominant Christian religious

movement in the Republic. The faith of Pastor Richard Butler, Robert Miles, and many others

among the founding fathers of the Northwest American Republic. The essence of Christian

Identity is the transfer of God’s Biblical covenant from the Jewish people to the Gentile or Aryan

peoples through the medium of the Christ’s Passion and the Crucifixion. In most Christian

Identity sects this transfer is accompanied by a very complex (sometimes downright tortuous)

theological construct whereby white people are alleged to be racial descendants of the Israelites

of the Bible through the alleged wanderings of the Lost Tribes through Europe, Denmark being

descended from the tribe of Dan, etc. However tenuous the historical and theological basis for

Christian Identity, there can be no doubt of the spiritual strength and personal integrity which

the CI faith imparts to its adherents. During the Time of Struggle and ever since, they have been

the very backbone of the Northwest nation.

Centcom - During the War of Independence, Centcom was the central command authority of

the American occupation forces, consisting of representatives from the executive and judicial

branches of government, the FBI, Justice Department, Department of Homeland Security, etc.

Code Duello - The official protocols and procedures governing dueling within the Republic,

administered by the National Honor Court. The purpose of the Code Duello is to make sure that

the ultimate sanction for personal misbehavior remains available to all the Republic's citizens,

but only under very clear and formally recognized conditions. Ref. the Old Man: "One of the

problems under ZOG was that there was no longer any penalty attached to being an asshole.

There needs to be."

Come Home - To immigrate to the Northwest American Republic. Since the NAR is the

Homeland of all Indo-European peoples, a white immigrant is considered to have Come Home.

Daryl and His Other Brother Daryl - Defamatory term used by certain white migrants to

the Homeland during pre-revolutionary times to denote white people born in rural areas of the

Northwest. Considered rude, boorish, and highly discouraged by the Party

both before and since

the revolution.

DHS - Department of Homeland Security. One of the many overlapping Federal political police

agencies created under Bush II as part of the suspension of the United States Constitution and

the abrogation of American civil liberties which took place after the events of September 11th,

2001. The Department of Homeland Security seems to have done little during the time of the

revolution beyond adding to the confusion.

DM - “Drooling Moron.” Defamatory term used by certain white migrants during the pre-

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revolutionary times to denote white people born in rural areas of the Northwest Homeland.

Always frowned upon and discouraged by the Party. Several legal cases are now before the

National Honor Court to decide whether “DM” is to be considered a killing word or not.

E & E - Escape and Evasion. Associated with General Order Number Eight, a.k.a. the “Feets

Don’t Fail Me Now” order. When an operation went bad, or when confronted with a Federal

ambush, extreme danger, or overwhelming enemy numbers, every NVA

Volunteer had a

personal Escape and Evasion plan, a series of refuges and safe houses etc. to which they would

flee and from which they would subsequently regroup. The underlying rationale of General

Order Number Eight was the ancient one of all guerrilla forces: he who fights and runs away,

lives to fight another day.

FATPO - Federal Anti-Terrorist Police Organization. A body of special auxiliary police officers

recruited by the United States government to suppress the revolution in the Pacific Northwest,

after the FBI and local authorities had clearly lost control and it was not deemed politically

expedient to use the regular military in a significant role. FATPOs were mostly recruited from

discharged members of the United States military, local police departments, and from both sides

of the bars within the American empire's immense prison system. FATPOs were given a short

but intensive training campaign at Fort Bragg combining counterinsurgency, commando and

SWAT-team style tactics, along with heavy political indoctrination in diversity, multiculturalism,

etc. Nominally subject to the Department of Homeland Security and the Justice Department, in

reality the government in D. C. was far away, and a blind eye was turned.
Local FATPO

commanders had a blank check and more or less operated as independent warlords in their

districts, above the law so long as they produced a plentiful white body count.
Discipline and

control from Centcom was patchy at best, accountability was nil, atrocities frequent, media

reporting of those atrocities almost non-existent, and any serious military purpose or strategy

quickly disappeared. The FATPOs in short order became nothing more than gangs of brutal gun

thugs devoted to the bloody suppression of the NVA and any white citizen of the Northwest

whom they so much as suspected might be sympathetic to the NVA. Strict policies of affirmative

action and mandatory diversity were applied, and at any given time the force was only about

35% white and perhaps 25% white male. There was an unknown but significant percentage of

lesbian and homosexual sadists who mainly operated in the intelligence units of FATPO as

interrogators, and who earned themselves a reputation as some of the most cruel and vicious

torturers in the history of human tyranny.

FBI - Federal Bureau of Investigation. The American secret police. Still

extant, although now

less involved in Northwest affairs than their rivals of the Office of Northwest Recovery (*q.v.*)

Declared a criminal organization by Parliament after Independence. Any member of the FBI or

anyone assisting the FBI is liable to arrest, trial, and punishment under the law of the Republic.

Flying Column - During the War of Independence, an independent unit of partisans

numbering approximately thirty to a hundred Volunteers. These guerrilla units were usually

based in rural areas throughout the Pacific Northwest, and operated in the countryside and

small towns. They were highly mobile and conducted operations against the American forces,

against the means of production, and cleared their operational areas of American law

enforcement, judicial, and governmental institutions to make way for Aryan courts, police, and

government. Because of the activities of the Flying Columns, the United States eventually lost

control of the countryside almost completely and could maintain its authority only in the cities,

and there only through repressive force. There were over thirty Flying Columns during the

course of the War of Independence. The most famous among them were the

Olympic Flying

Column (Cmdt. Thomas J. Murdock); the Port Townsend Flying Column (Cmdt. John C.

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Morgan); the Hayden Lake Flying Column (Cmdt. O. C. Oglevy); The Barbary Pirates (Arcata

and Eureka, California district, Cmdt. Phil McDevitt); the Sawtooth Flying Column (Cmdt.

Winston Wayne); the Corvallis Flying Column (Cmdt. Billy Basquine); the Montana Regulators

(Cmdt. Jack Smith); and the Ellensburg Flying Column (Cmdt. David “Bloody Dave” Leach.)

Goots - Derogatory and defamatory term used by native-born white people in the Northwest for

racially conscious Aryan settlers who came into the Homeland during pre-revolutionary times.

Origin unknown but possibly originated with Seattle disc jockey Ray Sheckstein.

GUBU - Grotesque, Unbelievable, Bizarre, Unprecedented. Slang term used to describe most

activities of the Aryan resistance movement prior to the advent of Northwest Migration concept,

and regrettably for some time after that as well. Northwest equivalent of old American military

term SNAFU.

GW - Kinetic energy firearms named after the renowned Texas gunsmith and engineer Gary

Wilkerson, who invented kinetic energy plate wherein the bullet is not propelled by a

gunpowder-charged cartridge, but by a small kinetic energy charge from a metal power grid in

the receiving group or bolt assembly of the weapon. Wilkerson KE technology is the basis most

NDF (*q.v.*) small arms.

Hats or Hat Squad - Semi-derogatory, pre-revolutionary term used by native-born white

Northwesters for Aryan settlers who answered the Old Man's call for migration. Refers to the

eventual adoption of the fedora hat as the badge or insignia for Northwest settlers, at first of the

Christian Identity faith, then later on the practice spread to migrants of all faiths.

Longview Conference - The conference wherein the United States agreed to withdraw from

the areas of the Northwest Homeland deemed to be "administratively untenable," i.e. effectively

under NVA control. At that point in time this consisted of the states of Idaho, Oregon,

Washington, parts of western Montana, and most of Wyoming.

NAR - Northwest American Republic. Established as a worldwide home for all persons of

unmixed Aryan, that is to say Caucasian, non-Semitic, European descent. The Northwest

American Republic presently consists of the entire states of Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and

Wyoming as well as hefty chunks of Northern California, western Montana, Alberta, British

Columbia and Alaska.

National Socialism - The racial and political world view (*Weltanschauung* in German) of the

philosopher, soldier, and statesman Adolf Hitler (1889-1945.)

NBA - Northwest Broadcasting Authority. State body in charge of all broadcast communications

and entertainment in the Northwest American Republic.

NDF - Northwest Defense Force. The combined land, sea, air and space commands of the NAR

military. All white male citizens of the Republic are required to serve in the NDF for a minimum

of two years of active duty plus reserve requirements up until age 50.

NLS - National Labor Service. There is no welfare as such in the Northwest American Republic.

Neither is there any unemployment. If no private sector jobs are available in a particular field or

locality, the Labor Service steps in and provides employment, usually on public works of various

kinds. Many Northwest workers choose to work for the NLS voluntarily.

NVA - Northwest Volunteer Army. Formed on October 22nd in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, in

response to the murder of the Singer family. Predecessor to the NDF.

OBA - Old Believers Association. The official NAR organization of non-Christian religious

groups including Asatru, the proto-NS Nordic Faith Movement, and some elements of Wicca

and Druidic cultism.

Old Man - Early advocate of Northwest Migration and independence. Helped found the Party

(*q. v.*) and served as a convenient figurehead for the independence movement during the War of

Independence, although he always considered his role in the revolution to be very much

exaggerated. Served two terms as State President and was able to stabilize and consolidate the

gains of the revolution, but was effectively removed from power by President Patrick Brennan

and the Pragmatic Tendency in Parliament because he was thought to be a dangerously radical

relic of the past. Presently President Emeritus of the Republic and living in seclusion. Suffers

from dementia praecox due to his advanced age and is generally confused and incoherent. Has

issues with ducks. [See *The Hill of the Ravens.*]

ONR - The United States Office of Northwest Recovery. Covert agency of the United States

government devoted to the long term goal of returning the Northwest Republic to the United

States and Canada respectively. Regularly conducts assassinations, sabotage, and other

subversive activities within the Northwest American Republic.

On the Bounce - NVA slang term for being on the run from the American police and military.

Operation Strikeout - Twelve years after the Longview Conference the United States and

Canada, in conjunction with the United Nations, launched what they believed to be a surprise

attack against the Northwest Republic, intending to re-conquer the Pacific Northwest and return

the Homeland to American imperial rule. Due to superior intelligence on the part of BOSS (*q.v.*)

and the War Prevention Bureau (*q.v.*) the attack was not the surprise that the Pentagon thought

it would be. The Americans and Canadians were decisively defeated in a campaign lasting forty-

six days and large sections of northern California, Alberta, British Columbia and Alaska were

added to the Republic's territory.

The Party - The fighting revolutionary Party of Northwest independence founded by the Old

Man, once a sufficient number of racially aware migrants had arrived in the Homeland to effect

a significant socio-political demographic change sufficient to make such a Party feasible.

Although the Party was comprised in the majority of people who were native-born in the

Northwest, it was made possible by the influx of racially aware migrants who listened to the Old

Man's call and heeded it. Based upon the principles of National Socialism as expressed in the

Cotswolds Declaration of 1962 and the Ten Principles of National Socialist Thought, yet offering

a broad program of tolerance and participation for all Aryan religious and political tendencies,

the Party provided the political leadership for the revolution, while the NVA provided the

military capability.

Resurrection Shuffle - NVA slang term for being on the run, escaping and evading the

Federal forces.

Rockwell, Commander George Lincoln (1918-1967) - American National Socialist leader.

Founder of the American Nazi Party and the World Union of National Socialists.

Shock and Awe - A customary tactic for NVA partisans lying in wait to ambush Federal troops,

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police, news media, or other enemy personnel. The concealed Volunteers would suddenly

explode in a precisely aimed, concentrated hail of gunfire on full automatic or other rapid fire

technique, using armor piercing bullets, rocket propelled grenades (RPGs) etc. The object was to

inflict as much damage as possible in the opening seconds of an encounter, disorienting and

disabling enemy reaction, before a rapid withdrawal under cover of smoke grenades or other

stratagems. Also known as the Mad Minute.

Spuckies - Derogatory and defamatory term used by local white people in the Northwest to

denote racially conscious white settlers who came into the Homeland during pre-revolutionary

times. Origin of this term unknown.

SS - Special Service. The NAR and the Party's élite military formation. Drawn from the top

achievers of all the NDF branches, with naval, air, and space mobile wings. Highly trained and

equipped with the most advanced equipment, the SS deliberately follows the traditions of its

historic namesake of the Third Reich. The corps seeks to erase all differences and divisions of

class, religion, and nationality, creating a true Aryan “Band of Brothers”. For this purpose,

extensive political and racial education based on the principles of National Socialism is part and

parcel of SS training and qualification.

Stukach - A Russian term meaning informer, dating from the time of Stalin and the hideous

purges of the 1930s. How exactly this term entered the lexicon of the Northwest American

Republic is not certain. When applied to the family or person of a citizen, it is considered the

ultimate insult, along with the words “whigger” and “attorney.” All three are considered to be

killing words, i.e. *prima facie casus belli* under the law of the Republic for a duel to the death if

the parties involved cannot be reconciled by formal procedures under the Code Duello.

Take The Gap - Broadly speaking, to Come Home. To immigrate to the Northwest American

Republic. In practice, to “take the gap” generally connotes an illegal entry into the Homeland

from the United States, Aztlan, Canada, or sometimes by air. “Taking the gap” often involves

physically running the border under gunfire and pursuit.

Tickle - An operation of the Northwest Volunteer Army against a Federal or Zionist target.

Third Section (Threesecc) - Intelligence, counterintelligence, security and special operations

department of the Party prior to 10/22. Created by Matt Redmond, who served as Threesecc's

first director until his death. Organizational ancestor of both BOSS (*q.v.*) and War Prevention

Bureau (*q.v.*)

Volunteer - A male or female soldier of the Northwest Volunteer Army.

Whigger - "White nigger." A defamatory term for whites during the pre-revolutionary time who

aped the mannerisms and subculture of blacks. Considered to be a killing word in the NAR, i.e.

sufficient *casus belli* for a duel to the death if no compromise can be reached between the parties

involved.

Woodchuck - Originally a term with defamatory and derogatory connotations used by Aryan

settlers in the Homeland to denote those who were born in the Northwest, especially rural areas.

Now transmuted and claimed as a proud and honorable designation by those born in the

Homeland.

WPB - The NAR's War Prevention Bureau. A covert agency designed to

prevent the necessary

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military, political, and psychological conditions from developing within the United States,

Aztlan, or anywhere else that might lead to an existential military threat to the existence of the

Northwest Republic, through the use of targeted assassination and other black ops. The WPB is

also responsible for tracking down and liquidating spies and traitors to the Northwest Republic,

including informers and traitors from the time of the War of the Independence. Their motto in

German is “*Alles bekenningens wird abgerechnet*” - “All accounts will be settled.”

ZOG - Zionist Occupation Government. Term originally created by the obscure National

Socialist writer Eric Thomson in the 1970s. Strictly construed, ZOG means the Federal

government of the United States. In actual usage it is a much more all-embracing term meaning

the System, the Establishment, the generic “them” used by oppressed peoples to denote the

Federal tyrant.

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I.

“Be a gentleman tonight, and don’t clip any of the bimbos.” - Bobby Bells

Kelly Marie Shipman and William Cody Brock were both born on the same day in

June. Both of them lived in Washington state. Both were newly graduated seniors at

Hillside High School in Seattle, and both gratefully received welcome birthday

presents from their friends and family. For her gift on the day she turned eighteen

years old, Kelly received a new car from her proud and doting parents.

To celebrate his eighteenth birthday, Cody got to kill a man.

Kelly’s birthday began at seven o’clock on a fine summer morning, when she bounded down the stairs of her home in the affluent Seattle suburb of Mercer Island,

a bundle of joyful youth and energy and anticipation at the beginning of her life. She

was tall and leggy, an athletically perfect blonde teenager with ivory skin, crystalline

blue eyes, and a killer smile of capped teeth that had set her father back almost ten

grand. He had been able to deduct the dental work as a business expense, since Kelly

had been modeling for advertisements and acting in commercials and on local

television since she was three years old. The profits she made were scrupulously

placed into a special trust for her by her father, who was administrator of the trust but

who wasn't above spending it on his daughter, especially if it gave him a good tax

write-off. The Shipman family lived in one of the last remaining small islands of the

American dream, in a split-level ranch dwelling located in a gated community which

was flawlessly landscaped, well lit, and discreetly fortified against the outside world.

The house had six large bedrooms, a swimming pool, a basement rec room containing

more sports and games and entertainment gear than the downtown YMCA, and a

capacious garage containing at any given time at least four late model motor

vehicles, including her father's prized Ferrari. The house carried a mortgage larger

than the municipal debt of some American towns, but the Shipmans could afford it.

They were among those lucky Americans who were not only still employed, but very

gainfully so indeed. Kelly's father, Dr. Edward Shipman, was a cardiologist who ran

his own clinic and HMO in Seattle. His company provided three essential

services:

heart attack and stroke recovery, emphysema home care including home oxygen

supplies, and out-patient AIDS and HIV care. Dr. Shipman used to remark wryly that

“Our clinic cashes in on the three great health disasters of the past hundred years:

smoking, AIDS, and the American diet.”

He wasn't joking. With Medicare and Medicaid long gone the way of Social

Security, Shipman's HMO catered only to the dwindling number of Americans who

either still had health insurance, or who were sufficiently wealthy to pay for the

services of himself and his doctor-partners to keep them alive. Doctor Shipman had

also developed a reputation for discretion which brought him a number of special

celebrity patients whom he treated for assorted embarrassing conditions in a

consulting room tucked away in his home. Kelly's mom, the elegantly attired and

flawlessly presented Marty Shipman, was senior vice president of a major medical

supply firm linked with the HMO, and Kelly herself had already brought in more

money in her lifetime of modeling and minor acting gigs than some blue-

collar

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workers ever earned in their lives. The American dream was very much alive in the

Shipman household.

This morning Kelly was attired in spotless, glistening tennis whites. She was holding a covered racket under one arm, while in a tote bag over one shoulder she

carried jeans, shoes, and a knitted top. “Tennis this early, Kel?” asked her father,

looking up from the breakfast table. Shipman was a tall and distinguished-looking,

avuncular man with a suave bedside manner which stood him in good stead with his

well-heeled patients. “Tomorrow morning I could see, since you’re going to have a

huge birthday dinner to work off,” he continued. “How’s eight o’clock at the Belvedere

sound? And you can certainly bring Molly along.”

“Why not invite Craig as well?” suggested her mother, referring to Kelly’s

intermittent boyfriend. She approved of Craig Crabtree wholeheartedly. Dr. Shipman

wasn’t quite so certain. There were one or two dimly perceived warning flags

up in his

mind regarding young Crabtree, although he couldn't have explained why. Something

in the boy's manner, a slight oiliness, a few small but definite indications of dishonesty, a little too casual interest in the drugs cabinet in Shipman's home surgery

had put him on his guard where Craig was concerned. Shipman looked at the young

beauty at his breakfast table in silent wonder. He knew that she had been a woman for

a good while now, and today would make it official. Once again he fought down his

panic and his fear at the terrible world she was about to enter, where he could no

longer protect her. In the America of this day, to love a child meant quiet, lifelong

terror.

"Great, Dad! They've got a ricotti quiche to die for!" laughed Kelly. "And I already

invited Molly to wherever we're going." She pointedly did not mention Crabtree,

which her father found relieving. Maybe they were having another spat, and maybe

this time it would last. He was honest enough to admit to himself that it wasn't just

that he didn't want his daughter with Craig Crabtree. He didn't want her with anyone.

Not until she was thirty. Or thirty-five.

"Well, good, because that's where we made the reservations," said her mother,

who kissed her daughter's cheek. "Happy birthday, honey!"

"Don't worry, I'm hitting the court tomorrow as well and every morning for a while," Kelly told her father as she sat down at the table.

"I've got a couple pounds I need to drop before they get too comfortable on my

butt, so I'm going to get in a couple of sets with Molly before class starts every day. We

can change in the locker room."

"Oh, Kel, for heaven's sake, you are not fat!" exclaimed her mother in exasperation.

"The scale decrees otherwise," replied Kelly. "Manny says I'm now at optimum

weight and I need to nip any gain in the bud before it gets to be a problem." The

Emmanuel Skar Agency was representing Kelly's talent down in Hollywood. Kelly and

her best friend and tennis partner Molly Bergstrom were beginning their first day of

AT, Advanced Track summer school at Hillside High School. AT was one of

the many

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dodges that genuinely concerned teachers and administrators had developed in order

to try and salvage something out of the ghastly wreckage of the American educational

system, without actually admitting publicly that it was a ghastly wreck. These days the

public schools consisted of little more than social and political engineering with a

heavy dose of mandatory diversity training and multicultural brainwashing,

essentially warehousing the kids until it was time for a few of them to go on to college

and most of them to go into the army or the workforce. Stripped of all its politically

correct psychobabble, the Advanced Track was essentially a way of making sure that

at least some of the high school's student body, those who were capable of learning,

actually got some kind of education. In this manifestation, AT took the form of a

selection of college-level courses for academically gifted students, i.e. those who could

read beyond the level of the TV Guide and those who had demonstrated that

they

could at least think a little on their own. Even though she had already graduated from

Hillside, Kelly was attending a dramatic arts class for those who wanted to get into

acting and cinema as a profession, partly for the practice and partly for something to

do over the summer before she entered UCLA in September. Kelly was majoring at

the university's School of Acting, and had already arranged her class schedule around

her latest movie; students at the School of Acting got course credit for actually

working on set in any capacity.

She had begun her serious acting career that spring, i.e. her first actual movie and

her first venture outside the limited Seattle market. By special permission from

Hillside High, Kelly had taken her final course exams in March, which she had aced

with straight A's as she always did. She had then spent April and May in Hollywood,

on the set of the movie studio. She had landed an extensive supporting role in a Grade

B-Plus teenaged romance flick filmed in Hollywood for a major cable network. The

male lead was a rising and arrogant young star with blow-dried hair and a \$700 dollar

per day cocaine habit at age seventeen. The female lead was a mediocre actress, aged

twenty-eight but playing seventeen, who successfully gained plum roles through her

expertise on the casting couch and didn't care who knew it. In the movie, Kelly

Shipman played the female lead's best friend, her character being the head

cheerleader that Kelly was at Hillside High in real life. The role had started with a

good allotment of speaking screen time for Kelly's character Jill, and the director

had been sufficiently impressed with Kelly's talent and camera presence actually to

write in some more for her, largely in order to shore up the lead starlet's lackluster

performance.

Her newly acquired agent Manny Skar had assured her that the exposure would

be noticed, and Manny's prediction was already proving valid. Although her first

movie wasn't even released yet, Kelly Shipman had already been signed for another

movie, a Disease of the Month made-for-television weepy wherein she got to play not

the sick girl, but once again the best friend. “Don’t worry, you’ll be past the sidekick

stage in another flick or two,” Manny assured her ebulliently, waving his cigar in the

air as he sat behind his desk. “You’ve got ingenue written all over you. In between B’s I

can get you into some C horror and slasher flicks too, if you want. Every star needs at

least one bow-wow in their youth they’d rather forget it when they make it to major

stardom. It’s kind of a Hollywood tradition.” At the same client conference before she

returned to Seattle for graduation, Skar had also made some insinuating suggestions

about how Kelly could go a lot farther in the business if she would agree to at least

take her top off on camera. Kelly, who was by no means a dumb blonde, had gotten

the clear signal that it would also materially assist her career if she agreed to take her

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top off in Manny’s office as well, on a regular basis. She had firmly but diplomatically

turned the conversation in other directions, and Manny had taken the hint with good

grace. This time, anyway. Kelly decided there was no point in mentioning any of this

to her parents. She would deal with it when she moved to California, and Skar wasn't

the only agency in Hollywood.

"What time is summer school class over?" asked her mother.

"Three o'clock," said her daughter. "Molly wants me to go over to her house afterward. I think she's planning a surprise party, although I haven't let on I know."

"Well, make sure you get back in time for your birthday dinner tonight," said Ed.

"And don't eat too much cake and nachos."

"Oh, don't worry, I won't be late. After all, you two have to give me my present,"

said Kelly with a smile.

"Your present will be rather hard to fit into a restaurant," said Ed. "Oh, what the

hell, might as well give it to you now. You're going to see it when you leave anyway.

Take a look outside in the driveway." Kelly looked out the window and saw a brand

new silver Ford Explorer sitting on the concrete with a large red bow and ribbon

wrapped around it. She squealed in delight and ran outside. "Fully loaded, of course,

all-wheel drive, front and side air bags,” said her father as her parents followed her

outside, beaming. “Leather upholstery, full climate control since you will definitely be

needing the air conditioning in L.A., CD player and DVD screen in the back seat for

your passengers, and fold down back seats for the move. I’m driving you down to

California, by the way, and no argument. The keys are in it. Just what the budding

young movie star needs to be tooling down Rodeo Drive and Hollywood Boulevard,”

said Ed. “Now come back inside and eat your breakfast. You’ll have time enough to

drive it over the summer. By September it will be old hat.”

“Oh, Daddy, it’s wonderful!” said Kelly, hugging him.

“Yeah, well, when you sign your first million-dollar contract I expect a second

Ferrari from you for my birthday,” said Ed.

“You got it,” laughed Kelly, and Ed understood she meant it. The cable news was

coming on the kitchen TV, with the newscaster describing the latest suicide bombing

against the American occupation forces in Saudi Arabia. The screen showed a roadside in a desert background with several burning American military

vehicles in

the foreground. Ed Shipman hit the remote to mute the sound of the tube.
“No, leave

it on!” insisted Kelly. “I want to see.”

“It’s just the same old depressing crap,” countered her father defensively.

“Nothing new ever happens over there. Good grief, honey, don’t we get enough

terrorist bombs here in Seattle? You’ve seen more than enough horrible scenes like

that riding by on the freeway. Why do you want to see them on the television?”

“Yes, but with Jason over there in Saudi I want to keep up with what’s going on,”

said Kelly, sitting down and buttering her whole wheat toast.

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“Which is why your mother and I have acquired the habit of ignoring the news,”

said Ed quietly. “A habit I recommend you adopt, Kel. It’s not as if we can do anything

about it, so why dwell on it? We could have gotten Jason out of military service on a

college deferment if he’d let us, but he was a real man about it and wanted to do his bit

for America, which is admirable of him but pretty wearing on our nerves.
What if one

day you're watching the news and you see your brother dead on CNN? That's
happened, you know, more than once."

Kelly pouted. "I know, Daddy. We've been fighting in the Middle East now
for how

long? Almost since before I was born. Nobody my age can remember when
there was

no war, at least no war in the Middle East, I mean, not the war here in
Seattle."

"There's no war in Seattle, there's just a lot of horrible crime and terrorism
committed by crazy redneck white supremacists," said Marty angrily, pausing
with a

fork of poached egg in midair.

"The spuckies aren't white supremacists, Mom, they're white separatists,"
said

Kelly, buttering her toast and adding grape jelly.

"And who told you that?" asked Ed suspiciously. "You haven't been reading
those

damned illegal leaflets scattered everywhere, have you?"

"No, it's on the news talk shows. That's why I watch the news, and I will
keep on

doing so," she said primly. "There's nothing wrong with keeping informed.
Whatever

you want to call it, either here or in the Middle East, it's obviously not going to be over

any time soon. Everybody needs to keep up with what's going on in the world. You

can't let yourself be worried every time a bomb goes off over there. Or here."

"Well, at least this one's not in downtown Seattle," said Ed in disgust.

"Not today, anyway," said Kelly.

"I swear to God, I think your mother and I are going to have a nervous

breakdown!" complained Ed. "We worry ourselves sick about Jason getting killed by

Muslim lunatics in Saudi Arabia, and you getting killed by the white racist lunatics

here just by being in the wrong place at the wrong time! I'll be glad when you can

move down to L.A. and get the hell out of here, and that's something I never thought

you'd hear me say. Believe it or not, we left California twenty years ago partly because

of all the violence, so you kids could have some kind of decent life."

"And also to get away from the Mexicans?" asked Kelly impishly.

"Jesus, honey, don't say that even in jest!" cried Ed in horror. "Kelly, do you know

what could happen if you made a remark like that in public and—and somebody

heard, and it was misconstrued...”

“You mean if some informer called the Hatecrime Hotline and turned me in for

the reward?” asked Kelly in a sour voice. “Yes, Daddy, I know. Jennifer Flagler in my

biology class was ratted out to the Hatecrime Hotline, and Mark Jenot from the tennis

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team too because he told an African-American person joke. The Fatties came and took

them away to be denazified and have their brains washed squeaky clean. So don’t

worry, I promise I shall commit no inappropriate japery in public.”

“I mean it, Kel! It could ruin any chance you ever have to make it in movies!”

warned her father sternly. “A denazification course on your resume won’t exactly

impress all those Jewish producers and casting directors, never mind your Jewish

agent, even if it is just over some careless offhand remark. I don’t want you to end up

working in a grocery store checkout your whole life because of some inappropriate

joke you made as a teenager! You’ve worked too long and hard and you’ve

got too

much talent for that!”

“I know. Oh, Daddy, don’t worry!” she exclaimed, her mouth full of muesli now. “I

grew up here, remember? The Trouble has been going on for five years now. Jeez, I

know what to say and what not to say in public!”

“And that goes for when you move to L.A. as well,” said Ed.

“There aren’t any spuckies in Los Angeles,” said Kelly. “Down there it’s the crime,

the Somali gang-bangers, and the junkies. I hardly got to go out at all when I was in

Hollywood, except for a couple of daytime tours to Grauman’s Chinese theater to see

all the stars’ names in the sidewalk. The studio surrounded us girls with armed guards

like we were gem-encrusted. About all I saw of L.A. was through the windows of the

shuttle bus between the cast condos and the sets. From what I smelled of the air, I

didn’t miss much. At least the studios and condos had air conditioning and air filters.

The security was tighter there than in the Federal building downtown, and they’re not

fighting a revolution in Los Angeles. And you know, that’s at least one thing

you can

say for the goots. They ran all the gang-bangers and street trash out of Seattle. If you

don't get blown up in one of their bombs, they've actually made the city a lot safer."

"Now what did I just say about making silly statements like that?" snapped Dr.

Shipman.

"Kelly, please!" wailed her mother. "You mustn't say such things! Don't you know

that under the latest executive order on speechcrime, now your father or I can be

arrested as well if someone overhears you?"

"Not to mention what the goots themselves might do if any of them overheard you

calling them goots," put in Ed, his voice urgent. "Kelly, please take this seriously and

watch what you say out loud! These people are heartless murderers, and whatever you

may think, they don't just murder minorities! I know because we have to take overflow from the emergency rooms every time there's a major bombing! At the very

least, even if they didn't kill you, these bastards might kneecap you with a gun or

break your legs with a baseball bat if you said something they didn't like, and

the

situation has gotten so out of hand that most likely nothing would be done about it if

they did!”

“Number one, Hillside High is a rich kids’ school and there aren’t any goots

there,” Kelly responded. “Goots are all trailer trash who drop meth, and auto shop

kids. Our shop kids at Hillside all practice on their parents’ Lexus. Number two, you

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two can’t be arrested, not after today, anyway. I’m eighteen and you’re no longer

legally responsible for what goes on in my mind.” She looked up at the television.

“Well, speak of the devil! That’s the Eastgate Mall! Turn it up!”

She grabbed the remote and unmuted the small TV. The cable news program’s

dramatic music and the well-known Terror on the Home Front logo in the

background came on, the canned lead-in they always used for NVA activities. Terror

on the Home Front was replaced by an unctuous middle-aged white man in a suit. For

many years the station’s regular reader in this slot had been a Chinese

woman, but

she had suddenly disappeared from the television screen without explanation several

months before. The newscaster spoke in the grimly solemn tones reserved for reporting rebel strikes. “Two members of the Federal Anti-Terrorist Police

organization were shot and killed last night at around 8 PM in the Eastgate Mall. A

caller to Station KSTA news who identified himself with an authenticated code word

stated that the action was carried out by members of B Company, Number Two

Seattle Brigade of the Northwest Volunteer Army.”

“Why don’t they call these racist bastards terrorists anymore?” demanded Martha

Shipman irritably. “Why isn’t there any sense of outrage like there used to be back

when all this started?”

“Because Jerry Reb will shoot the media people if they call them terrorists and

make a big deal out of it,” said Kelly. “Everybody knows that. What do you think

happened to Gloria Tang? They kidnapped Jeannie Vandenberg and tattooed

swastikas on her butt, and ever since then the news media are too scared to say

anything really bad about them. They just call it balance now.”

“Jerry Reb?” groaned Ed. “Is that the latest you kids have come up with? Oh, beautiful! You’d think these racist murderers were some kind of heroes now!”

The local news announcer went on to report that the two off-duty officers of the

FATPO, a man and a woman in civilian clothes, had apparently been followed into the

upscale Belvedere restaurant on the upper level of the Eastgate shopping mall in

Kirkland by two unidentified White males, and had been shot dead at their table.

There followed two artists’ photofits of the suspects, one a middle-aged man, smooth-shaven with dark hair. The second gunman was a younger man with long

blond hair and a beard. The suspects had fled through a fire exit into the mall’s

parking area and escaped. Then came police mug shots of a craggy-faced, red-headed

man of about forty-five, scowling into the cameras. “The Number Two Seattle Brigade

is believed to be commanded by this man, James R. Graham. Department of

Homeland Security spokesman told KSTA News that in view of the latest racially

motivated criminal activities of the NVA in Seattle, they are raising the

Domestic

Terrorist Bounty for Graham's capture or termination to one million dollars."
Kelly

noticed her parents had turned slightly green.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I think we'd better cancel our reservations at the Belvedere for tonight," said Ed.

"Marty, do you think we could order in something really nice and catered?"

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"My God, if my birthday had been one day earlier we might have gotten caught in

the middle of an NVA hit!" said Kelly excitedly. "As it is I'll probably just get waiters

and waitresses singing Happy Birthday!"

"You think all this horror is funny?" asked Dr. Shipman, annoyed.

"Well, not if I was the one getting shot, I wouldn't," said Kelly reasonably.

"Everybody else thinks it's exciting, though. When all the other girls down on the

Cheerleader Love set heard I was from Seattle they all wanted to know what it was like

living in a war zone. They were disappointed when I had to tell them I'd never actually

seen a shooting or a bombing. Just a lot of black guys and bull dykes in body armor

riding around in Humvees, and both of 'em trying to look down my top at the checkpoints. But I did get some funny looks when I came to a cast conference wearing

a blue, white and green pants suit.”

“So that’s what we’re famous for now?” groaned Ed. “Terrorism?”

“Well, what did the Northwest have to be famous for before the spuckies came

along?” asked Kelly. “Rain and Sasquatch. At least there’s no question that Jerry Reb

exists.”

* * *

Just as Kelly Shipman was rolling out of her driveway in Mercer Island, on the

way to Hillside High and the tennis courts in her new Explorer, a black Ford sedan

with tinted windows and Federal government license plates pulled into a grass-grown

alley beside a dilapidated-looking two-story house with peeling paint in the north

Seattle suburb of Ballard, just off 85th Street. The car slid into the back yard and

turned around, ready to make a quick exit. A man got out. He was a tall and rangy

individual wearing a rumpled blue pastel shirt and tie and a light sports jacket. The

second man who emerged from an upstairs apartment in the house and came down

the outside stairs to greet him was shorter and stockier, and nattily dressed in full

Brooks Brothers ensemble. “Any problems coming in?” asked the man in the suit.

“You were right, there’s a new Fattie checkpoint on the 520,” said the tall man.

“Thanks for the heads up. I hate the thought of getting boxed in on a bridge. They

got Tagger Thornton on a bridge.” In the bright morning sunlight they climbed back

up the outer stairs and entered the upstairs apartment. The room had an air

conditioner, a device increasingly common in Seattle. Due to global warming, the

Puget Sound summers were becoming hot and muggy to the point of being genuinely

uncomfortable. The air conditioner was suddenly switched on, although it wasn’t

really that hot this early in the morning. But the electric motors of older window air

conditioners could also interfere with shotgun mikes and bugging attempts.

The house was one of the many floating headquarters of the Northwest Volunteer

Army's Number Three Seattle Brigade. The building was owned by a cranky old lady

who lived on the first floor, and who appeared to be not only deaf but deranged

whenever anyone attempted to speak to her. Mrs. Sweetzer wasn't unbalanced, unless

it was through hate and grief since her only daughter had been abducted from the

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convenience store where she worked, then raped and murdered by black gangstas

many years before. Her house was now divided up into cheaply furnished apartments

with plastic furniture, stained porcelain in the bathrooms, and cracked linoleum on

the floor. Officially all the apartments were occupied by elderly people on pensions or

private charity doles of various kinds (Social Security was long gone) as well other

residents with Hispanic and Asian names that were listed on the doorbell. A truly

diverse dwelling, if you looked at the mailboxes and doorbells. No one ever actually

saw many other tenants in or around the building, diverse or otherwise, but the house

was isolated by large green hedges on one side and the brick wall of a paint store on

the other, and was the soul of nondescript, so few people ever actually looked. The

boarding house was used as a transit point, arms dump, occasional field hospital, and

conference and training facility by the Third Brigade. The blatantly governmental

vehicle which had just parked in the back yard was a form of camouflage occasionally

used by the brigadier and his executive officer. There were all kinds of spook cars

rolling around Seattle these days, and the citizenry had learned to look the other way

and pretend they didn't see, which was the way the NVA wanted it.

Commandant Frank Barrow, commanding officer of Number Three Brigade, was

the tall and tired-looking man in his late thirties who had arrived in the black

ZOGmobile. He took off his jacket and eased down into one of the plastic armchairs,

in front of the air conditioner, removing a nine-millimeter Beretta pistol from the belt

clip at the small of his back and setting in on a lamp table beside the chair. "Damn, I

never can get used to it being hot in Seattle," he grumbled, stretching back to catch

the cool air from the air conditioner. “Goddamn corporate bastards and their pollution, creating this heat trap in the atmosphere! We never needed these damned

electric boxes in our windows in the summertime when I was growing up.”

Barrow’s dishwater hair was already starting to turn gray. His face was seamed and his

hair beginning to go prematurely gray from five years of tension and underground

living, and before that from years on the bottle. The NVA’s strict regulation against

drinking had probably saved his life even as it was endangered by his participation in

the war. He struck one as a haunted cubicle denizen at some marginal computer

company, or a burned-out used car salesman, tired and worn and defeated, but his

demoralized appearance helped him in his job. In the America of the early

twenty-first century, it didn’t pay for a white man to look too sharp. White males

weren’t supposed to hold their heads up, especially in the Northwest, where some

alert FBI agent or Fattie might wonder just what the hell a white boy was looking so

chipper about. Like most men of his generation, the first generation to be forced into

the army in large numbers due to a combination of unemployment and the draft,

Barrow was a military veteran with a two-year extended tour in Iraq under his belt.

Iraq had left him with a shrapnel tear in his calf, a frantic aversion to any temperature

over seventy degrees, and a sick and visceral loathing for anything bearing the face of

George W. Bush. In his drinking days he had gotten in trouble for screaming fits and

wanton destruction of various advertisements, posters, memorials, book jackets, and

television screens where in the jug-eared visage of the former President was displayed.

Frank Barrow was a former police detective who had gotten royally screwed by the

Seattle PD because he had successfully busted a high profile African-American city

councilman on drug dealing charges. Barrow had found himself back in uniform so

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fast it made his head spin, and within the next year he had accumulated enough

trumped-up disciplinaries and bad efficiency reports to wreck his career. He

finally

got the message and resigned from the force. It was then that he went on the bottle,

paying for his booze with a series of dead end jobs. His wife had responded by

engaging in a string of increasingly blatant affairs, then she finally left him, taking

their two children and moving back to Wisconsin after cleaning out the remains of

their joint checking account and making the mortgage check bounce, so Barrow lost

the house. From that point on life had gotten worse and worse, until Barrow was

seriously considering suicide. Then came the Coeur d'Alene uprising of October 22nd,

and all of a sudden white men with guns in their hands were fighting back against the

country and the society that had increasingly degraded and humiliated them for

almost a century. At long last, someone was saying out loud the things that Frank

Barrow had always known in his heart to be true. Barrow knew some people who were

affiliated with the Party from his police days. He was able to track one of them down,

and through that contact he joined the underground Northwest Volunteer

Army. He

had begun with one of the first Seattle crews in the bleak winter weeks after 10/22,

when the life of the uprising had hung by a thread, and from then on he had used

every ounce of the street smarts and knowledge of the city that he had gained as a cop

to make Seattle dangerous for Federal employees and anyone with a dark skin. Bullets

and betrayal brought down the men above him in the chain of command, and he had

moved up through the brutal ladder of natural selection which is war.

Lieutenant Joe Dortmunder, Barrow's 2IC for Number Three Brigade, was a

dapper man in his forties who was about twenty pounds overweight, but who was

always flawlessly dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit, with a fresh haircut and

manicure, and who usually carried an expensive leather briefcase and palm pilot. He

looked like an insurance salesman, and that was his cover. He actually represented a

national brokerage and made good money at it, in between supervising murders and

bombings. On more than one occasion, he had pitched cops and Federal officers when

he was stopped at various checkpoints, and so good was his patter that he had

even

sold a few life insurance policies to FATPOs. They needed it. The lifespan of a Federal

officer of any kind in Seattle these days was likely to be nasty, brutish, and short.

The two men met approximately once a week like this, always in a different hideout, with Barrow bringing Dortmund up on everything going on in the command and the two of them assigning the coming week's mayhem quota to the

crews and individual Volunteers who comprised the hundred or so people in Three

Brigade. Other than such meetings as this, they stayed apart so that the Federals

could not take them out both at once. If Barrow died or was arrested, Dortmund

would be able to step in immediately and keep Three Brigade going without a hiccup.

If Dortmund bought it, then any one of half a dozen company commanders in the

Brigade were capable of stepping into his shoes. Despite the danger, these personal

conferences were a necessary evil. The NVA could of course communicate among its

various elements by telephone and computer and sometimes had to, but all electronic

communication in the empire was monitored by the Federals and analyzed for anything even remotely suspicious, and so phone conversations and e-mails necessarily had to be short, to the point, and in code. As risky as it was, there simply

was no substitute for direct sit-down. Neither men carried or used any notes; if the

Feds seized Dortmund's palm pilot they would find nothing but insurance.

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Barrow began by going over the various activity for the past week. "Right, let's get

the routine stuff out of the way," he told Dortmund. "Next time you see Jock

Graham, give him my compliments and my congratulations on his becoming a

millionaire. Looks like those two Fatties his boys took out in that yuppie fern bar last

night pushed DHS over the edge."

"Yeah, I saw that on the tube," said Dortmund. "He's officially a million-dollar

man now and they were running his picture again. The Feds sure do love to create

these super-terrorist constructs. Like Bin Laden and Zarqawi in Iraq, and Hamed

Burghash in Syria. Graham's hot as bubbling cheese these days. Count yourself lucky

ZOG doesn't seem to know who you are yet."

"Jock seems to have the old rebel luck keeping his head down. Let's hope it holds.

Never mind Two Brigade. How are we doing this week?"

Dortmunder sat back with a sigh. "The bad news first. We took two arrests in Bellevue," he said. "Volunteer Charlie Burke and Volunteer Steve Swearingen.

Tuesday night. They were clocking FATPO Captain Kyeshia Stancil, who as you know

is the press officer for Fattie in Seattle, the negress everybody sees on TV flapping her

bubble lips about how we gone get dese racist honky muthafukkas. They spotted her

and another FATPO, a black male, going onto the beach at Lake Sammamish, dressed

in jogging suits. They called it in and said it looked like the stupid Sheba was dumb

enough to go jogging with only one man as an escort. They were strapped, they asked

my permission to take them down, and I gave it."

"You think even a nigger is stupid enough to go jogging in public after what's been

happening in this city for the past five years?" asked Barrow sourly.

“It happens,” said Dortmunder defensively. “I figured this might be one of the

times when we got lucky. I also weighed the possible propaganda value of removing

the public face of FATPO. The men were willing to take the chance.”

“Joe, no need to apologize. You did what you had to do. We’re officers in an army

at war. We have to take targets of opportunity, and we have to order young men to

their deaths. At least these guys aren’t dead, although after a few interrogations in the

FBI electric chair, they’ll wish they were. How did it happen?”

“Not clear. I never heard back from them and we can’t find anyone who saw it go

down. It may have been some kind of set-up with the Stancil woman as bait, either

with or without her knowledge. It may have been our guys just plain flubbed it. We

just know from our sources in the Federal system that Volunteer Burke and Volunteer

Swearingen were signed in at Auburn FCI yesterday, so they got them somehow.”

“They’re good men,” said Barrow sadly. “Well, we broke Auburn open once, we’ll

break it again, and one day they’ll be free. Good news now. Tell me about those tickles

in Green Lake and out on Highway 169.”

“Those were ours,” confirmed Dortmunder with a grin.

“Me like, me like!” exclaimed Barrow, clapping his hands.

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“Green Lake was Sammy Feet’s crew,” Dortmunder went on. “Targets were Colonel Allen Armbruster, U. S. Army Intelligence, and one James R. Spannhaus,

Department of Homeland Security. Big ZOGknobs both. Nightshade spotted them in

some after hours club up on Capitol Hill. One of them tried to pick her up, and she

recognized Spannhaus from one of our web sites, so she stroked him and she was able

to set the both of them up for A Company. Said she and a friend would meet them in

the Pirates’ Lair in Green Lake the next night, and she’s good enough so they believed

her.”

“What exactly were they involved in?” asked Barrow.

“Nobody seems to know quite what the hell they were doing up here, working with

the FBI or what. God knows what all these Federal spooks do with their time here in

the Northwest. There's so damned many of them they must be tripping over each

other's shoelaces. But in any case, whatever they were up to, they're not doing it any

more. Sammy Feet and Georgie Brenner blew them both away in the Pirates' Lair

Sunday night, with the charming Miss Carla Sobic doing the honors behind the wheel

of the getaway car. Textbook. No muss, no fuss, no bother. Nine miles at close range.

Our guys walked into the bar, made the spooks, clipped them both, and walked out.

Extraction neat and clean, finito."

"Great! Convey my congratulations to Samuel and his team on a job well done,"

said Barrow with satisfaction.

"The other major tickle out on Highway 169 it was a simple Baghdad banger in a

recycle bin beside the road. Humvee blown off the asphalt just out of Maplewood

Heights. Three dead Fatties. Pyrotechnics courtesy of Doctor Doom, some good old

bathtub gelignite just like Mom used to make."

"Doctor Doom... that's that kid who always has his nose stuck in a computer game,

right?”

“Yeah, if we can tear him away from his Nintendo for long enough, he makes a hell

of a party favor,” Joe told him. “Other than the loss of the two Volunteers, things went

well this week. The EO unit successfully detonated four other bombs besides the

Baghdad banger, nothing that big, though. Three against economic targets run by

non-whites or Jews, one at the police motor pool when they did the old Trojan horse

trick and got the cops to tow an impounded Volvo that was wired up. The tow truck

driver was killed as well. From now on, even at \$800 a car, I think we can safely say

that no private contractor in his right mind will be towing any more wheels in Seattle.

Uncle Slime’s boys want a vehicle towed, they’re going to have to use their own tow

trucks and their own personnel, which gives us more targets and cuts down on civilian

co-operation with the occupation. Eight hundred bucks isn’t worth one’s life. We’ve

got six snipers out hunting this week, and last I’d heard they got one kill and twelve

hits.”

“One kill? That’s all?” asked Barrow skeptically. “What are they doing, taking time

off to go to the movies?”

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“No, it’s just that there is an increasing shortage of suitable targets,” explained the

executive officer. “The white man’s enemies are finally learning to stay the hell off the

streets. The snipers pop at Fatties whenever they can, but it’s hard to catch a Fattie

without his body armor, hence all the wounded. I gotta say that damned new

hardened nylon ensemble of theirs works, but we’re at least making the Fatties keep

their heads down. Oh, and one major arson, Dickstein’s Bargain Shoe Barn, which

was just about the last remaining openly Jewish-owned business in Seattle. Hallie

Wainwright’s little brother did that one. I think he’s about thirteen. Not sworn in yet,

although Hallie wants to give him his button. I know Corby Morgan swore in some

twelve year-old a while back and sent him over to Jock when Corby went back up

country to take over the Port Townsend Flying Column, but that’s still a little

young

for my taste.”

“Hell, half our own brigade is just barely old enough to drive, but yeah, I agree,

twelve and thirteen is too young. Speaking of which, how’s recruiting?” asked Barrow.

“Recruiting is up. Every crew is working new assets and identifying the assets as

possible candidates, and four new Volunteers were sworn in this week by company

commanders, so despite the two seasoned men we lost, we not only replaced them but

increased our numbers. And that’s our brigade alone; I understand that One and Two

are doing even better. New weapons are in from the GHQ quartermaster, and we got

our share. Took delivery Sunday. We now have enough AK-74s and Russian ammunition to choke a horse, which we can use to arm new men when it gets to the

open fighting stage. They’re being distributed to company quartermasters for dispersal and storage, with 800 rounds per weapon. Also, the Agitprop unit sent out

two million e-mail spams and was able to scatter two thousand leaflets in Bellevue

Square.”

“That’s kind of pre-10/22, isn’t it? Leaflets are much more dangerous than

e-mail,” Barrow reminded him. “Are they sure they want to be taking that kind of risk

just for a damned leaflet?”

“Yeah, I know, but leaflets can be touched and are something physical, much more

impressive to people than mere cyber-junk. It really rattles cages. They know that

Jerry Reb was here. It’s almost as exciting to find a leaflet in your mailbox as it is to

watch a hit on the news. I do have one major new thing for you,” said Dortmunder.

“So do I,” said Barrow. “Me first. Mr. Chips is coming in tonight and wants to talk

with both of us. You need to be back here at eight sharp.”

“Any idea what he wants?” asked Dortmunder.

“No, he wouldn’t say, but it’s something urgent. He didn’t want you at the meet at

first, but I told him we were Siamese twins.”

“I appreciate that, sir,” replied Dortmunder.

“I get cacked, you need to know everything I know. But this isn’t just his regular

circuit for the Army Council. It’s something urgent. They’re probably going to launch

some kind of new offensive strategy. They keep diddling with various new ideas they

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think might make a dent. Personally, I think we're starting to get close now with

Applesmash and Pigkill."

"You think they want us to try something like that here?" asked Dortmunder keenly. "Shut down Seattle?"

"What for?" wondered Barrow aloud. "We've already damned near run all the

non-whites out of town. The city is actually a better place to live for white people now,

even with us fighting a war in the middle of it, than it was five years ago. Same in

Portland. The buses and light rail are safe now, the traffic is a hell of a lot better with

all those crazy Third World drivers off the freeway, and other than us, crime is

damned near non-existent now we've run off all the crack addicts and Mexican

gang-bangers."

Barrow did not know that Kelly Shipman even existed, but he would not have been surprised to learn that she had agreed with him at her breakfast table in

the

wealthy suburbs just a short time before. NVA intelligence confirmed that there was a

high level of very quiet approval among the people of the city regarding the changes

the ongoing revolt had wrought. One of the reasons that life in war-torn and

locked-down Seattle was tolerable was the virtual disappearance of crime in the

ordinary sense. One had to worry about getting stopped and harassed at FATPO

checkpoints, and possibly caught in the vicinity when things went boom, but common

street crime was a thing of the past, and the gabble of foreign voices and dark faces

was gone. In addition, bottom-rung unemployment was now for all practical purposes

non-existent. Employers couldn't hire cheap Third World immigrant labor if there

were no cheap Third World immigrants to hire. The most loyal of Americans had to

concede, at least in the privacy of his own thoughts, that Jerry Reb did have his uses.

Operations Applesmash and Pigkill were the guerrilla offensives undertaken by a

series of highly trained and motivated NVA active service units, the most daring and

resourceful men and women the revolutionaries had. Their purpose was to shut down

two of the main American centers of power, New York City and Washington, D. C.

Once it had become clear that the NVA and the Party now had a sufficient infrastructure to establish a government in the Northwest after independence had

been won, the decision had been made by the Army Council to take the fight right into

the belly of the Beast. The message was simple: there would be no business as usual

until the Pacific Northwest was free and white. After months of preparation, the NVA

had struck at America's vitals. The decrepit United States regime had reeled under the

onslaught, and the government was being driven mad with hysterical fear and hate.

Explosive and poison gas bombs were detonated on subways and on key bridges

and traffic points in New York and Washington, cutting off arterial transportation and

disrupting the flow of the business which was these cities' business. Getting in to work

in either city had become a four-hour slog each way on jammed crosstown streets, as

the New York expressways and the Capitol Beltway were cratered and

rendered

impassable, and overpasses blown to powder. The lily white suburbs and gated

communities where the affluent had retreated were no longer safe, as NVA

assassination teams homed in on the key corporate moguls, media magnates,

politicians, military officers, law enforcement personnel, reporters and television

producers, economic gurus, bureaucrats, intelligentsia, judges and district

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attorneys, celebrities, technocrats, and key people that kept the United States

functioning, stalking them, cutting them down, causing untold chaos and paralysis at

every nexus of power. Mints, banks, government offices, the postal system, television

network headquarters, methadone clinics, anything to do with the welfare system that

redistributed white wealth to non-whites, newspaper offices, the hydroelectric grid,

trendy restaurants, yuppie fern bars and yacht clubs were bombed. Anywhere

America's ruling élite met to eat, plot, hobknob, seduce and be seduced, and network

with one another was no longer safe. The obituaries in the New York Times and the

Washington Post now read like *Who's Who*.

Over thirty members of Congress from both House and Senate were shot down or

blown to pieces. The head of the Federal Reserve took a header out of a forty-story

window on Wall Street, with an assist from two NVA Volunteers who died moments

later under a hail of security bullets, but Nathan Morgenthau still had not been

replaced, and the economy of the empire was in free fall. Specially designed computer

viruses destroyed government and private databases and IT systems of every kind,

causing untold loss and confusion and in many cases massive unemployment among

the largely non-white and perverse populations who now comprised the majority of

both cities.

In New York, NVA black propaganda operatives skillfully incited tension and

created incidents between the city's huge Jewish population and the various minority

groups, sometimes leading to riots and pogroms where Hasidic rabbis were hunted

through the streets by black and Hispanic mobs. In Washington, D. C. the Capitol

building was mortared and rocketed four times, and finally shut down as too insecure;

what remained of Congress now met in undisclosed location. The White House itself

was now the regular target of mortars and rockets every time President Chelsea

Clinton was known to be in residence, and a White House dinner was penetrated with

an exploding cigar that got blood on Clinton's plate as well as her hands. The woman

was so terrified that she fled the historic home of America's chief executives and now

lived hunkered down in a bunker at Camp David. The government was now on its

fourth Director of Homeland Security in five years. The United States Attorney

General was splattered all over the Ellipse by a bomb in his limousine, and the

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was found dead in his private washroom in the

Pentagon, sitting on the john with his throat cut. The Israeli ambassador was abducted and shipped back to Tel Aviv by air express in nine pieces, collect.

These operations had been ongoing for almost eight months now. The carnage

hadn't been all one-sided. Dozens of Northwest Volunteers had died, and a batch of

eight were now in the middle of a televised show trial in the Big Apple. The amount of

damage done to the American economy was now estimated to be in the quadrillions of

dollars, and that was over and above all the other expenses of fighting a counter-

insurgency war in the Pacific Northwest and maintaining a tentative but iron grip on a

huge oil empire in the Middle East, where America ruled hundreds of millions of

sullen and turbulent Muslim peoples by the sword. Add to that the fact that one of the

main targets of the NVA was the Internal Revenue Service and the tax collection

system, records, computers, personnel, anything to choke off the flow of tax dollars to

D.C. Tax revenue was dropping through the floor. It was a very poorly kept secret that

essential Federal personnel such as FBI, military, and FATPO had not been paid in

months, and were now receiving a kind of Monopoly money in the form of vouchers

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that businesses and merchants wouldn't honor except at gunpoint. Off-duty Feds

were being apprehended robbing banks and committing burglaries. Female FBI

agents had been caught dancing in strip clubs and committing prostitution to feed

their families.

It was clear that something had to give. It was believed by the NVA's Third Section

intelligence monitors and analysts that the actual function of government in the

United States was now at the point of collapse, and Barrow had received orders a

month before to begin preparation for the possible implementation of the boldest

NVA offensive yet, the seizure of certain sections of Seattle and the establishment of

"no-go zones" where the NVA and the Party would establish a provisional government

for the Homeland. "Why weren't we doing Applesmash and Pigkill years ago?"

complained Dortmunder.

"For one thing, we didn't have the resources or logistics to maintain that kind of

highly active presence right up the Beast's asshole," replied Barrow. "Those are our

best people who are bombing those subways and whacking those bureaucrats, there's

a lot of targets, our losses are heavy, and they need a lot of support in terms of

manpower, money, and supplies. The first couple of years after 10/22 it was all we

could do to stay one jump ahead of the bastards and bite back every now and then. No

way we could have mounted an offensive like this. But the main reason is that

suppose we did bring ZOG to the table five years ago? What did we have to negotiate

with? Now the Party has the infrastructure necessary to run our own country. We

didn't have that before. Anyway, we need to meet Mr. Chips here at eight tonight. I

wanted to use the Big Rock Candy Mountain, but the Turtle tells me that some guys

he didn't know were sniffing around the place and I'm chilling it. Now what did you

have for me?"

Dortmunder scowled. "We may have to do another off-Broadway production, sir,

as in offing somebody on Broadway. We've got a problem shaping up in Capitol Hill.

Again."

"Okay, that problem being?"

“Country Joe Krajewski,” replied city Joe Dortmunder.

Capitol Hill was at one stage one of the most prestigious old neighborhoods in

Seattle, sitting draped on a hillside to the east of downtown. It has been founded

during the city’s brawling early days as a pioneer port shipping lumber, furs, and fish.

The northern part of the neighborhood near the arboretum was still a place of mansions and stately older homes, some of them still trying to operate as

bed-and-breakfast inns in a city in the grip of a violent revolution. The campuses of

Seattle Central Community College and Seattle University marked the southern edge

while two commercial centers still managed to maintain a viable if reduced economic

life: a small, fairly quiet strip along 15th Avenue and Broadway. The center of the

district was the Broadway Market, once a thriving set of offbeat shops, boutiques, and

alternative bookstores. Before the revolt it had been a Northwest version of the San

Francisco’s Castro district or New York’s Soho. Broadway on Capitol Hill had been

Seattle’s main drag for buggery and boogie-woogie for almost a generation now.

The grunge rock scene of the 1990s had originated in Seattle and on Capitol Hill, and

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the district was renowned the world over for its large gay population and drug scene

as much for its musical ambience. Seattle, rock and roll, far-left political causes, and

alternative lifestyles had once gone together in the public mind like cheeseburgers,

fries, and Coke, a natural combo.

But much to everyone's surprise, the NVA established itself in Seattle on the very

day of the October 22nd uprising in Coeur d'Alene, when two Volunteers had machine-gunned a black police officer and his Asian female partner right on Pioneer

Square. Ever since then, no matter how rough the going for the rebellion throughout

the Northwest Homeland, the city's streets had crackled with nighttime gunfire and

the thud of bombs going off on a regular basis. The result was an increasingly unfriendly environment for perversions of both mind and body. As the NVA vise had

slowly clamped down on the Northwest over the past five years, Capitol Hill had lost

much of its left-wing cachet, as those artsy-fartsy habitués who were dusky of skin or

sexually inverted either fled to more hospitable climes or got well and truly wasted,

shot dead on the pavement by the NVA gunners. The rest of the pervs and the Third

Worlders took the hint, and they got the hell out. The once eagerly-sought apartments

and studios in the charming Victorian houses which had commanded a king's ransom

in rent were now fifty percent vacant and going for a song. It was hard to find a

Chinese or Korean-operated bodega any more, anywhere in the city, never mind a

Jamaican reggae bar or a Marxist bookstore or a shop specializing in homo sex toys.

The city's dwindling non-white population tended to keep off the streets, and the

bugger boys were now cowering way back into the closet.

Barrow rubbed his jaw in rumination. "Country Joe Krajewski, eh? Hmm. I lost

track of the rock scene when I got over Pearl Jam as a kid, but yeah, the name rings a

bell from my days in the blue. Yeah, I got him now. Ayatollah rock and roller.

Long-haired greasy freak, covered with tattoos, big druggie. We roused him

a couple

of times for crack and heroin and other such comestibles, but he could always hire the

most expensive lawyers in town, and if memory serves we were never able to make

anything stick. Jeez, is Joey still around? Thought by now he would have booked it

down to L.A. or out to New York, once things got hot for his kind around here.”

“He couldn’t make it outside Seattle,” Dortmund responded. “His muse, such as

it was, didn’t translate. Country Joe is an aging specimen of what used to be called

grunge rock. At one stage he pretty much mastered the R & R scene here, lived out on

Bainbridge Island in a big mansion, threw wild orgies, chartered jetloads of hangers-

on to fly to Maui or Taos for a weekend, etc. Since the war began rock and roll has

kind of gone downhill in Seattle, what with us greasing all the nigger bass players and

drug pushers and other essential appurtenances of the scene. Country Joe lost his

mansion and ended up in a seedy walk-up on Capitol Hill. He seems to be taking it

personal. He was always a parlor pink like all of these people, and he and his

Jew

buddy and drug connection Jake Kaplan have got this idea of trying to revive Rock

Against Racism.”

“Kaplan, yeah, now him I remember. Coke dealer to the stars, used to be the retail

representative on the street for the Colombians. Boy, that’s a blast from the past!

Those assholes were among the first to go back after 10/22,” said Barrow. “In fact

some of my own first hits were when we cacked the lead vocal in Ooze, and the

drummer in Stomach Pump, plus a couple of Jew agent and impresario types. Those

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rock and roll antifa characters haven’t dared to so much as strum a chord in Seattle

for years. What gives?”

“Yeah, well, seems Country Joe is having a midlife crisis. He’s getting nostalgic for

the good old days of sex and drugs and rock and roll, and he wants to try and trot out

some of those golden moldies from Rock Against Racism. He has been in touch with

Homeland Security and they like the idea for obvious propaganda reasons. They're

thinking of staging a big Rock Against Racism concert in Discovery Park."

"They think they can get away with that and not get hit in the head by the NVA?"

asked Barrow in amazement.

"Oh, they know the risk is too great for any real concert," replied Dortmund.

"That could just get all kinds of embarrassing when the RPGs start flying. But this

won't be real. It will be a virtual concert."

"Huh?" asked Barrow.

"I'm not one hundred per cent on the technology, but apparently there is a way for

the rockers to get up on a stage and actually do their gig in Discovery Park,

presumably under massive guard from FATPO and the military, and then have the

government computer tech people add in a big crowd at the central broadcast point.

To those who watch the concert on TV, it will look like they've got the park packed

with thousands of cheering, boogying fans. The idea is to broadcast the concert

worldwide, make it look like the people of Seattle came out for it by the hundred

thousand, and by appearing to hold this gig with impunity, show the world that the

NVA is a paper tiger, the battle for democracy and diversity is being won in spite of all

the dead Feds in restaurants, so forth and so on.”

“And needless to say the world media will go along with this hoax?” asked Barrow

in disgust.

“Does a bear shit in the woods?”

“Okay, we need to nip this one in the bud,” said Barrow decisively. “Country Joe

seems to have forgotten his manners. He needs a ticket to that great crash pad in the

sky. What exactly have you got on this little project and where did you get it?”

“Nightshade again,” said Dortmund.

“Nightshade is diamond,” agreed Barrow. “Damn, that chick is on top of it! Has

Third Section got her spying on rock degenerates now?”

“This was kind of serendipitous,” Joe told him. “She’s been sleazing around

Capitol Hill in Ghoul, trying to set up Fatties. A lot of them sneak out of barracks

when they’re off duty to do the clubs and score some drugs and pussy for the male

officers. Drugs and pussy for the female officers as well.”

“Ghoul—that’s the Morticia Addams look, right?” asked Barrow.

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“Yeah. Kind of decayed Goth with a touch of Elvira, but not as classy. You make

your bones by making your bones, literally. You dig up a grave and...”

“Yeah, I get the idea,” said Barrow, waving it away queasily. “God, every time I think

America can’t sink any lower... go on.”

“Anyway, she started hanging with some punk rockers meeting in those sleazy

clubs off Broadway on Capitol Hill, and she hooked up with Krajewski and Kappy.

They’re meeting with some character from Homeland Security tonight in the Eclectic

Strawberry Veggie Bar, at ten o’clock. If we get on it quick we can not only whack a

couple of degenerates but a Federal suit as well. The Fed might be a very nice little

bonus. Homeland Security generally stays far away from the Homeland, so to speak.”

“You read my mind. What do you say? Should we give Sammy Feet a tickle tinkle?”

“He’d love it, but no, I’d say give this one to Bobby Bells,” advised Dortmund.

“He and his people know that Broadway area like the back of their hands. Remember

that Take Back the Streets for Love crap?”

Back in the early spring, the tattered remains of the local gays and lefties who hadn’t been killed or run out of town had decided on one last attempt to restore their

previously paramount profile within Seattle and recover their chic. They had joined

with the city government and an approving liberal media, and with great fanfare they

had declared the Capitol Hill district to be a “Hate Free Zone.” In order to enforce

this, they had declared so-called Walk for Love areas where homosexuals and race-

mixers would parade around holding hands and otherwise getting tactile with their

multifarious same-sex and/or different-race significant others, snogging on the

sidewalks, and generally showing a high profile. This was not quite as hare-brained an

idea as it might appear at first glance, since before they ventured out to do this, the

whole area was heavily infiltrated with plainclothes FATPO and Seattle PD teams,

waiting to pounce on any rebels who tried to do anything about the displays of

degeneracy. The idea from the Federals' point of view was to use the same-sex and

racially mixed couples as a kind of live bait to lure the NVA out, and indeed the

FATPOs themselves obligingly provided a number of mixed decoy teams of every

conceivable race and gender combination, concealed weapons at the ready to jump up

and start blasting in mid-snog at the slightest manifestation of evil racism and homophobia. It was a measure of how desperate the Federals were for targets, and

how deficient was their intelligence in every sense of the word. They couldn't figure

out any other way to draw the NVA out.

The NVA had countered Walk for Love with an operation called Springtime for

Hitler. The commanding officer of the Third Brigade's A Company, Lieutenant Robert

DiBella, aka Bobby Bells, had been assigned the task of preventing this public

relations embarrassment for the NVA, and he had developed a full court press

offensive that cleaned it up in two days. Bells was a natural-born street fighter, an

instinctive tactician like some untrumpeted Patton of the asphalt. He knew that it was

suicidal to get up close and personal with the couples scattered all along Broadway,

because there was an armed enemy lying in ambush behind every window and

lamppost just waiting for the Volunteers. So he decided to use an indirect multiplier

effect to shut the project down by sucking all the propaganda vitality out of it. The

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unit was able to obtain a number of heavy weapons, some RPGs and proper mortars,

but also things like sticks of dynamite and military-issue white phosphorus grenades

that were attached to sticks of wooden dowling, which were then inserted into

single-shot 16-gauge shotguns which were loaded with shells from which the

buckshot had been removed, thus making a ballastite cartridge. By pulling the pins on

the grenades and firing the shotguns into the air, they was able to create a primitive

mortar which burst high on the rooftops or in the middle of the street, showering

everything around with a snowfall of white, burning fragments that

immediately set

multiple fires. This plus several quick hit-and-runs with the RPGs and the mortars

fired from the back of pickup trucks caused all manner of damage and set more fires,

at a distance. The arrival of the fire trucks inevitably disrupted all the interracial and

homosexual love-walking, the crowds and confusion not only diverting and snarling

the target couples and their plainclothes escorts but making it fairly obvious to

keen-eyed observers who was who on the street. On several occasions running gun

battles broke out between teams of NVA shooters and the FATPOs, with casualties on

both sides, but the news at ten that night was about flying bullets and burning things

on Broadway, not loving interracial and gay couples standing tall and proud for

diversity while canoodling and grazing in the grass. On the second night of the Walk

for Love, a daring NVA pilot hijacked a small private airplane from the King County

Airport, aimed it dead center in the middle of Broadway, and bailed out at the last

second, making a big hole and an unholy mess in the street.

The lesson was clear: the Northwest Volunteer Army had no intention of coming

out in person to attack the individual couples and their heavily armed escorts, but the

rebels would continue to steal the liberals' propaganda thunder and create such

disruption that the government's PR purpose was not being served. The undercover

Fatties were hard put to it to defend themselves, never mind protect the bait, and

what is worse, it was clear from people who were watching the news coverage that this

was the case. FATPO were being made to look like incompetents. The result was the

collapse of the Capitol Hill liberal and gay scene, which was why Barrow was

surprised to learn that this Country Joe Krajewski character would even try to revive a

dead horse. "Yeah, Bobby knows the lay of the land around Broadway, but isn't he a

bit short on triggers right now, since we took Slim Jim and those others to form E

Company?" he asked.

"He's got some new people he wants to break in," replied Dortmunder. "That's

another reason I suggested him. He's got a couple of kids who are just itching

to make

their bones, and Bobby thinks they've got the stuff."

"Okay, give Bells a bell and set it up."

"One red flag, though. There's a good chance that Nightshade herself is going to be

with Country Joe and Kappy when it goes down. She's been playing groupie and she

had to really feign an interest in this Rock Against Racism project in order to gain

entrée. And get Krajewski interested in her."

Barrow pointedly avoided asking how far Krajewski's interest had gotten him. It

was irrelevant so long as the intelligence was good. "Can't she find some excuse to do

a fade just before it goes down?" asked Barrow.

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"Maybe. But she also wants to maintain her cover on the Hill, and cops and Fatties

aren't stupid. Any time there's a hit they know there's a finger somewhere, and

somebody who disappears just before the bullets start flying is an obvious suspect."

Barrow scowled. "I know those Third Section ops have got balls the size of

grapefruits, male or female, but we can't risk her getting shot by one of our own, and

let's face it, sometimes the boys do get a bit trigger-happy. You or I will have to go

along and make sure both Nightshade and her cover survive the evening, although I'm

not happy with anyone who doesn't need to know finding out what she looks like. It

won't just be Auburn if she's caught. The Feds are starting to give Third Section

people secret military tribunals and needles in the arm."

"What about Mr. Chips?" asked Dortmunder.

"Oh, crap!" swore Barrow. "Damn, that's right! If he wasn't Army Council I'd send

a message to re-schedule, but I got the definite impression that this is something

serious and we need to take the meeting. Look, Bobby's a cool hand and he keeps his

boys on a tight rein. You tell him just don't shoot any females. Make sure he

understands that! That little girl has got the right stuff, the old iron in her. If she has

to die in all this, I don't want it to be in some stupid accident. We're all going to have

enough on our karma for what we've done intentionally during this war without

adding something like that. You tell DiBella, no women tonight.”

“God, to think there was a time when something like that wouldn’t even have come up,” sighed Dortmunder. “It’s bad enough that men do things like this. Now that

women are doing it too, you wonder if there’s any hope left for the human race.”

“Yeah, well, that’s why we’re doing this, Joe,” said Barrow. “So that one day a girl

like Nightshade can grow up in the world of Jane Austen again, instead of Clockwork

Orange. When you’re lost in a swamp and up to your ass in alligators, you know

you’ve made a wrong turn somewhere. The only way is to quit blundering deeper and

deeper into the darkness, turn your ass around, struggle back to where you made the

wrong turn, and make the right choice this time. And try to leave as few boys and girls

as possible lying dead in the swamp being eaten by the slimy things.”

* * *

Out in suburban Bellevue, in the bright morning air, Kelly Shipman and Molly

Bergstrom were having an exuberant tennis workout on the high school court, with

Kelly winning three sets and Molly two. The girls had an audience. Sitting on

a bench

and watching them volley from behind the wire fence, or more specifically watching

Kelly play, was a quiet young man of her own age with brown hair slightly brushing

his collar. His eyes never left the lithe, graceful blonde girl on the green tarmac for an

instant.

Cody Brock was wearing a dark navy blue shirt that had come from the Salvation

Army store, faded jeans, a baseball cap and cheap knock-off running shoes from

Wal-Mart. He was a newcomer who had entered Hillside just that autumn as a senior,

ostensibly transferring in from a high school in Ellensburg. In point of fact, his

transcript from the Ellensburg school was a work of fiction equal to anything taught

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in the English department, and the gruff middle-aged gentleman who appeared at

Hillside High whenever he was required for parent-teacher conferences was not

Cody's father, but a man known to his friends and to Federal law

enforcement as

Farmer Brown.

Cody's mother had been killed in an auto accident when Cody was three; he barely

remembered her. Cody's biological father was a lumberjack and sawmill worker who

was serving a life sentence in Walla Walla penitentiary for a drunken bar fight in

which he had stabbed a black man. He had received five years for the assault with

grievous bodily harm, and a mandatory life sentence for using the word "nigger"

during the affray. When Jared Brock went to prison, Cody had been eight years old

and his sister Gwendolyn had been twelve. Cody and his sister had been immediately

seized by It Takes A Village and sold. Gwen he had never seen again after the Federals

came and took her away. He had no idea where she was and had difficulty

remembering what she looked like, although he knew she was a grown woman now

and probably fairly comfortable, since It Takes A Village only sold confiscated

children to those who could afford the costly adoption bond. For some reason he had

never fully understood, attorney Larry Saperstein had paid \$300,000 for him.

Cody had run away from his own horrendous foster family when he was sixteen,

after assaulting his Jewish stepfather with murderous intent. He had made his way

from San Francisco back to Centralia, but the town was too small to conceal a runaway and there was nothing left there of his old life anyway, so he had drifted on

to Seattle. After a period of living rough on the streets, most of which he spent in the

public library self-completing what education he thought he needed, Cody had taken

to hanging out at a soup kitchen run by a Christian youth group. One of the

counselors, a trendy priest with a beard and a turtleneck, had made a quiet practice of

rescuing young white people from life on the street, the drugs, and so forth, in a rather

unorthodox manner. After a period of assessment, Father Andrew would take white

street boys and girls off somewhere private and urge them to put their hand in the

hand of the man from Germany. Sometimes he even sang it while strumming his

guitar. He forwarded dozens of white kids to the NVA in this way, until one of the kids

ratted him out in exchange for drugs. One snowy day Special Agent Bruce Goldberg of

the FBI and a team of FATPO officers came into the mission, crucified Father Andrew

with a nail gun onto one of the dining room tables, and poured a powerful drain

cleaner down his throat.

By then Cody had already been assigned to Robert DiBella's crew and enrolled in

Hillside High with Farmer Brown posing as his daddy whenever needed for parent-

teacher conferences and so on. He had insisted on using his own name despite the

security risk, and surprisingly, DiBella had allowed this. He had been profoundly

impressed when the boy told him with quiet, dead certainty, "The Jews took my father

and my sister, and they tried to take my name. They tried to make my family

disappear from the earth. I can't do anything about my dad and my sister, but they

will never take my name again."

Kelly had not been entirely accurate that morning at the breakfast table in her assessment of the student body. Being a poor blue-collar youth, or "grit" in the

vernacular, Cody was able to attend Hillside on a special state diversity quota

for

underprivileged students, which in the recent absence of dark-skinned minorities had

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become known to most of the more affluent kids as the Trailer Trash Track. The high

school gave Cody a visible and plausible cover and a reason for being almost anywhere; high school kids worked after school in all kinds of places, and they liked to

cruise. Cody attended school during the day and was duly roused by Farmer Brown

and Bobby Bells to keep his grades up. He lived at a number of floating addresses with

his comrades, and ran every conceivable errand for the crew, from grocery runs to taxi

service to smuggling medical supplies, weapons, and illegal propaganda leaflets. He

planted a few bombs, set a number of fires, and also drove and occasionally acted as

the finger man for assassinations. He had willingly embraced the NVA not out of

ideology, but because of simple hatred for the system that had destroyed his family

because his father had dared to defend himself against a sodden bully with a

black

skin, and also because he sought some feasible way to kill his foster family when time

and place should serve, and get away with it. It was only when he had begun reading

the works of George Lincoln Rockwell and Francis Parker Yockey during his nights on

guard duty at various safe houses that he had come to understand why his world was

the way it was and what the NVA was fighting for, and his vague sense of his own

racial identity had coalesced into a personal commitment to a Homeland for his

people. Like so many Volunteers, the Brock boy had started out to right his personal

wrongs, and ended up as a political soldier trying to right the wrongs of history

against his race.

Having no draft exemption, he was already supposedly under orders to report to

the United States Army induction center in September, orders which did not in fact

exist, since on paper Cody himself did not exist except as a runaway in the California

police computers. Cody's ostensible reason for extending his strained high school

career by becoming a student in the summer drama workshop for a final two months

after graduation was because he wanted to have a creative credit on his record so he

could get into an Army public relations unit and then once he got out, go to college on

the GI Bill for a degree in Broadcasting and Communications.

His real reason for taking the course was that he was head over heels in love with

the cheerleader, homecoming queen and budding actress Kelly Shipman. In the social

dynamic of Hillside High School, this was roughly equivalent to the stable boy in the

palace seeking the hand of the princess, and had about as much chance of success

outside of a fairy tale. It was virtually certain that this next two months in summer

school was the last time in his life he would ever see Kelly, except on a movie screen.

She was going on to college and Hollywood and stardom, to a wonderful life that he

could only barely imagine, and one which he knew she fully deserved. He did not

begrudge her this wonderful future. Being one of nature's noblemen, he was

genuinely happy for her. He himself would stay here in the cold Northwest to kill or

be killed for a future he could imagine even less. These were their respective fates.

Kelly had won the prize, and he had crapped out. Such was life. He understood this,

and accepted it. Cody knew that he should have walked away from it after graduation

and not drawn out the agony by wasting time in this puerile theatrical gig, but he

simply could not bear to let her go just yet. The vision of her was the only memory he

would ever have that was good in a childhood that had been nothing short of hell.

Not that there was any romance to let go of. Kelly was a wonderful and sensitive

young girl, but the teenaged class system of Hillside High was ingrained in her, and

she simply did not think of a boy like Cody in that way. Some kids were naturally in

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and some were out, and boys who wore clothing from the Salvation Army instead of

Nordstrom's or the Bon were definitely not in the former category.

After a year of diffident, low-key but persistent effort, Cody had managed finally

to obtain a peripheral “just friends” status; even now as he watched the two girls

volleying back and forth, Kelly saw him watching from the sidelines and waved at

him. They spoke almost every day at school and once or twice a week on the phone,

and he had even taken Kelly out a couple of times to the local burger barn and bike

riding in the park, but to his chagrin she seemed to think that being male, he was a

good sounding board for her on-and-off relationship with class president and football

team captain Craig Crabtree, a young man of her own affluent class who was also a

major league asshole. Cody had ended up as Friar Lawrence, when what he wanted

was to be Romeo.

Kelly and Molly finished their game and came off the court, headed for the girls’

locker room. “Hi, Cody,” she said brightly, coming up to him. “Ready for your first

starring role? I’m going to ask Mr. Newman if we can do Arsenic and Old Lace. I’m

going to be doing teen queens and bitchy girls for years, and maybe a lot of screaming

in slasher flicks, so I want to play one of the old ladies to expand my range.

You'd

make a good Mortimer."

"Or Teddy," replied Cody. He raised his hand to his lips, tooted an invisible bugle

and yelled "Chaaaaaaaaaarge!" while waving an invisible saber. Kelly giggled. "I'll

probably end up doing the lights or building sets or something on whatever we decide

to do. I'm mostly looking for something to do in the army so I won't end up getting my

ass shot off by some hadji. I'm not much of an actor, really," he added with a smile,

grimly aware of the ironic fact that he had been playing a deep role very successfully

with her for almost a year, concealing his other life from her and not even giving away

so much as a hint that he had a political or racial thought in his head.

"I wish my brother Jason would find something to do in the service besides the

infantry," said Kelly worriedly. Then she sighed, "Well, I promised him when he left I

wouldn't worry about him. I do think you'd be a good actor, but I want to do some

stage work and tech stuff as well. Every bit of experience helps, and I probably won't

get to do much actual theater for a long time, unless maybe it's some summer stock or

dinner theater. I kicked around the idea of going to New York and trying for

Broadway, but I seem to have got Hollywood into my blood now. You have no idea

what it's like to actually be on set and part of a production! I live for it now. Heck, I'd

work as a script girl or a grip if it got me on set! Well, see you in a few minutes."

"Wait," said Cody. He reached into his cheap canvas book bag and brought out a

small square gift-wrapped parcel with a bow. It was a collection of four long-play CDs

on language and dialect, a specialty item he had ordered online, which was put out by

a famous linguist for one of the major Hollywood studios. Its purpose was to help

American actors master over forty accents and dialects of the English language to fit

their characters, from the flat drawl of East Texas to the consonant-less roil of the

true Cockney born within the sound of Bow Bells, from Cajun to the sonorous

declamation of the BBC and the Strine of the Australian bush country. "Happy

birthday, Kel," he said.

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“Oh, Cody, how sweet!” she said excitedly.

“Open it,” he suggested.

“No, if it’s okay I’ll open it at Molly’s this afternoon,” said Kelly. “She’s giving me a

party for all our friends, although of course it’s supposed to be a surprise and I’m not

supposed to let on I know about it. Of course I’d like you to be there. You know where

she lives, right? We can all go over after class is out. You can follow me over while I

drive my Dad’s present. See that silver Explorer out in the parking lot?”

“That’s your father’s birthday present?” he asked, impressed. “Neat! Well, it will

fit right in with what all the other stars drive down there in the dream factory. Except

when you’re riding in your chauffeured limo, of course.”

“Will you come to Molly’s party?”

“I wouldn’t miss it,” he said warmly. She gave him a quick peck on the cheek and

then she ran to catch up with Molly and hit the showers. Kelly didn’t return his

birthday wishes because Cody had never bothered to mention to her that he

had

turned eighteen that day as well. It didn't seem important.

The dramatic arts class numbered about forty students, and they met at ten

o'clock in the school's fully equipped, thousand-seat theater. Affluent Hillside was a

magnet school, and as such had a massive array of science and liberal arts facilities of

all kinds which were the envy of the West Coast: computer labs, chemistry and

biology labs, a fully equipped television studio and student radio station, sports and

track fields, an Olympic length indoor pool, and classrooms with 75-inch screen

satellite TV connections where students could hear lectures and watch events from

around the world. The drama class was only one of the courses offered at Hillside's

summer school; there were also courses in business for future yuppies like Craig

Crabtree, law, engineering, television and film (Kelly had almost taken that one, and

had arranged to sit in on some of the classes), several advanced science fields, and

total immersion language classes. The corridors were almost as full of kids as they

were during the school year itself. The top students from Hillside High who took these

classes could begin college with one credit in their major already, plus the Advanced

Track would look good on a resumé. There was also the unspoken purpose of trying to

keep the largely Caucasian group of young people under supervision as much as

possible. A lot of things had been going boom of late in Seattle, many NVA recruits

were known to be teenagers, and the government encouraged young white people to

be corralled into group activities where they could be watched. The sub rosa fear

seemed to be that the devil might make work for idle hands.

The drama class was taught by Mitch Newman, who was now standing before

them, casually leaning back against the stage. He was a hairy, bespectacled man in his

mid-thirties who affected jeans and lumberjack shirts, as well as a broad-brimmed

felt Northwest hat until it had become uncomfortably confused with the Party's

fedora. Even today, the NVA were sometimes referred to as "the hats." Mitch

encouraged his students to call him by his first name and tried to be one of the kids

himself. Newman's reputation in the theatric arts rested on his own five or six years in

Hollywood, during which time he had racked up speaking parts in half a dozen minor

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films, including the sidekick to a major male hunk star in a cop-buddy flick that had

grossed pretty well and still brought him a small royalty check every quarter. Newman

had sense enough to realize that his talent as an actor was limited, and so he'd gone

into production and direction. He had racked up technical, stage management and

screenwriting credits on about a dozen more movies before he had suddenly returned

to Seattle. The rumor was that he had been blackballed by the studios after some kind

of incident with a young starlet. The word rape being whispered, which rather added

to his romantic air of raffish insouciance. He certainly hadn't let it cramp his style

with the ladies, and campus scuttlebutt had it that he had been involved with several

teachers and was constantly on warning status for inappropriate interaction with

female students.

The actual truth of these allegations was not known for certain among the student

gossips, but Newman didn't bother to conceal the fact that he had ostentatious eyes

for the luscious blonde body of Kelly Shipman. During the drama department's mid-

term production of South Pacific, Newman had practically drooled over Kelly every

time she appeared on stage in her Polynesian grass skirt outfit, and on several occasions he had found patently unnecessary excuses to adjust her costume. A pained

Cody had asked Kelly why she allowed this, and he had received a surprisingly frank

answer. "Look, I'm beautiful and sexy, and every man who sees me wants to take me

to bed," she told him. "It's been that way since I was fourteen. I'm glad, because that is

an asset I have to have as an actress if I can turn it into camera presence and use it to

supplement real talent, which I've got. I want to be a Meryl Streep, not a Marilyn

Monroe. In Hollywood sex appeal is a marketable commodity, and it's an invaluable

part of my package. It means I won't always be stuck with character parts, and I can

get a shot at lead roles. Guys like Mitch copping an occasional feel is a small trade-off

for the edge my looks and my body give me. I'm not a slut, and I won't let anyone treat

me like one. I have already made a promise to myself that I'm never doing the casting

couch, I don't care what part's on offer. But I want people to look at me, the men

because they want me and the women because they want to be like me. That's one of

the things that makes a star."

Sexual harassment was a serious political charge, and it was something of a

mystery as to how Mitch Newman was able to skate on it, despite the cloud of

unsavory rumor that hung over his head. Cody thought he knew. Mitch was widely

suspected of being Jewish, although he never actually said so. Like many Pacific

Northwest Jews over the past few years, he had learned to conceal his racial identity,

sometimes even to the extent of wearing a large gold cross outside his clothes. But

there was one student he didn't fool. Cody had lived too long among the Tribe, and he

knew. Several times he'd attempted to interest his commanding officer Bobby Bells,

or at least his friend Farmer Brown, in the idea of killing Newman, but he was unable

to provide any proof of Newman's Hebraic heritage.

"Look, Cody, I don't doubt your word," DiBella had explained to him patiently.

"I'm sure this guy is a scumbag. It's just that we can't go around killing people because

we think they might be Jewish, or even if we know they are, for that matter. Personal

considerations can't enter into Volunteer operations. The idea behind what we're

doing isn't simply to gun people down on the street like we're some kind of gangsters.

The idea is to win our independence as a nation, and to do that we've got to function

like a proper army and select our targets accordingly. Now if you can bring me any

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proof that this guy is not only a Jew but he's doing something to help the ZOG, or that

removing him would benefit the Volunteers in any way, then once you convince me

he's a legitimate military target, your Mr. Newman is history." But despite snooping

and even a few attempts to schmooze up to Newman, dropping a few Yiddish expressions as bait, Cody was never able to get anything definite.

Now Mitch began to speak. “Guys and gals, welcome to the summer drama workshop. In this next two and a half months, we’re going to learn a lot about a

complex and exacting craft, and we’re going to have more fun than a barrel of

monkeys doing it. You can take that to the bank. I’m going to make sure that all of you

remember this summer for the rest of your lives. Some of you, like Kelly, are already

well on the way towards an acting career, but I hope to convince you that you can use

your abilities and your love of drama not just to make a living, but to achieve a

fulfilling and exciting life. We’ve got ten weeks, and I want us to work up two

productions for public performance in that time. The first will be a series of three

one-acts of theater in the round, for which I have selected the most modern and

avant-garde short pieces I could find, carefully chosen to give the fullest range of

expression possible to all the talent we’ve got here. You can find the scripts in the

course packets that Suzanne is passing out.”

Newman’s harried-looking teaching aide was giving out stacks of papers which

were duly passed back up the row to all the students. Cody noticed that two of the

three one-acts were by Jewish playwrights he had never heard of, and the third

seemed to be by some kind of Hindu, Gupta Something-or-Other. A quick glance over

the scripts confirmed that one playlet seemed to consist almost entirely of obscenities

shouted at the top of the characters’ lungs, the second was a hippy-dippy dialogue

between people pretending to be various plants and animals, and in the third the lines

were all to be spoken while the characters were whirling around the stage like dervishes in a state of nudity or at least semi-nudity. “Our second production will be a

proper, full-blown stage play,” continued Newman. “I’d like to hear suggestions from

you all now as to what that play will be. Needless to say, I think we need to showcase

the talents of Kelly Shipman, since within our own community here in Seattle she has

what amounts to star draw, and we would like to make something off the box office

for the drama department. But no play or motion picture is a one-man or one-woman

vehicle. Not by any means. Theater and film are team efforts on every level, and all of

you will get a chance to learn and to participate in a professional-level production.”

Most of the morning was spent in a debate on what the major play was to be, and

Kelly was able to carry *Arsenic and Old Lace*. The minute it was clear that was the play

she wanted to do, Newman backed her. It was shameless sycophancy but the kids

didn't mind. *Arsenic* was a funny play, after all. They broke for lunch at twelve. The

school cafeteria was open, and somewhat to his annoyance Cody saw that Kelly and

Molly ended up sitting with Craig Crabtree and the usual affluent class clique, which

seemed to have survived graduation, at least for the summer until the privileged kids

dispersed to their various colleges and universities. Kelly was chattering away. “I

don't see why we have to stay on campus for lunch,” she said with a pout, as she

wolfed down a chef salad with diet ranch dressing. (Hillside was definitely a rich kids’

school.) “I wanted to take us all out to Burger Barn in my new Explorer.”

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“They’re scared we’ll get kidnapped or blown up or something by Jerry Reb,” said

Molly Bergstrom, biting into a cafeteria BLT.

“If we take that piece of crap Nissan Brock drives, maybe the goots will think we’re

fellow trailer trash and let us pass,” said Crabtree with a shit-eating grin. Cody

ignored him.

“Hey, they’re just worried about all the bombings,” he said to Kelly. “The school

doesn’t want any of us hurt.” In a way, it was good that this part of his life was ending

in a couple of months. The intermittent needling and hostility from Crabtree was

increasing in frequency. It looked like that situation was building up again as Craig’s

hold on Kelly, tenuous as it had become, slipped away and he looked around for

someone to blame. Who but the handy Friar Lawrence? There had always been an

element of jealousy there, as clearly non-eligible as Cody was in the competition

department. Cody didn't want a repeat of their one serious confrontation. The next

time might escalate into something that would draw official attention to him.

Craig Crabtree's father had been the senior partner in one of Seattle's most prestigious law firms, and a member of the Washington state legislature who never

saw a piece of political correctness he didn't like. Crabtree senior now lived in Atlanta,

where he held some kind of big corporate vice presidency, which was a thinly veiled

fig leaf to disguise the fact that he had fled the Northwest after being threatened by

the NVA, leaving his family behind. Craig had the standard rich boy's draft deferment

and was heading for Dartmouth in September, then on to Harvard Law School and a

six figure income before he was twenty-three. He was an obnoxious type, large and

golden and groomed like a male model, dressed to the preppy nines and rumored

already to have had some plastic surgery done. He was a football star, head of the

debating team, student body president, and never let anyone forget it. That handsome

head had almost nothing in it, and what little was up there was bad. He had been the

on-again-off-again boyfriend of Kelly since junior high school, on-again-off-again

largely due to his inability to stay faithful for two consecutive weeks. In addition to

Kelly he had also had been known to diddle with Molly Bergstrom and virtually every

other attractive girl in his class. With amazing maturity for her age, Kelly had confided to Cody that she was fully aware of Craig's wandering eye but she kept him

around "so I can have somebody, but I know it won't ever get too serious." She had

also freely discussed the fact that the attraction was purely physical, with details,

which was really not what Cody needed to hear, but he had sighed to himself and held

his piece.

Cody had experienced a few minor run-ins with Craig when he first arrived on

simple grounds of his poverty and working class background, since the kid was an

arrogant ass. But since spring, when it became obvious that Kelly valued Cody's

friendship, Craig had gotten the idea that there was more going on between them than

there was, and was prone to fits of sullen jealousy, which Kelly found amusing yet

which made Cody wary. He had been told when he started by Bobby Bells that his

attendance at Hillside was conditional on his keeping a low profile. The Crabtree

situation had come to a head several months before, at a spring break pool party at

Kelly's house, when Crabtree had showed up drunk and obnoxious, gotten into Dr.

Shipman's liquor cabinet and gotten more drunk and obnoxious, and finally

attempted to use his superior size and strength to shove Cody into the pool. Cody was

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small but wiry and powerful, and he had more than once been required to protect

himself when he'd lived on the Seattle streets as a runaway. He twisted the bully's arm

viciously and sent Crabtree plunging into the water instead, which everyone had

thought was great fun except Crabtree. Craig ended up circulating a version wherein

"Brock knows kung fu or something" and he'd been sucker-punched. This wasn't true.

Cody had simply lived rough on the streets of an urban jungle for many months,

and he had acquired certain survival skills, along with the will to use them without

hesitation. Officially it was teen party horseplay, but the incident had left bad blood,

and Cody had an uneasy feeling the re-match would be more serious.

Just as the class was breaking up that afternoon, Cody Brock got a call on his cell

phone “Take a walk on Boardwalk,” a male voice told him.

“Should I pass go and collect \$200?” asked Cody.

“Yeah, go ahead.” That meant that the summons was immediate. Cursing to

himself, Cody looked around, but he saw that Kelly and Molly had already left the

auditorium. With regret, he called Kelly on her cell phone and caught her in the

parking lot. “Look, Kel, I’m sorry, I won’t be able to make it to Molly’s party.

Something’s come up at work and I have to go in,” he said apologetically. Cody

maintained a no-show job at local grocery store, ostensibly as a stock boy, but the

supervisor who handled his cards was a Party supporter and Cody was seldom to be

seen around the storeroom in his apron.

“Oh, that’s awful!” said Kelly. He was glad to hear a bit of disappointment in her

voice, although not so glad to hear Craig Crabtree's voice in the background.

"Sorry, but they kind of count on me down there," he said. "Happy birthday again,

Kel." Well, he thought, it probably wouldn't have been much of a fun party anyway if I

had to watch that asshole Crabtree hanging all over her and the both of them ending

up snogging on Molly's couch. Cody ran to the parking lot and got into his own car, a

battered ten year-old Nissan which like most NVA wheels was souped up under the

hood to NASCAR standards, carrying a few little extras like armor plating in the back

seat and side doors. After a long and careful ride through Bellevue, during which he

watched alertly to make certain he wasn't followed, turned off to avoid known FATPO

checkpoints and on one occasion to avoid a lumbering Stryker armored vehicle in U.

S. military camouflage, Cody arrived at the current safe house which was used as a

headquarters by Alpha Company. It was a private home in an upscale Bellevue

suburb, with a neatly trimmed and landscaped lawn and the sprinklers turning

merrily, from the outside quite possibly the home of the Brady Bunch. Cody drove by,

parked a block down the street, then walked back to the house. He knocked a coded

signal on the side door, which was opened by a big chunky man with iron-gray hair

and a weatherbeaten face, a double-barreled sawed-off shotgun in one hand. “Hey

there, Daddy,” he said to Farmer Brown, the man who occasionally played the role of

his father when necessary for the school system. “What’s up? We going out tonight?”

“Looks like. The boss wants to see you downstairs,” said Brown. “He’ll tell you

about it.”

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In the basement Cody met with his commanding officer, NVA Lieutenant Robert

DiBella, a grumpy and thickset man of about fifty. He had balding black hair flecked

with iron gray, tobacco-stained yellow teeth and a blue-shaven chin. This afternoon,

the man who was arguably the deadliest NVA gunman in Seattle was wearing a pair of

greasy overalls and heavy work boots. He looked like any Joe Shmoe janitor or gas

station attendant. As per usual, he had a large cheap cigar stuck in his mouth, glowing

and spewing smelly white fumes.

Robert DiBella had joined the NVA for the simplest and most personal of reasons:

he couldn't find anything else to do. After twenty years on the factory floor of the

Connerly heavy diesel engine factory in Tukwila, he had been laid off from his job

when the company packed up without warning and moved to Guatemala lock, stock,

and barrel. In his mid-forties by that time, he had been unable to get another job

since. He had lost his home and had to move into a two-bedroom trailer. Medical

insurance had vanished. His wife, who was in poor health with a congenital liver

disorder, had been forced back to work, and his children had been compelled to give

up college and go to work as a construction hand and a word processing temp

respectively. In DiBella's simplistic world view, when one got fucked, one returned

the favor with interest, and the NVA allowed him to shoot the people who had done

him wrong. He had read Rockwell's *White Power* once just to confirm what he

already knew, and never cracked a racial theory book again. There had been no need

to convert him to racial nationalism. A working man since he had left high school, a

white male who had grown up with affirmative action, open borders and Third World

immigration, DiBella already knew the economic and racial facts of life. To him the

idea of revolution was simple common sense. When something broke down, you fixed

it. If it was beyond repair, you threw it out and replaced it. America was clearly

beyond repair, so it was time to try something else. A new country for only white

people seemed like just what the doctor ordered.

“Sit down, kid. We got a tickle on tonight,” Bells told him. “It’s a hit. Two

confirmed targets, maybe three. Some asshole rock and roll singer and his Jew dope

pusher buddy, and as icing on the cake, maybe a Fed from Homeland Security as well.

They’re cooking up some anti-racist rock concert shit, and we’re going to put some

manners on ‘em. This one’s a bit of a rush job. I like more time to plan, but as Mick

Jagger tells us, you can’t always get what you want, and this one ain’t complex. You

keep sayin' you wanna pull a trigger. Now's your chance. You still all hot and bothered

to kill somebody you don't know from Adam's house cat?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cody, striving to keep his voice calm. "I've been ready to make

my bones since the day I took the oath. I won't let you down."

"Yeah, well, see that you don't, because our information is that these two guys are

packing, and the Fed will be for sure if he's there, so if you flub it you might be the one

who dies. I'm sorry in a way it's a white man. A Volunteer should make his bones on a

mud or a kike. I'm sure you've noticed by now that this has pretty much boiled down

to a civil war between whites. Tell you what, to pop your cherry we'll let you take down

the Jew, one Jacob 'Kappy' Kaplan, and we'll let Jumping Jack Flash do the white guy.

Assuming we don't fuck up, this tickle shouldn't be no trouble. Lefties are pussies, at

least in this country. They've got some tough Reds in Europe, and in England where

Jack comes from, but not in America. Once we had some Trotskyites try to take over

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Local 184 at the plant, before it shut down. Jews and feminist bitches. They showed

up at the union hall with all kinds of Commie newspapers and literature. We tapped

‘em with a wrench a couple of times, and they all ran away. Before the war those

street-corner Commie types used to give the Party trouble, showing up any time we

had a rally or a public event and throwing shit at us, spitting on us, that kind of crap.

But they always were pussies, even then, and after 10/22 when a few rounds popped

off over their heads they scattered and ran like mice. Now, don’t bullshit me, kid,

because once we get out there I can’t have you freezing on me when the time comes.

You sure about this?”

“I did alright when those Fatties jumped us downtown,” protested Cody.

“Yeah, you did,” agreed Bells. “You kept your head good, you aimed when you

fired and I think you hit one of ‘em. Nicked his body armor, anyway. But this ain’t

gonna be a firefight, kid, it’s just a piece of work. Clipping a guy cold ain’t like

defending yourself when you're attacked and playing Rambo all over Spring Street.

You're going to have to point a pistol at another man and pull the trigger, and then

shoot him again when he's on the ground to make sure he's dead, then walk away and

not worry about it afterwards. I think you can do it. If I didn't I wouldn't even make

the offer. Hell, if I didn't think you had it in you, you wouldn't be here at all. For all I

know this Polack guy may have some little three year-old girl who thinks he's Uncle

fucking Wiggly. But that ain't our department. The Party says he has to go, so he goes.

Now, you want in?"

Cody gave Commandant Winston Wayne's famous answer from several years

before, when in a rare media interview Wayne was berated by a television reporter for

causing pain and suffering among survivors of the NVA's attacks. "I will not be black-

mailed by the tears of children into failing in my duty. Yes, sir, I want in."

"That's what I figured you'd say, but I hadda ask," replied DiBella with a nod,

leaning back on the sofa and popping the top on a can of diet Dr. Pepper, which he

then scowled at. “I know we can’t be doing this with drunks, and I understand the

regulation against alcohol, but damn, I’ll be glad when we win this thing and I’ll be

able to have a beer again!” He didn’t give Cody time to comment, but Cody probably

wouldn’t have been a drinker even if the NVA hadn’t strictly banned booze among

Volunteers. Booze was what had gotten Cody’s father sent to prison. Booze and

tyranny was a bad combination.

“Okay, here’s the spritz. We take two cars, as per usual, this time the Caddy and

the Cherokee.” Bells was a big man, and he liked big roomy cars and SUVs. “You and

me and Farmer Brown will be in one vehicle. Eddie Hagen, Thumper and Jumping

Jack Flash will be in the second car. The limey kid gets to make his bones tonight as

well as you. This one is about as basic as it gets. The takedown is going to be in the

parking lot behind the Eclectic Strawberry café on Broadway, just off the market

square up in Capitol Hill. We wait for the targets to come out, we blast ‘em before they

get in their cars, and we book. I know the spot. It’s set back from the street

and boxed

in nice and neat on either side, so it should be like shootin' fish in a barrel. There are

alleys on either side at the far corners of the lot by the restaurant itself, which they

could possibly escape through, but they shouldn't be able to get that far, because we're

going to nail 'em quick and not let 'em beat feet. Hopefully there won't be too many

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cars in the lot that time of night for 'em to dodge around and hide behind, since the

Strawberry isn't a bar, no liquor license, just vegetarian goulash and herbal tea and

poetry readings and puppet shows and hippie-dippy crap like that. But we'll get you

guys good and close, so we don't have to play hide and seek with these motherfuckers.

They should be leaving any time after ten. If for any reason we miss 'em at the

Strawberry we have a probable secondary attack point, McGrory's Pub on 15th

Avenue, which is where Country Joe usually likes to wind up his evening. We should

be able to confirm if he's there from somebody we got on the inside, but I don't want

you two to have to go into a building on your first hit with no recon. Never do an

indoor hit unless you've been in the joint first, you know where everything is, and

you've seen all the exits and potential problems. They shouldn't get that far, anyway.

This should go down at the Strawberry. We'll be in the area cruising, and I'll get a

code word text message when it looks like they're about five minutes from the door, so

that way we won't have to hang around the parking lot loafing and looking conspicuous for any curious busybodies."

"Country Joe?" asked Cody.

"Yeah, our targets for tonight are one Joseph Krajewski, a white male

approximately age fifty with long hair and a goatee beard and assorted tats, and a Red

Sea pedestrian named Jacob Kaplan, aka Kappy, short and fat and Semitic, who is

also a penny-ante drug dealer. Our source tells us that both men are carrying licensed

handguns, so the possibility of return fire exists. That means no fucking around. If we

do our job right, no one should ever shoot back. We're not out to play Wild

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with anybody, we're there to secure the existence of our people and a future for white

children. Here's a picture of them both; they're circled." Bells handed Cody a flyer for

the rock group Concussion, and he carefully looked at the faces of the two men he

would be hunting tonight before handing it back. "That's your target on the right.

Make sure you can recognize him so you don't plug the wrong guy, although how

anyone could mistake a hose nose like that one, I got no idea. Remember, this is going

to be in the dark, with only whatever lighting is on the street."

"Weapons?" asked Cody.

"Weapons will be handguns for you two and longarms for Farmer Brown and

Hagen, because they will be de-busing the vehicles with you and they will take out the

Homeland Security Fed or Feds, if they're present, and anybody else who tries to be a

hero and get involved. I'll let you two root through what we got in the closet and you

can choose your own gun, whatever you're most comfortable with."

"No full auto?" asked Cody in some disappointment. "Jeez, I was hoping to hose

down Broadway like you guys did last time to all those faggots and race-mixers.” Cody

had been a driver during Operation Springtime for Hitler, and was still miffed that he

had not been given an opportunity to pull a trigger.

“No, too indiscriminate,” said Bobby Bells, shaking his head. “No mortars or crashing of airplanes either, worse luck. Because you see, just to make it interesting,

we got a little stipulation from Brigade. On this job, the night train is strictly stag. You

might call it a surgical strike. We waste Krajewski and his Jew guru and any other

males with them who get in the way, which will hopefully include a suit or two from

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the Department of Homeland Security, but there will most likely be a few chicks with

the target group, and we have to make sure that we do not shoot any of the women.

One of them’s ours.”

“Ours?” asked Cody in puzzlement.

“Yeah, I told you, we got somebody on the inside. She’s the informant who’s gonna

put the finger on these characters for us. A Threesec op who calls herself Nightshade.”

“How dramatic! A girl spy with a neat slinky code name,” laughed Cody. “What

does Nightshade look like? All black leather and a black beret, no doubt? And

sunglasses, even at night?”

“Hell, for all I know she may have three tits,” replied Bells with a shrug. “We don’t

know what she looks like. We never had no need to know before this. Just be a

gentleman tonight and don’t clip any of the bimbos. I’m assuming this broad has

sense enough to duck when the lead starts flying. Now, we’re going to have to leave

early to get over into the city the long way, because according to Brigade intelligence it

looks like Fattie has got checkpoints on I-90 and the 520 both laid on for tonight.

Remember that if you have to end up having to E & E on your own for any reason—

stay off the bridges.”

Cody went upstairs and made himself a sandwich, which he ate, and then he and

Jumping Jack Flash, an intense blond young Englishman with an upper-class

Oxonian accent to go with his incongruous Cockney nickname, went back down into

the basement where they were shown to a large metal arms locker and allowed to

choose their armament for the evening. Cody was not allowed to carry a weapon

unless he was actually out on duty, since wide-eyed golly-gee teenager or not, there

was simply no way to talk his way out of getting caught with a gun. This had already

proven to be a worthwhile precaution on several occasions when he had been stopped,

frisked, and manhandled by FATPO patrols, not to mention his being unarmed the

time he'd had his little set-to with Craig Crabtree, when he might have been tempted

to use a weapon despite the trouble his own father had gotten into in a similar situation. In the normal course of his day he didn't need one, anyway. But he had been

with A Company long enough to have undergone extensive one-on-one training in

firearms from men who had learned in the imperial military, and who were expert

and lethal. He could handle and field-strip every weapon in the active service unit's

impressive arsenal. "We going to be dumping the pieces afterward,

Lieutenant?”

asked Cody.

“Nah, no need,” replied Bells. “They never bother to run ballistics any more, they

just call the meat wagon and mop up the blood. They’ll know who did it, and if they

catch us it ain’t like we got to worry about going to any kind of trial no more. So go

ahead and pick yourself a good piece, not a throwaway.”

“Got mine, then,” said Cody, selecting a 9-millimeter Russian-made Makarov automatic.

“Good choice,” said Bells with a nod. Jumping Jack Flash chose a 9-millimeter

Heckler and Koch P7, and Bobby Bells handed them extra magazines and boxes of

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ammunition to load the clips with. He himself carried on old, well-oiled Model 1911

Colt .45 in his belt. It had been his father’s service-issue handgun in Vietnam and was

his good luck piece. “Farmer Brown and Eddie Hagen will be backing you guys up

with long arms in case anything goes wrong,” Bells reminded them. He

politely

avoided saying in case you freeze. “They’ll be packing AKS-74s with folding stocks,

and armor-piercing ammo to cut through any kevlar the Fed may be wearing. We got

a lot of those nowadays,” he said, pointing to a table stacked high with the Russian

rifles. “Came in on a freighter from the Motherland or something, along with a whole

shitload of Russian-made 5.45-millimeter ammo. Might as well use ‘em. They’re light

and compact when they fold down, and they got a hell of a punch. We’re going to have

to leave now, since we’re taking the long way around into the city around the lake,

because of those damned Fattie roadblocks on the bridges which will be stacking up

traffic until eight o’clock tonight. Before we go, though, we give both the Cadillac and

the Cherokee a once-over, including the engines. Functioning transportation is just as

important as functioning firearms when you’re on a tickle. You don’t want to run out

of gas or have your vehicle cut out on you because of some kind of mechanical trouble

in the middle of a hit or while you’re running from Fattie. Let’s go.”

* * *

As the two carloads of NVA gunmen crept slowly across town from the East Side

into the city itself, heading for Capitol Hill, the two commanders of the brigade

arrived back at Mrs. Sweetzer's place. At about eight o'clock at night, with the sky still

bright and sunny outside and the temperature in the balmy high eighties, there was

the sound of a vehicle outside. Barrow and Dortmunder admitted a nondescript man

in a suit and spoke with him for a bit while he checked out the room and saw that it

was safe. Then he leaned out the door and gestured to a fourth person out on the

stairs. The man who entered the room was thin and bespectacled, with

salt-and-pepper hair and horn-rimmed glasses. He wore a cardigan sweater even in

the summer warmth and looked like Mr. Rogers. His code name in fact was Mr.

Chips, due to his former profession as a schoolteacher. "Hey, Red," said Barrow,

shaking his hand. "Any trouble getting in?"

"We were stopped at a roadblock at the 85th Street exit," said Colonel Red

Morehouse of the Third Section and the NVA Army Council. "Nothing out of

the

ordinary, couple of Fatties and some cops. They had sniffer dogs. Our guns were in

the side boxes hidden in the doors. For the record, those sachets of Joe Cord's work.

Our gun boxes each had one of those little bags of goo and the dogs couldn't smell a

thing."

"Except maybe me shitting in my pants," muttered the driver. "God, I hate those

dogs!"

"Yeah, I know they work," said Barrow. "I was able to get through a checkpoint a

week ago. Dex, you hungry? I got a burger in here and a fish sandwich, and there's

drinks in the fridge." He tossed the driver a fast food bag.

"Thanks, Commandant," said Dex. He took a soft drink in a can from the refrigerator and left the apartment to go downstairs and wait by the car. Barrow

gestured towards another bag on the formica table.

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"No thanks, Frank, but I will take a ginger ale if you've got," said Morehouse.

Dortmunder pulled one out of the ice box and they sat down. Morehouse got right to

the point. "I normally wouldn't insult either of you comrades by reminding you of

security procedure, but guys, I've got to have your absolute word that this does not go

any further than this room. This is arguably the most important communication you

will ever receive from command."

"The Feds have finally agreed to surrender?" chortled Dortmunder off-handedly.

"So it would seem," replied Morehouse in a level voice. There was dead silence for

a long, long moment. Barrow suddenly had to remember to breathe.

"Spill it," he said, his voice choking. Dortmunder's mouth hung open.

Morehouse continued, as calmly as if he were lecturing his students about William

Jennings Bryan and the free silver issue of the 1890s. "About a month ago the Old

Man was approached in his cell in Florence Federal penitentiary by a delegation of

high muckety-mucks from D.C., headed by none other than the United States

Secretary of State, the Honorable Walter Stanhope. The result of that meeting was

that the Old Man has been transferred to more comfortable accommodation

within

the prison and is suddenly being treated with all kinds of bowing and scraping,

although he's still incommunicado. Commandant Alex Barrett was released from

Florence and dropped off at a hotel in Olympia, about ten days ago. Barrett was

accompanied by a Swiss gentleman from the International Red Cross and a second

man, a United Nations diplomat from the Republic of Ireland named O'Connell.

Barrett took two days to make sure that he wasn't being followed, and got rid of all the

clothing and every article they gave him to make sure nothing had been planted in

them by way of an electronic tracking device, and then he re-established contact with

the NVA and brought the two others in to speak with members of the Army Council."

Morehouse sighed and took a deep breath. "They want to talk."

"The Federal government of the United States? They want to talk to us?"

demanding Barrow incredulously.

"Yes. They sent the Red Cross guy and the Irish diplomat to vouch for the sincerity

of their intentions, knowing that we wouldn't trust a damned thing any of

them had to

say if it was written in Chelsea Clinton's blood. They want to talk about ending the

war, or resolving the civil conflict, as they put it. They want to call a peace conference.

Nice polished mahogany table, briefcases, international observers, cocktail parties,

re-drawing maps, the whole nine yards."

There was a long moment of stunned silence. "Dear God, we've won!" choked

Dortmunder, his face white and his jaw slack.

"Is this confirmed?" asked Barrow, still unable to grasp it. "It's not some kind of

trick?"

"Christ, who the hell knows with these people? It may well be a trick," conceded

Morehouse. "It may well be that the Jews and the super-wealthy Anglo-Saxon

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bluebloods who actually run this society have no intention of giving us our

independence, and this whole thing is some kind of stratagem or gull on their part. In

fact, I doubt if they do intend to give us anything meaningful, but the mere

fact that

such an approach is being made at all tells us that freedom is now possible. They

wouldn't even have considered such a thing unless we have beaten them to their

knees, even worse than we know. Applesmash and Pigkill and bombing out their

electrical power grids have reduced the entire U. S. infrastructure to jelly. The whole

evil empire is on the verge of collapse, we know that much. It's possible that they're

now weak enough so we can take what they don't want to give. But as much as I hate

to throw cold water on something I can scarcely believe myself, we haven't won yet.

Not by a long shot. This whole business may come to nothing. But as nearly as we can

tell, the offer of talks is genuine, and unconditional."

"What the hell did the Army Council do?" demanded Barrow.

"We started making conditions," said Morehouse with a grin. "We sent the

messengers back and told them flat out that we didn't believe them, and we wouldn't

even talk about talks about talks until they made a good faith gesture to convince us

they meant it, specifically prisoner release. Historically, in these situations

that's

always the key. No occupying power is ever serious about withdrawal unless they're

willing to release prisoners. We actually had a procedure for such an eventuality

planned this far, for the time when this would happen. It's essential that the United

States understand that they are going to be forced to put something substantial on the

table, and that we will not be fobbed off with words. We just heard back from the Red

Cross, and while needless to say the first quibbles and caveats and yes-buts were

already there, the régime has agreed in principle to release a significant number, as

they put it, of Party prisoners once we agree to meet with them. Of course, our idea of

what constitutes a significant number and their idea are likely to be quite different.

The Army Council is drawing up a list right now, but so far it looks like this is

legitimate. Now you understand why I insisted that this must not get out! We don't

yet fully understand the political and other dynamics at work here, but I can tell you

right now that for anyone in the U. S. government to get anything like this

through

against the resistance of the Jews and the dead-enders and die-hards in the power

structure must have been like pulling teeth. Somebody's got to be serious about it.

Any premature disclosure could screw the pooch for good and keep this godawful war

going for the next generation. Look, we always knew that at some point the shooting

would have to stop once we'd beaten the bastards down far enough, and we'd have to

work out the actual nuts and bolts of a sovereign and independent Aryan nation. But

we never had a clue as to when or how this could happen. This is uncharted territory,

and God alone knows what will happen."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Barrow.

"Sit tight, say nothing, and be prepared to implement any order the Army Council

may give," said Morehouse. "Any settlement talks will have two basic elements from

our point of view, both fraught with difficulty and danger. The first element will be a

ceasefire, a cessation of hostilities. That is going to be very hard to enforce. Shooting

people is a very easy habit to get into and very hard to break, and besides, it's such

jolly fun. There will be elements on both sides that don't want to stop. The second

aspect will be the emergence of the NVA and the Party from the underground and our

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preparation to assume state power within the Homeland. The ceasefire while

negotiations go forward will probably be theoretically what will be called 'in place,'

meaning each side holds its position and doesn't attack the other, but since we have

no position to hold, that's going to be a problem. We have to grab hold of one. The

Council has already decided that we will use any period of non-belligerence in order

to glom onto as much territory and gear as possible. If talks do begin, while they are

going on we have to physically displace the Federal forces as much as we can, and get

our hands on as much territory and plant and as many economic assets as possible,

without actually starting the war back up again. More importantly, we have to make

the transition orderly and avoid chaos and mass flight from the Homeland by millions

of people who are just plain scared and confused, and who we need to stay here and

help us build a new land. Remember, many of our own people genuinely believe all

the Federal propaganda about how we're criminal lunatics who want power in order

to rape and slaughter at will, and establish some kind of totalitarian tyranny so we can

tell everyone what color socks to put on in the morning. Some of the severe measures

we have been compelled to take, and will be compelled to take in the future, will

reinforce that impression. That means that we are going to have to vastly expand the

NVA very quickly indeed, arm and train and organize thousands of troops, and get

ready to move into the vacuum left by the departing Americans. We're going to have

to stop being guerrillas and become a real army, and we're not going to have much

time to do it in. Getting the men won't be a problem. You know that once it became

clear Northwest Migration was a serious movement, we've always had more people

than we knew what to do with, and at any given time there have been hundreds of

people wandering around Portland and Seattle and Spokane looking to join the NVA,

they just didn't know where to find us. But turning those men into a responsive and

capable military force will be something else."

"You don't want us to cease hostilities right away, do you?" asked Barrow,

thinking of the assassination of Country Joe and Kappy which must be going on even

as they spoke. "I mean, shouldn't there be some kind of formal agreement or treaty or

something before we cease fire?"

"No, until such time as you hear for sure, it's business as usual," Morehouse

assured them. "In fact, it might be a good idea if we spanked them a little bit harder

than usual over the next couple of weeks to make it clear that any deals the Party

makes are very much made from a position of strength. Just bear in mind that from

now on, we're on a tightrope. One slip and we can lose everything we've gained. We've

lost a lot of fine, brave people in these past five years, starting with Gus Singer and his

family on that October 22nd when It Takes A Village came for them in Coeur

D'Alene

and got their asses shot off by the neighbors. We have to make sure they didn't die in

vain."

* * *

The city of Seattle might be hot during the day in the summertime, but global warming or not, it still wasn't anywhere near as bad as most of the rest of the country.

At least in Seattle it cooled off at night. Barrow, Dortmunder, and Morehouse were

still conferring at the house in Ballard over an hour later, as the two NVA cars from A

Company casually rolled down Broadway and through the labyrinth of back streets on

Capitol Hill, wending in and out among the stately Victorian mansions that had once

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been home to lumber barons and businessmen in the days of Teddy Roosevelt. Bobby

Bells was driving the Cadillac. They kept carefully within the speed limit and made all

their turn signals. They passed the bumpy and depressed stretch of pavement where

the airplane had crashed back in the spring. The car windows were rolled down, and

the newly dark air coming through them was now cool, mildly damp from a light rain

about an hour before.

The streetlights and the windows of the stores and restaurants and bars lit the night with pale glow, a slight mist hanging in a nimbus around each light, and the

sound of the tires on the street was wet. Well-known local landmarks slid by in the

lambent light. The Sorrento Hotel, Pilgrim Church, Seattle Central Community

College, museums and coffeehouses, hole-in-the-wall shops that still managed to

hang on by doing a reduced business with the students and remaining locals. They

cruised past the hastily-renamed Diversity Park on 15th Avenue. The fine stand of

greenery on the hillside in the midst of the urban landscape had originally been

named Volunteer Park by the designers in Seattle's early years, but on the outbreak of

the NVA campaign the chagrined city council had quickly changed the name to

celebrate a diversity that no longer existed, since the Volunteers of latter days had

decimated the neighborhood's alternative population, as the motley crew of colorful

inhabitants been called. Within the park stood the skeletal remains of the Seattle

Asian Art Museum, a ghastly 1933 art-deco structure which had been bombed out by

the NVA during the first year of the war and never rebuilt. Just north of the park the

two vehicles cruised by Lakeview Cemetery, then turned right and slid around the

Arboretum. "We should be hearing from Nightshade any time now," said Bobby Bells,

pressing the cell phone in his pocket. "I know I'm goin' in circles, but I don't want to

get too far from the Strawberry." The men in the car eyed the almost empty streets.

"Gee, I don't see no faggots out here walking hand in hand no more," chuckled Bells

reminiscently.

"Did those guys really do that kind of thing?" asked Cody in some disbelief.

Farmer Brown looked back at him indulgently.

"This young feller ain't never seen faggots in public, Lieutenant," he laughed.

"Never saw this neighborhood back in its heyday, I guess."

"I grew up in Centralia, until my dad... until It Takes A Village got me and

sent me

to those kikes in Frisco,” said Cody.

“Yeah, well, there was a time when this whole part of town reeked of Vaseline,”

said Brown. “How old are you now, Cody?”

“Eighteen years old today, in fact,” replied Cody.

“Yeah?” said Brown. “Well, happy birthday, young man. As the commandant of

Auschwitz said to the Führer, if I’d known in time I would have baked a kike. So you

would have been about thirteen when the war started?”

“Yeah. I got the privilege of seeing 10/22 from the Jewish viewpoint, when I was

with the Sapirsteins,” said Cody with a scowl.

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“That must have been a real trip!” said Bells.

“You haven’t seen hysteria until you see a whole shul full of hebes who are suddenly afraid again,” said Cody with a bitter laugh. “And you the only goy in the place.”

“You lived in San Francisco, and yet you really never seen two men cuddling and

snogging in public, joined at the beard? Or two dykes tongue-slurping each other in a

Starbucks?” asked Farmer Brown, getting back onto the original subject. Thinking

about the Sapirsteins was a distraction the boy could do without at this particular

crucial moment in his life and career. Cody had never actually declined to speak of his

foster family, but Brown knew that the very thought of that time in his life made the

kid physically ill, made him shake and mutter. Something very bad had happened,

that Brown and Bells could see, but everyone in the NVA had their own personal

horror story of life under political correctness, and it was understood that one never

asked for anything that wasn't volunteered.

“Yeewwww,” said Cody in disgust. “Actually, I always say San Francisco because

that's where Sapirstein had his law practice and that was kind of the center of things

for the family, but we actually lived in Silicon Valley, in San José. The buggery was

there, but it was all very hi-tech and discreet. All the really screaming queens lived

across the Bay in the Castro. I never went up there.”

“Well, they used to be all over this neighborhood like fleas on a dog,” said Brown.

“No more, though. I guess us domestic terrorists must be doing our jobs. Squad car at

two o’clock, Bob.”

“I see him,” said Bells, quietly signaling and then changing lanes, the Jeep behind

them following, as they smoothly slid away from the police car. If the cops noticed the

two vehicles, they did nothing. The Seattle PD, like all Northwest departments, had

learned that curiosity could kill the cat. Although there was no informal live and let

live arrangement as there was between the NVA and local law enforcement in some

parts of the Homeland, Seattle police were known to avoid getting entangled in NVA-

related events as much as they could, leaving the task of fighting against the

revolution to FATPO and assorted Federal agencies, whose job it was and who were

presumably well paid for it. By this time, after five years of urban guerrilla warfare,

any hostile run-ins between the Volunteers and the SPD were usually the result of

unfortunate accident rather than deliberate on either side’s part.

Cody went on. “I mean, yeah, sure, I know what homosexuality is. God, who can

not know, with sex education classes starting in kindergarten and getting homo and

lesbian stuff shoved at us from every angle on TV and everywhere else? But I can’t

imagine two men or two women actually doing that crap. Especially in public. Why

would anybody want to? I mean, what the hell for?” Cody’s knowledge of sexual

perversion was in fact more extensive than he let on, thanks to his older stepsisters

Karen and Leah Sapirstein, but that was locked away, and there it would stay.

“Cody, I long ago stopped trying to figure out why this society does the things it

does,” said Farmer Brown. “I used to figure America had just gone crazy, that we’d all

eaten bad bread with ergotine fungus in it, like sometimes happens in your rye house

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if you let the grain get damp. But things have reached the point where even that

doesn’t explain it any more. Whole books have been written about what has happened

to this country, and when, and why, but I don't think we'll ever fully know or understand. There's a definite sickness out there, a kind of poisonous mushroom

that's been growing in all the dark places of people's souls. Yeah, the Jews are largely

responsible, but the Jews never got away with anything we didn't let 'em get away

with. Why didn't we fight up until now? God knows."

"Little Rock," said Bells. "Little Rock, 1958. When Eisenhower sent in the army to

integrate the schools and force niggers in with the white kids. That's when the trouble

really started. They should have never let them get away with that, the NAACP and

their smart Jew lawyers. They was just askin' for trouble, lettin' them get away with

that. What kind of man lets his own child be forced in with niggers? I never

understood what the hell those white parents were thinking. The people of the South

should have risen up again and re-formed the Confederate States of America and

seceded again, and the rest of the country should have supported the South. And I

think back then they would have won, too, if the white man had just shown a little

balls. They should have started shooting back then, in 1958. Maybe if they'd shot

those NAACP niggers and some of those smart Jewish lawyers, the government would

have understood the word no. Nothing says no like a bullet in the head. But they

didn't."

"If they'd done the shooting back then, we wouldn't have to be doing it now,"

agreed Farmer Brown glumly. "We could have kept all of America, and we could all

have had some kind of decent life if our grandfathers had done their duty. Instead

they sloughed it off onto us."

"That's why you shouldn't worry about tonight or anything like this you do from

now on, Cody," Bells told him. "You got nothing to feel bad about. What we're doing is

something that's long overdue. This is like a historical process here. Too much peace

and prosperity ain't natural, anyway. People never had so much peace and prosperity

before like we've had in America, and they don't know what to do with it, so they

abuse it. It's like a guy who sits around in front of the TV all the time and never gets

no exercise. He gets all flabby, like me. And if you don't exercise your mind or your

heart, if you're not forced to show strength and courage, then all those qualities get

fat and flabby and useless as well, and you get stupid in the head. Nations are like

that, too. They get fat and lazy and full of dumb-asses, because there ain't no war nor

natural selection to weed out the bad blood. There ain't no penalty attached to being

stupid and lazy. In easy times, the dumb-asses don't get forced to wise up or die like it

should happen. They gotta get a bat upside the head to wake up their ideas. There

ain't nothing wrong with the American people that a good working over with a

baseball bat won't fix."

"You always were a cockeyed optimist, Bob," chuckled Brown.

"But then there's people like this rat bastard Krajewski we're gonna grease tonight, and his Jew buddy the dope dealer. Some people do all the drugs and race-mixing and liberalism and preversions deliberately, because they're not just

dumb-asses, they're really sick fucks and bad people who like to roll around in their

own vomit. Bad things don't just happen like some kind of natural disaster.

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things are caused by bad people. Something's broken inside them, and they ain't

never gonna act right, so fuck 'em. Somewhere along the line we got this ridiculous

idea that bad people have some kind of right to keep on doing their preversions and

fucking things up for everybody else and making kids turn out bad and fucked-up like

they are. Like hell they do. Bad people don't need to be persuaded not to be bad, they

need to be hit in the head. That's what we're finally doing. I just hope to God we didn't

begin too late."

"Sometimes I hear these yuppie Barbie dolls and talking heads on TV whining and

crying about how the ones we take out are human beings," added Farmer Brown with

a growl. "Yeah, they are. So? All that means is that they deserve it. Human beings are

the only creatures on the face of the earth who are capable of deliberate, malicious

evil. Even a shark that tears off a swimmer's leg or a rattlesnake that bites

does it

because it's his instinct, because it's the way that God made him. Only a human being

can deliberately choose to harm another living thing without cause, or lie, or incite

others to do harm, or come up with ideas that poison the mind and destroy what

others have built, speak words that cause ruin and pain and murder hope. Where the

hell did we get this idea that we have no right to make moral judgments? Somebody

has to judge. Somebody has to stand up say flat out that these bastards who have been

ruling the world for the past hundred years are evil, the things they do and say and

think and bring into the world are evil. Somebody has got to make these dogs hear the

word no. Somebody has to stop them. This character Krajewski wants to help a foul

tyranny do harm to his own people, his own blood. There is only one answer to that,

and Country Joe is going to get that answer tonight. You won't just be shooting

tonight, Cody. You will be speaking, speaking for that part of humanity that is of

worth and deserves to be saved. Make sure you make your point."

“No worries,” said Cody. “Mr. Kaplan will get the message.”

There was a soft beep. Bobby Bells took his cell phone out of his overall pocket,

illuminated it briefly and glanced at the screen, then put it back in his pocket. “That’s

us,” he said laconically. He waved his arm casually out the window to the Cherokee

and then hung the next left, heading back toward Broadway Market. Less than two

minutes later they pulled up onto the street right at the entrance to the small concrete

parking lot at the rear of the vegetarian café.

Although the parking lot was barely twenty yards deep, DiBella took out a small

pair of field glasses and scoped the parked cars in the lot. “Okay, see that battered

looking blue VW bus with all that graffiti- looking crap all over it? That’s Krajewski’s

ride.” He beckoned to the Cherokee. Thumper, who was a former boxer and looked

distinctly thumped-upon, and Jack Flash got out and came up to the Cadillac.

The English youth got into the back seat with Cody. “Looks like we got some room

to maneuver,” Bells told the other driver in a low voice. “You stay on the street and get

ready to book. Only thing I don't like is that kill zone is a little confined. Farmer will

take the Fed if he's with 'em. You tell Eddie not to fire unless necessary, and unless

he has an absolutely clear shot. I don't want no mistakes."

Thumper went back to the SUV while Bells slid the Caddy into the parking lot and

went down the right-hand row next to the hoarding which fronted on the street. At the

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end of the row he deftly back-in parked and killed the engine and the lights. Farmer

Brown opened his door and stuck the barrel of the AKS-74 assault rifle out of it while

he extended the folding stock and quickly chambered a round. Bells turned around

and spoke to the two young gunmen in the back. "Right, pay attention to what I'm

doing here, because you're going to have to set up your own hits someday soon. I

came down here so we can come in from behind them, between them and the alleyways there and over there. When they start running it will be away from you,

towards the street and the other guys. Jack, I brought you into this car

because I don't

want two shooters coming at the targets from different angles and maybe ending up

firing into one another. You guys got your weapons set like I told you?"

"Affirmative, lieutenant!" said Jack crisply.

"Round up the spout, safety on," confirmed Cody, hefting his Makarov .

"So all you got to do is just cock and fire. Just to make sure you don't forget to take

the safeties off, I'll order you to do that just before we roll out," continued Bells, his

voice firm and calm. "When the targets come outside, we let them get about halfway

to the van, then I slide in behind them. I'll hit the lights and tell you guys to move. You

get out of the car and step forward to point blank range, but just out of arm's length.

You don't want 'em grabbing your gun or jumping on you and turning this into a

wrestling match. They'll turn around when I hit the lights and be blinded for a quick

second or so, and they'll be all lit up for you. This isn't a drive-by, and you need to get

close. Maybe you're worried your hands will shake and you'll miss or something.

Don't worry about it, you'll both do fine. Adrenalin will kick in and it will be

over

before you know it, and we'll be rolling back to Bellevue and three-four large pizzas

from Tony G's. First shot dead center, when they're down another one dead center

and a third in the head. Don't worry about the Fed if there is one, Volunteer Brown

has got him, and if there's two suits Eddie's got the other one. Just concentrate on

your own target and put him down. And no conversation, no White Powers or Sieg

Heils or tally-hos and pip pips from you, Jack. Remember, we're the silent killers.

That really freaks the media out, the way we keep silent while we shoot. Good

propaganda. Jack, once Krajewski is down, you don't look back, you run for the Jeep.

Since Krajewski is the main target, I'll be sure to run his ass over on the way out, just

for good measure. Cody, once you cack the kike, you get back in the car and don't

dawdle. There ain't no reason for this to take more than ten seconds. I will also repeat

for about the fiftieth time, do not shoot any females among the target party. One of

them is a Volunteer, and one hell of a cool and brave chick. Any questions?"

“Uh, shouldn’t you keep the car engine running?” asked Cody.

“Nah,” said Bells. “If they’re even halfway alert, the first thing they’re gonna spot

when they come out the door is a parked car with the engine running. This is another

reason why you make sure your vehicles are in tip top shape before you go out on a

tickle, so you can be sure they’ll start when...” The lighted doorway over the rear

entrance to the restaurant began to open. People came out. “Showtime,” said Bells.

Cody immediately recognized the tall figure of Joe Krajewski: long-haired, slightly

stoop-shouldered, big belly flowing over his belt, wearing a black cowboy hat, a dark

T-shirt and brown leather vest above faded jeans. Beside him waddled the dumpy,

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proboscidian figure of Jacob Kaplan, wearing a loose outfit of runner’s sweats and a

baseball cap. Two women were accompanying them. One was a brassy-looking blond

with a generous rack encased in what appeared in the pale light to be a purple half-

sweater top, a white faux leather skirt, and patent leather heeled boots, a baseball cap

on her head as well. The second was a thin girl with long dark hair, a very white face,

very red lips and eyes shaded with dark makeup, wearing a dark wool pea coat, black

leotards, and black running shoes. She carried a canvas handbag over one shoulder.

There was no sign of a man in a suit or anyone who might be an officer of the Department of Homeland Security. “No Fed, just four of ‘em,” said Bells with

satisfaction. “He must have gone out the front or left early. Oh, well. This will be a

piece of cake. Safeties off.” There were two small clicks in the darkness.

Bells started the Cadillac’s engine, then smoothly and slowly slid out of the

parking space and turned left down the center row, inching forward, closing the gap

behind the four people walking to the van. They were talking, Krajewski on the left

was gesticulating, and they didn’t appear to notice anything until the Cadillac was

about ten feet behind them. I ought to be gibbering right now, but I’m not, reflected

Cody. I’m just waiting to do what I have to do. I’m either a good soldier, or else I’m

insane. Then he stopped thinking about it and fastened his eyes on the heavy figure of

Kaplan.

Bells hit the Cadillac's headlights and the four people were illuminated. They all

started to turn. "Now!" he commanded. Cody opened the right rear passenger door

and heard the left door open as Jack got out. He was around the door and running

forward. Jacob Kaplan had turned and was now facing him. He seemed to understand

what was happening, and his mouth opened and closed in the headlights like a fish.

His hand fumbling in the waistband of his sweat pants and came up with a black .38

snub-nosed revolver.

Krajewski shouted wordlessly. The expanse of Kaplan's chest was so broad Cody

didn't even have to aim. He simply leveled the Makarov in a two handed stance,

cocked the hammer back, and pulled the trigger in one smooth motion. He saw the

flash from his muzzle and heard the shot, and almost simultaneously he saw another

muzzle flash and heard another echoing bang from the other side of the car.

But Kaplan didn't go down. He staggered and jerked and stepped backwards, his

gun weaving in the air, squeezing off a wild shot into a parked car's rear windshield.

Cody fired again. That one knocked the Jew down and sent his .38 flying. Cody

extended the weapon in his right hand, downward at a forty-five degree angle, fired a

third shot into Kaplan's body and then, leaning forward, a fourth into his head, and

then a fifth shot into the quivering gut just for the hell of it. He could hear Jack Flash

firing again and again, and then he saw the Englishman running out of the lot for his

getaway vehicle. A woman was screaming hysterically.

"Good job! Now back in the car!" rapped out Farmer Brown, leaning out of the

window with his AK at the ready. Cody jumped for the open right rear door. He was

halfway in when he looked over and saw Bobby Bells leaning back and pulling the left

rear door shut; Jack Flash had left it open. Bells got the door closed, but his foot

slipped on the accelerator and the car jerked forward about a foot, just enough to

cause Cody to lose his footing. He fell out of the door and hit the asphalt,

rolling, not

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hurt, but he lost hold of the Makarov. He saw the pistol skitter over beside one of the

parked cars. He leaped for it, stooped, and grabbed the gun with his right hand. He

looked up and not four feet in front of him he saw the girl in black crouching between

two parked cars. The light from the poles was dim, but bright enough. He looked right

into her face. And knew her.

Just as he saw that she knew him and she flinched in recognition. Emily. Emily

what's-her-name, from Mr. Boland's chemistry class at Hillside High School.

Cody didn't stop, he didn't think, he just acted. He clubbed the pistol and swung it

at her head, but she jerked aside and it crashed into her collarbone. "Ow!" she

screamed in outrage. "Shit!" With his left hand he grabbed her beneath her pea coat

by the neck of her shirt or blouse she had on underneath, along with a handful of hair,

and before the surprised girl could react he dragged her out from between the parked

cars and hurled her headlong into the back of the Cadillac, and jumped in after her.

“What the fuck?” yelled Bobby Bells. “What are you doing, moron?”

“I know her!” shouted Cody in reply. “She knows me! Go!” Bells didn’t stop to

argue at a crime scene, but floored the accelerator and they peeled out into the street,

then down Broadway.

The girl was not going gentle into that good night. Cody heard a dry click and ducked just in time to avoid getting a long and wicked-looking switchblade poked

through his eye. He threw himself on the girl, pinned her stabbing arm against the

seat with his knee, grabbed her hair and jerked back her head, and jammed the

muzzle of the Makarov under her chin. “What’s your name?” he demanded. “And

you’d better not say Emily, because it’s the last word you’ll ever say! If you know what

I want to hear, you’d better say it now! What’s your name?”

She stared up at him in murderous rage, but she had sense enough not to argue

with a gun barrel beneath her chin. “Nightshade!” she spat. “I’m Nightshade!”

“Beautiful!” sighed Farmer Brown in disgust.

Cody pulled away the pistol, the implications of what he had done suddenly dawning on him. “Well... all right, then,” he said lamely. But the girl wasn’t having

any. At least she didn’t try to stab him again, but as soon as Cody got off her and sat

up, she punched him full force in the jaw with her fist, then leaned back against the

door and lashed out at him with a kick like a mule.

“You stupid fuck!” she screamed at him as she attacked him.

“Dammit, quit it!” he yelled, pummeling her back.

“Knock it off!” shouted DiBella, his eyes scanning the traffic looking for any pursing police or FATPO.

“She hit me!” cried Cody in outrage.

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“Well, you hit me first with that gun, you son of a bitch!” snarled the girl, still

punching at him.

“Don’t make me stop this car and come back there!” shouted Bobby Bells. “I said

knock it off, both of you!” He took out his cell phone and made a quick call. “Yeah, it’s

me. You guys OK? Yeah, tell Jack Flash good job. We took out both the

targets but

after you guys booked we picked up a bit of a problem. No, I want to get out of the city

first. Toad Hall, one hour. Stay off the bridges.” He put up his phone.

“You Bobby Bells?” asked Nightshade.

“Yeah, I’m Bobby Bells,” growled the lieutenant as he turned left on Yesler Way.

“The guy up front with me is Farmer Brown, and your escort for the evening back

there is Volunteer Mud.”

“Would you mind explaining to me what the hell is going on?” the girl asked.
“I

use correct channels, I ask you politely not to shoot me, and you kidnap me instead?

Oh, shit, I left my bag back there! Including my damned driver’s license! Now I’m

going to have cops and Fatties showing up at my house!”

“Tell them we kidnapped you to torture you for information or something,” suggested Cody.

“Hey, genius, that might work! I’ve got the bruises to prove it, thanks to you!” said

Nightshade waspishly.

“Cody, what the hell did you think you were doing?” demanded Bells.

“This, uh, comrade knows me and I know her. We go to school together, or went,

before I graduated,” explained Cody desperately. “Her name’s Emily Pastras, and she

was my lab partner for a while in chemistry. I saw her at the tickle, I saw she recognized me and I just reacted. That’s all. I didn’t think, I just acted.”

“You didn’t think, all right,” snapped Nightshade. “Lieutenant, you think you can

get me into a crew with one of the brigades, or better yet a Flying Column? Because I

can tell you right now, my usefulness to the Third Section is over, thanks to this

clown!”

“I thought you’d blow my cover!” protested Cody.

“So you blew mine instead?” shouted Nightshade. “Truly brill, dumb-ass!”

“All right, both of you shut up and cool off while we un-ass this area,” snarled

Bells.

“We’re going to an E & E point on the East Side and we’ll sort it out there. Give

you both a chance to cool off, and me, too. Keep quiet and let me think.” The girl

huffed over onto her side of the car and stared truculently out of the window. Cody

could see her thin face in profile now. She had a big nose and not much chin, and her

hair seemed to have been dyed black whereas he recalled it as a mousy brown. Cody

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tried to remember what he knew about her from their brief association in chemistry

class. There wasn't much buzz on her that he'd picked up in the corridors. She hadn't

run with any clique he could recall. Her official teenaged social category was "Ghoulie

skank," a girl who listened to necrophilia bands and allegedly performed Satanic

rituals in graveyards at night. She was generally believed to be a feminist and/or

lesbian, but this was pretty much routinely said about any girl who had no known

steady and who didn't take on the football team under the bleachers after practice, in

which case she would have been officially promoted to sports slut.

She had struck him as a highly intelligent girl who like so many young people was

wasting her time and her mind on stupid pop culture fads, teen-aged angst, and

resentment against the pretty girls and good-looking preppy guys who ran the social

scene at the school. The sort you later heard had OD'ed on drugs or died in some

pointless auto accident, and were neither surprised nor overly bothered. During lab

she'd made one or two mildly slighting remarks about Kelly Shipman and her clique

with reference to cheerleaders in general, although they were only about a four on a

viciousness scale of one to ten, so he had ignored it and written it off as an ugly

duckling's jealousy of a swan. Cody could not recall hearing her utter a single racial or

political comment, which of course one would expect from a Third Section operative

under cover. After all, he didn't exactly jump up on the tables in the lunch room and

make speeches himself.

Beyond that their conversation had been strictly chemical, and she hadn't made

much impression. She'd kept herself to herself. Cody realized with a start that this was

a female version of the way he himself was probably perceived; Hillside High had very

early pigeonholed him into the nerd/science geek category, not realizing one

reason

he hung around the chem lab was to procure such items as potassium chlorate and

mercury fulminate for bomb detonators, as well as other technical items. Cody

wondered if the girl had been dipping into the potassium chlorate jar and doing a

little after-hours experimentation like he had.

Bells decided to risk taking Interstate Five as far south as Tukwila, a

neighborhood where his old factory had been and which he knew intimately, from

which he eased eastwards through Renton, back onto 405 and up towards Newcastle.

After a time he spoke. "Okay, so Comrade Nightshade recognized you, only if you'd

done what you were supposed to, we wouldn't know whether she was Comrade

Nightshade or not. That's a legitimate concern, but the proper procedure would have

been to just tell me once you got back into the car, and we would have pulled you out

of that summer school and maybe reassigned you to another team if we figured it was

necessary. Volunteers get recognized all the time, kid. There are some little towns out

in Idaho and Oregon where everybody knows who's in the NVA and they wave at us

on the street. Why the hell did you drag her into the car with us? If she had been a

civilian, that would make three of us she could ID, and you know, I'm a little bit more

important than you are. I got half a mill on me and all you got is the standard DT."

"Nightshade's got a hundred grand on her," said Emily with a sniff in Cody's direction. It was a dangerous distinction, a point of pride and honor among

Volunteers to rack up more than the basic Domestic Terrorist bounty of \$50,000 on

one's head. There had been problems with bounty hunters in the past, although few

lived to collect.

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"So she recognized you," Bells continued. "What did you think we were going to

do? Whack her out and dump her in the lake just for being there? We don't kill people

just for the hell of it, Cody. I told you that when you came to me about that Newman

asshole."

“You wanted to clip Mitch Newman?” asked Emily, sitting up, looking at Cody

with sudden interest. “Dumb-ass though you are, I’m impressed. Count me in on that

tickle for sure. That guy is a world class jerk with happy hands. Let me tell you, you

either got to be super desperate or a real horn dog to try and put your hand down my

bra. He’s a kike, you know. He’s gotta be. I swear he actually slobbered when he tried

to cop his feel.”

“Yeah, what did you do?” asked Farmer Brown, amused.

“Bit the shit out of him and told him I’d file a complaint if he didn’t back off.

Newman’s got a whole file on him up at the office, but they don’t do anything because

he’s a rat for Fattie.”

“Are you sure about that?” said Bells, pricking up his ears. “I told Cody we couldn’t

do nothing unless he could prove Newman was actively aiding the enemy.”

“Mmmm... well, maybe he’s not actually on their pad, but there were some kids at

school who got burned to the Hatecrime Hotline and they all seem to have crossed

Mr. Newman,” replied Nightshade. “A couple of girls he hit on that I know about. He

threatened to drop a dime on me if I told, so it was kind of a Mexican standoff, but he

left me alone after that. You see why I couldn't risk him calling me in, since I really am

a Volunteer, so I didn't push it."

"Even a blind pig sometimes finds an acorn," agree Farmer Brown.

"If you can get me a little more on that, miss, then maybe Cody can get his wish,"

said DiBella.

"I'm in his drama class for summer school, so maybe we should wait until after it's

over," said Cody. "No need to draw attention to myself."

"Speaking of drawing attention to yourself, I'm still waiting to hear your explanation as to just why you abducted this young lady?"

"It all happened so fast, I knew I'd been made, so I just felt I had to do something!" said Cody defensively. Actually, now that he thought about it, he did

know why he had done it. He had realized in a flash that if his cover was blown he

would never see Kelly Shipman again.

"Why didn't you just shoot her?" asked Bells directly.

"You said not to shoot any women," said Cody.

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“So I did. Well, lucky for both of you, you remembered your orders at least that

far.” Bells was silent for a bit. “Okay, kid, I’m giving you a C plus on this one. You kept

your cool, except for your one bird-brained fuck-up you followed your operational

orders, you dropped your target and accomplished your mission. Even when you

decided to start making it up as you went along, at least you didn’t do anything

irreparable”

“So blowing my cover isn’t irreparable?” demanded Nightshade.

“No, it’s not,” Bells told her in an irritated voice. “Irreparable is if he’d really panicked when he recognized you and put a bullet in your head. And your cover might

not be blown. The Feds probably would have figured out you was at the hit and

questioned you anyway. Look, you ain’t in my crew, I don’t know who you report to at

Third Section, and I know you have to do what he tells you and not me, but I got two

suggestions. First off, if you think it’s too risky to try and get back under, if you were

serious about wanting to go on the bounce and come in with us or another

East Side

crew, let me know and I'll set it up. But it's possible you can explain away this

kidnapping thing. There's enough waltzing Matilda going on all around the town so

that this time tomorrow the Feds will have a couple more tickles to worry about, and

your case might get lost in the shuffle before anybody has time to take a closer look at

your story. I'm not going to ask you how good an actress you are, since you must be

damned good to do what you do. Can you go to the cops and tell them all about how

some bad-ass Aryans murdered your boyfriend and then dragged you into the car and

took you off someplace and threatened to do all kinds of horrible things, and then sent

you back with a message to the rock and roll community that this Rock Against

Racism shit is not fucking on, and the next long-haired dope-smoking bozo who so

much as plunks an anti-racist note gets his axe jammed up his ass?"

"I think I can manage," said Nightshade dryly.

"Suppose they don't buy it?" asked Cody.

"Then she gets to go to prison, get tortured for real, and probably die with a

needle

in her arm because a you made a stupid mistake,” said Bells coldly. There was silence

for a while in the car. “Your call, miss. You know best what you do and how far you

can push the envelope.”

“I’ll give it a shot,” said Nightshade. “It will look funny if I disappear completely,

and besides, my mom would worry. My Threesec control is out of town at the moment. I’ve been reporting to Lieutenant Dortmunder directly. There’s some big

deal that came down from the Army Council a few days ago, and they’re having all

kinds of cloak and dagger meetings here, there, and everywhere. Drop me off someplace near a phone, I’ll call the cops, and tell them all about how I was abducted

by the Blond Beasts of Belsen and personally flogged by Deadly Nightshade, She-Wolf

of the SS.”

“Bravissima,” said Bells. “I’m going to introduce you to the rest of the guys from A

Company who were with us tonight and give you a couple of cell numbers, so you can

get help fast if you need it. I know that’s a lot of people to know what you look like, but

if you need to reach out or we have to send anybody to pull you out of something,

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they'll need to know who you are." He pulled off the freeway and into Coal Creek Park,

and slid the Cadillac into one of the picnic areas, lights off. The Cherokee was already

there, its occupants off in the darkness covering the Cadillac. Bells got out, lit a cigar,

and said aloud, "It's okay." Brown, Cody, and Nightshade got out as well, and the

remaining three members of the team emerged from the shadows.

"I say, you chaps seem to have acquired a souvenir of our evening's

divertissement," said Jumping Jack Flash. "Miss Nightshade, I presume?"

"Who the fuck are you, 007?" asked Nightshade.

"He is the scapegrace son and heir of the sixth Duke of Frumpingham, who has

renounced his title and his fortune to cast his lot with the fighters for freedom," said

Cody. "Comrade Nightshade, may I present Jumping Jack Flash? He's a gas, gas, gas."

"Xyklon B, of course," said the Englishman, with a courtly bow. "Enchanted. And it's

actually the seventh duke, old chap.”

“And these are the Corsican Brothers?” the girl inquired politely.

“This is Thumper and Eddie,” said Cody, receiving answering grunts.

“There was a bit of a fuck-up,” explained Bobby Bells. “Actually, there was a lot of

a fuck-up, and she ended up coming along for the ride. If she can’t talk her way out of

it with the cops and the Fatties, it may be a very long ride indeed. I want you all to tag

her in your minds. We owe this lady, and if she ever needs help from us she gets it.

Got it?”

“Her lissome form is forever engraved in my memory,” said Jack Flash.

“Can it, Lord Haw-Haw!” replied Nightshade.

“Actually, Lord Haw-Haw was an Irish gentleman named William Joyce, who was

murdered by the Jews for the crime of having a conscience,” replied Jack Flash coolly.

“Yeah, but whaddya gonna do?” said Bells. “They don’t teach American kids nothing in school. Cody, you and Farmer go back in the Cherokee with these other

guys. The cops may have a hostage alert out, and if anybody did see a vehicle leaving

the scene it was the Caddy. I’m going to drop her off and then stash it. Ed,

I'll give you

a call and tell you where to pick me up." He turned to Emily. "Now you two, I don't

want any bad blood between Volunteers over this. This is a war, accidents happen,

things don't always go according to plan, sometimes you gotta improvise, and

sometimes you improvise wrong. Cody, no two ways about it, what you did tonight

was just plain dumb. You compromised a major intelligence asset and you've put a

comrade's life seriously at risk. It ain't over yet. This could still go really bad and you

may end up walking around for the rest of your life with whatever she gets on your

tab, which is about the worst thing that can happen to a soldier. Nightshade, I don't

have to tell you, shit happens. He thought he was doing the right thing, even if it

wasn't, and he kept his head enough to hit you with that Makarov instead of shoot you

with it on reflex. Plus let's not lose sight of the fact that we did accomplish our mission

and we're not carrying away any dead bodies of our own. On the whole, I'm inclined to

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chalk this up in the all's well that ends well column, assuming you don't end up in the

electric chair with some nigger bitch from the FBI taping the contacts to your knockers."

"Thanks for the visual, Lieutenant," said Nightshade in a sour voice.

"That could still happen, and you don't have to show some kind Xena Warrior

Princess macho, or femmo, or whatever. NVA boys and girls don't stand on the

burning deck, they jump off and swim away and live to fight another day. There's no

man here who will think any the less of you if you E & E now. Are you sure you want to

try and go back in?"

"I'm sure," said Nightshade calmly.

"OK, then. Come on, I know someplace I can drop you."

Cody stepped forward. "Look, Em—Nightshade, for whatever difference it makes,

I screwed up, and I'm sorry, and I hope to God you don't get hurt over this."

"Yeah, well, you're still a dumb-ass, but thanks for not shooting me," replied Nightshade reluctantly.

"That's the spirit," said Farmer Brown. "You two can just consider this your

first

date.”

It turned out that the girl was a better actress than anyone in Mr. Newman’s summer school course. Cody got a call on his cell phone the next morning before he

even started for school. It was Kelly Shipman, awed and excited. “You know that girl

Emily from Mr. Boland’s chem class?” she chattered into the phone. “You were her lab

partner, remember?”

“Uh, yeah, I remember her kind of,” said Cody, his heart lurching. What had gone

wrong? “She’s a junior, right?”

“Yeah. Well, guess what?” said Kelly, bubbling with schadenfreude. “She was

dating this older guy from Concussion, the band, although God knows how she

hooked up with him since she’s such a skinny skank and she wears all that Ghoul Girl

makeup. She’s probably just a groupie. Anyway, last night up on Capitol Hill the

spuckies murdered her boyfriend and some other guy right in front her eyes, shot

them down on the street! Then they kidnapped Emily and beat her up, and tortured

her, they were going to kill her too, but she escaped! It's all over the news!
The police

put computer composites of the goots on TV! The one who pistol-whipped
Emily was

this gigantic blond dude with a beard and all kinds of prison tattoos! They're
all ex-

convicts and psycho killers, you know!"

"So I've heard," said Cody.

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II.

*"In a colonial war, it's never the generals who surrender. It's the
accountants."*

- Red Morehouse

One morning about a week after the shootings on Capitol Hill, Cody Brock
got an

unnerving start. He was sitting in his seat in the auditorium at Hillside,
waiting for

drama class to begin, and none other than Emily Pastras flopped into the seat
beside

him, sticking her feet up onto the back of the seat in front and slouching
down. She

was dressed in cut-off jeans which displayed a pair of thin, muscular legs, her
feet

were encased in battered Nike running shoes which looked about ten years old, and

she wore a dark knit sleeveless top. Under her arm she carried a binder notebook

which seemed to have nothing in it beyond a few dividers and a few sheets of paper.

Cody saw that she was no longer wearing her Ghoul Girl makeup and her hair was no

longer Morticia Addams black but back to its original brown, pulled into an untidy

pony tail. Her face unfortunately didn't improve in the light of day. Her jaw was still

receding, her eyes muddy, her skin was a bit pasty, and her nose was lumpy, not to

mention a case of mild acne. A more unlikely Mata Hari couldn't be imagined. "Uh,

hello," he said. He could hear the whispers and feel the heads turning in their direction. Emily's abduction experience at the hands of the Northwest Volunteer

Army was of course common knowledge, and by now the incident had been embellished by teenaged gossips with all manner of wild tales involving rape, torture,

and black magic. She was drawing attention.

"Relax," she said. "I am now a tabloid cartoon character. I am Teen Beauty

Brutally Buggered by Burly Blond Beasts in a secret Nazi bunker, and I only

barely

escaped being sold to space aliens as a sex slave by the NVA, in exchange for a death

ray. Everyone agrees that I had a horrible and soul-rending experience, I am a pitiful

little victim, and everyone wants to be my friend and give me a big hug, and then hear

all the juicy details so they can call all their friends and talk about me. If anything,

your being seen with me is good camouflage. After all, I would hardly be sitting down

next to my heartless and cruel abductor, now would I?”

Cody twisted a non-existent, lengthy black moustache. “Ya ha ha! Give me the

deed to your father’s ranch, little girl, or I shall tie you to the railroad tracks forthwith!

But seriously, folks, to what do I owe the pleasure? What are you doing here? I didn’t

know you were a drama queen—wait, actually I did.”

“Hey, Emily, I heard about what happened!” said one of the girls in the class,

sliding over to them in the row behind. “I am so upset and so glad you got out of it

okay. It must have been terrifying!”

“Thanks, Betsy,” said Emily. “Look, I know everybody’s curious, so I’ll tell you

guys all about it at lunch so I don't have to be constantly repeating it over and over

again. There's not much you didn't hear on TV, anyway. It was just a really shitty

night." She gave a slight sniff and a small, barely perceptible tremble. She used a voice

that was at once shaky and slightly irritable, exactly right for a bitchy girl who knew

perfectly well that all the cool girls considered her to be a skank, but who had just

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witnessed two murders, had narrowly escaped death herself, who was trying to pass it

off as no big deal when everyone really knew it was, and yet who was unable to resist

getting some brief attention from the cool girls as a kind of freak. It was perfect, in

character, and convincing.

"Sure, I understand," said Betsy, patting her shoulder sympathetically before

moving back to her seat with the promise of lunchtime revelations for her friends.

"You're good," said Cody quietly.

"I have to be," she said. "Joe wouldn't have done anything to me. If he'd known he

probably would have puked in fear and begged me to call it off. But Jake was a mean

bastard, and sneaky. If he'd even suspected, he would have got me off somewhere

alone and capped me, and collected the hundred grand for himself."

"I don't know," said Cody. "You're pretty quick with that blade. You ever use it?"

She looked at him. "Sorry," he said. She was right; it was none of his business,

personally or NVA-wise. Nor was it any of his business what she had done to get close

to Krajewski and Kaplan and convince them she was a Concussion groupie. Even a

relatively new kid on the block like Cody knew better than to ask that. He reflected

with amazement that this skinny and homely girl next to him, one class behind him

and so about a year younger, was in fact an agent of the NVA's dreaded Third Section

and had quite possibly killed more men than his own measly single kosher corpse.

"How did it go with the cops and FBI?" he asked. "I mean, obviously they bought

it, or you wouldn't be here. But did they give you a hard time?"

"I told them you were asking me all kinds of questions about Chris Brannigar, the

Homeland Security agent we met that night. They figure you were really after him

more than the other two,” she told him. “They believed that because Brannigar’s

paranoid anyway. He left the Strawberry early because he didn’t want to go home

after nightfall, if you can believe that. Big badass Fed, and he’s scared of the dark.

Then when I showed them my scars that pretty much clinched it, and they believed

me.”

“I didn’t hit you that hard!” protested Cody in a whisper.

She held up her right arm and Cody saw a livid red circular burn mark, and she

surreptitiously lifted her blouse and showed another on her stomach. “There’s a

couple more in places I can’t show you in public. I borrowed a cigar from Bobby Bells

and did them on myself before I called the cops from the convenient store.”

“Oh Jesus!” whispered Cody, conscience-stricken. “You didn’t have to go that far!”

“Yes, comrade,” she returned irritably, “As a matter of fact I did have to go that

far. The Feebs are vile, but they aren’t stupid and they’re not naive. They wouldn’t

have bought some poor little victimized girly act without proof, and it had to be the

real McCoy. Yeah, it hurt like hell, but it was worth it. Those electrical thingies the FBI

puts on you in the chair for their little intimate interrogations hurt a hell of a lot

more.”

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Cody sighed. “Look, I’ve told you I screwed up and I’m sorry. I don’t know what

more I can do. Anyway, why are you here, in this class?”

“I’m going to be learning to express myself through the dramatic arts,” she told

him. “My mom is always either at church getting saved for the four hundredth time,

or else she’s down at a motel on the interstate screwing truck drivers, but she did kind

of notice when the police brought me home at dawn with burn scars where I had been

kidnapped and tortured by terrorists, and so she’s taking one of her intermittent

spurts of interest in what happens to me. She insisted I get back into school so I’ll stay

out of trouble and quit running around with rock and roll singers, yadda

yadda yadda.

That and I gotta quit the Ghoul scene and start going to church again, all her usual

crap.”

“We all have our cross to bear,” Cody punned.

“Very funny,” she said. “You should come to some of her Young Life meetings.

They’re a real laugh a minute. A bunch of us sit around drinking wine and talking

about Jesus. Christ turned water to wine at the wedding of Cana, hence that’s

Scripturally okay.”

“Saint Paul said to take a little wine for your health,” Cody reminded her.

“Then we’re a really healthy bunch of believers,” she snorted.

He looked around; they were somewhat apart from the rest of the kids, waiting for

class to begin, but still they might be overheard. He lowered his voice.

“Look, I meant

why are you sitting here next to me? Not that I don’t find you fascinating, but is it

really a good idea for either of us?”

“A couple of reasons,” she said. “I want your help with some things. First off, you

owe me for that little screw-up the other night, and I want you to be my boyfriend for

a while.”

“Uh...” said Cody, caught off guard. “Really?”

“No, not really!” she hissed. “Jeez, I’m not that desperate! Don’t worry, you can

still make all the goo-goo eyes at Kelly Shipman you want and I won’t be the jealous

type. I didn’t mean here at school. This is business. In a way it’s kind of worked out

well that we met as Volunteers, even if it was through you being a dumb-ass, because

I’ve got something coming up for the Section and I don’t want to go into it alone.

You’d be ideal. You’re under cover already, we go to the same school and we’ve

already officially met one another in Boland’s class, so it will be believable when we

show up together. I already mentioned this to Bobby Bells the other night, before he

dropped me off, and he said once I cleared it with my Section control it was okay with

him. You can ask him.”

“I will. What’s the assignment?” asked Cody.

“Shh!” she said. Mitch Newman was striding across the stage and dropped down

to the floor, standing in front of them to begin the class.

“Good morning, kids,” he said, his voice unusually resonant and solemn. “Before

we start, I want us to welcome a new student who’s joining us a bit late. Most of you

know Emily Pastras, or if you don’t know her from other classes, then I don’t need to

remind anyone that Emily was in the news recently, when she was unlucky enough to

be in the wrong place at the wrong time, and like so many other innocent victims, she

was caught up in the tragic and terrible racially motivated and hateful violence which

has been going on in this part of the country for far too long. Emily was lucky enough

to survive her close encounter with evil without death or injury, for which I know all

of us are thankful. Unfortunately, two of her friends were not so lucky. I was never a

really big Concussion fan myself. I admit that at this time of life my musical tastes run

to the older classics like Streisand and Harry Chapin. But it wasn’t always so. Like a

lot of kids of my generation in Seattle, I grew up on Country Joe’s music,

Primal

Scream and Funkaholic CDs and so on. It saddens me and angers me to the depth of

my soul that these filthy fascist bastards have deprived me and thousands like me of

that part of our youth. Don't worry, Emily, I know you're trying to put this horror

behind you, and this will be the last time I refer to it. I hope you'll be able to really get

into our class and our production and let our friendship and the world of theater be a

part of your recovery."

"Thanks, Mr. Newman," said Emily in a small voice.

"In this class, it's Mitch," he told her warmly. "I would like all of the members of

our group to stand for a moment of silence now, in memory of Country Joe Krajewski

and his lifelong friend Jacob Kaplan, who were murdered in the night by the forces of

darkness that seek to deprive us of all that is good and human." The young people all

dutifully stood and bowed their heads, and Emily sniffled again. Cody was surprised

to see she was actually crying.

After they sat down again, Newman began briskly. "Right. Today I want to

cast the

one-acts and get the scripts distributed, then we'll be breaking up into groups for the

first read-throughs."

"Maybe you can get to be the Holocaust victim doing her little impressionistic

dance in front of the oven at Auschwitz," whispered Cody.

"Oh, crap! He's not making us do that shit, is he?" hissed back Emily in disgust. "I

swear he's a kike!"

"You really are good. How do you do that? Cry on cue, I mean?"

"I was thinking of someone else," she whispered back. "The only boy who ever

liked me. The one that son of a bitch Newman turned into the Hatecrime Hotline,

because he made a nigger joke. That's the second thing I want you to help me with.

We're going to get the evidence Bobby Bells needs to okay the hit, and then we'll kill

him."

Cody gave her a wry smile. "A couple of high school kids, plotting to murder one of

their teachers. God, what a great age we live in!"

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“Yeah,” she replied with a giggle. “Ain’t it just?”

Once again, that afternoon before class broke up; Cody got a call on his cell and

heard DiBella’s voice. “Caesar’s Palace,” he said briefly. “Bring your new girlfriend.”

Caesar’s Palace was an apartment in Redmond that A Company used as a safe house;

they had changed locations after the Eclectic Strawberry tickle as a standard precaution.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” said Cody, a little bit nettled. “She hits, and I do mean

hits.”

“Yeah, well, get both your skinny asses in here.”

Cody found Emily in her rehearsal group. “Can I give a ride home?” he asked. He

lowered his voice. “Bobby wants both of us at the house.”

“Yeah, sure,” she said. “I had to pretend to be a robot and a duck-billed platypus to

show I had acting ability. How the hell does Newman or that bitch Suzanne know how

a duck-billed platypus acts?” They walked out to the school parking lot and got into

Cody’s Nissan. “Okay, I’m wearing my Nightshade hat now,” she

commanded.

“Doesn’t quit fit in the daylight, without the Ghoul makeup,” said Cody critically.

“If the lieutenant wants to talk to us about that first thing I mentioned this morning, it will fit even less.” She would say no more. As he drove towards Redmond

Cody debated whether or not to ask Emily about the crack she’d made regarding his

goo- goo eyes directed at Kelly Shipman. He wondered if he was that transparent.

Instead he asked, “You got any ideas on how to get the goods on Newman?”

Nightshade nodded. “The Hatecrime Hotline people aren’t dumb. They know we’re watching and they try to hide their money trail. They know that checks can be

traced. In their early days, Threesec was able to identify some of their informers that

way, the rats got a visit, and word got out. Now they pay their blood money online,

direct into a PayMate e-bank account that they set up for the informer. When

someone calls the Hatecrime Hotline, they speak to a Homeland Security agent. The

agent assigns the caller a PIN number. Then there’s two ways they can go. If it’s a

once-off thing, the caller rats out whoever he wants to rat out as an evil racist, and

hangs up. He waits a week or so. If the call pans out, and DHS busts somebody for

saying nigger or having a copy of a banned book or whatever, and pays the reward,

then the caller goes to the post office or any one of fifty other places around town and

gets one of those shitty little cardboard cards with a magnetic strip the FBI and DHS

have set out in those little dispensers. They go to an ATM, insert the card, key in the

PIN number they were given, and bingo, there's their rat money. They draw on it, five

hundred dollars per day or whatever that bank's machine limit is, until the money is

gone and they find somebody else to rat out. Threesec has some good computer

hackers and of course we can get into bank records, but even if we can locate and

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identify those Hatecrime Hotline transactions, there's no way to tell who's actually

drawing on the money, so that way is pretty much a dead end."

"You said there was a second method of payment?" asked Cody keenly. As he

spoke he was performing all his standard checks in his mirrors, scanning the surrounding traffic to make sure they weren't being followed.

“Yeah, the second method is the one generally used by professional free-lance

bounty hunters who have discovered you can make a small fortune doing this shit,”

said Nightshade in disgust. “The DHS has a Hatecrime Hotline website, where you

can actually run a kind of internet business in human lives. That PIN number they

give you gives you access to the site. You log in with your PIN number the first time,

then you choose a username and password, and you've got your own little internet

office where you can type and save long rat-outs, keep a file on each victim, get

feedback from your DHS or FBI handler, and above all keep track of all that lovely

bounty money. You can actually run a numbered e-bank account and do the same

withdrawal number with the little disposable ATM cards from the post office, or you

can transfer money to other bank accounts, or you can get certified checks sent to any

name and address you want. Some of these creeps have made hundreds of thousands

of dollars acting as informants against the white population of the Northwest in

general, because they almost never correctly identify any actual Volunteers. But they

do have a chilling effect on the people who might support us if they could stand up

and say what's in their minds."

"It's the Federal government who practices the real terrorism, by making people

afraid to say what they really feel," agreed Cody.

"And these rats are completely off the board," she went on. "They're not FBI agents or cops, they're not Federal employees as such, the Feds don't even know who

they are. Zero accountability, total deniability. It's kind of like a medieval witch hunt.

I never heard of anyone who successfully talked their way out of a Hatecrime Hotline

rat-out without at least having to go and be denazified."

"Beautiful!" snarled Cody.

"Oh, they don't have it all their way," said Nightshade with a smile. "Not by a long

shot. Threesec has gummed up the works pretty good. It's simple. We started calling

and logging in, and denouncing race-mixers, liberals, leftists, Jews, cops, and

politicians as NVA Volunteers and racists. It didn't stop the rat machine completely,

but it slowed down considerably, since the Feds have to sit down and sort out our

disinformation from the real rat-outs. Plus in the normal course of things, they get a

lot of people calling in and denouncing their personal enemies, spurned lovers,

landlords, bosses, teachers and people who just piss them off. But our main concern is

to see if we can prove Mitch Newman has been ratting out kids at Hillside so we can

put him on the spot marked X."

"And you think you have a way to do that?" asked Cody. "I still don't see how,

unless we can hack in to the system and see if he's been dumb enough to do a direct

transfer of the bounty money into his own bank account."

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"If Newman has been using the website, yeah, I think we can," she said. "You ever

hear of Doctor Doom?"

"Yeah, sure, he's in our brigade," said Cody. "Science geek kid, a year or so older

than me. I met him a couple of times, and I've carried and placed some his ordnance.

Blows up real good!"

"Yeah, well, he's also a super-duper computer brain, and he's worked up a program that he thinks we can use to crack into the Hatecrime Hotline website," she explained.

"Mmm, okay, but even if we get in, according to what you told me, all we'd get would be usernames and passwords of the informers," replied Cody.

"Yeah, but DD thinks he's spotted a weak link they didn't think of," said Nightshade. "Something they intended as a security measure against hackers, ironically. You took computer science class, didn't you? You know what an IP address is?"

"Sure," said Cody. "Any time a computer is logged into the internet it has an IP address, either the same one all the time, which is called a static IP, or a different one

that's assigned by the internet service provider, a dynamic IP. The Feds don't demand

a static IP address to get into their rat site, do they? That would be pretty dumb,

almost like putting up a neon arrow pointing right to the informer's

computer!”

“Well, obviously, the Feds understood their informers wouldn’t always be logging

in from the same computer every time, but they also knew that we would set up our

own black ops cyber-rats and we would occasionally be able to get hold of a rat’s

username and password, through persuasion or otherwise. Officially, Homeland

Security doesn’t demand an informant’s real name, but they want some way to try and

keep track of who’s using their system so that if something heavy happens online they

can at least try to trace whoever did it. When you log into the Hatecrime Hotline

website, their site software is good enough to ping through any telnetting or firewalls

or dummy IPS you may have set up, and read the original IP address of the source

computer, the one the informer is actually using. That IP address is logged on the

Federal server each time, and can be looked at by an account manager or

administrator. Okay, here’s where I lose track of the technology, but what this

program of Doctor Doom’s does is, once you can get into the informer’s account, it

logs you on as an administrator, with admin privileges to the account. You can read

the IP address of the source computers for all the times the account address has been

accessed.”

“That still wouldn’t help if the rat is smart and he uses a public computer, or even

his own with a dynamically assigned IP every time,” said Cody, fascinated. “And how

do we get into the account in the first place without Newman’s username or password?”

“Okay, here’s where it gets really techie,” she said eagerly. “I suppose you know

that under the Patriot Act, the Feds no longer allow any real erasure of computer files,

and every single keystroke is now recorded in various hidden files all over the hard

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drive, mostly in the index.dat file with Microsoft operating systems, a special hidden

sub- registry in Linux, etcetera. Nothing anyone does on a PC ever really disappears.

It always leaves a record so nosy secret police can grab your hard drive and see what

evil thoughts someone has been thinking.”

“Right,” said Cody.

“That means that everything on a computer’s drive can be recovered if you know

how, and Doc Doom knows how,” the girl went on with a sly smile. “I’m willing to bet

that Mr. Hose Nose Newman is a lazy-ass who used the computer in his office at

school to do some of his ratting. A computer which is on the school’s T1 line, with a

static IP address. If we can get onto his school computer, and it’s been used to access

the Hatecrime Hotline site, this program of Doc’s can actually use this admin override

I told you about and read what’s called a shadow, and replicate the last log-in to that

site. So we may not be able to come up with anything with Newman’s actual name on

it, but we can fish out his username and password, examine his account, and by the

fact that we got in, we will be able to demonstrate that his IP address is on the

government server. Unless the Tooth Fairy has been sneaking into his office and using

his computer to snitch on people, that should convince Bobby Bells to let us whack the

bastard.”

“It should indeed,” said Cody, pulling into the apartment complex’s parking lot.

Inside the apartment, they found Bobby Bells and Lieutenant Joe Dortmunder from the brigade command waiting for them. Dortmunder got down to business. “I’m

glad you two comrades have become known to one another, even if it was due to an

operational accident,” he said. “Volunteer Brock, Nightshade suggested your participation in this project because you would provide a credible companion and

cover for her in a situation wherein a couple might function more effectively than a

single female, or male. I trust you have no problem in assisting her in some intelligence gathering work?”

“No, sir,” replied Cody. “I’d like to take on such an assignment.”

“Good,” he said gravely. “The first thing you need to know is that there is something big coming down the pike. Very major indeed. I can’t tell you what it is, but

it means that we’re going to have to really start pulling in some major intelligence

about the activities of anti-Party and anti-independence groups and elements here in

the Northwest that up until now we’ve only considered to be marginal. This

is also a

good opportunity for us to extract Nightshade from her current area of operation. The

police and the Feds seem to have bought her explanation of the events of the other

evening, but others in the rock scene up on Capitol Hill may not be so trusting. I've

already spoken with Nightshade about this new mission, and now I'll bring you up to

speed, Cody. But before I got any further, I need to ask you about something.

Normally this is not a question one asks another comrade in the NVA, but I need to

ascertain what your religious views are."

"I'm a National Socialist, sir," said Cody. "I know that's not a religion, but I think

Commander Rockwell said it best of all. The atheist and the religious person are both

fools. The religious man says 'I have searched the whole universe over, and out of all

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that creation, this is the one true God,' while the atheist says 'I have searched the

entire cosmos over and there is no God.' It's something our human minds are simply

too small to encompass, and for any human being to claim he knows the truth of the

matter is as arrogant as an amoeba claiming to understand quantum physics. I don't

know if that's the exact quote, but you get the idea."

"Good. I also understand you're attending some kind of acting class at the school,

which is even better, because you'll need to do a bit of acting," Dortmund told him.

"Here's the thing. Emily's mother belongs to one of the more fundamentalist synods

of the Assembly of God, one that tends towards Pentecostalism."

"Uh, I'm not familiar with the difference between churches, sir," said Cody.

"We use real wine instead of grape juice for communion, which is definitely a

draw for Mom, but we also jump and shout and fall down on the floor, we yell hadda

badda booga wooga bee bah boo, and we pretend it's a language," said Emily. "That's

called glossolalia. We lay on hands and cast out devils as well, which my mom tried to

do to me when I started into Ghoul Girl."

"Uh, do you handle snakes?" asked Cody warily.

Nightshade smiled. "That's called taking up the serpent. It never quite took

outside the South. No, no snakes, and no drinking cyanide either. No makeup or

deodorant either, unfortunately. Those are worldly vanities.”

“Of more concern to us is that the Assembly of God theology is Judeo-Christian,

as opposed to Christian,” said Dortmunder. “They teach that the Jews are God’s

Chosen People and that the state of Israel is the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy. This

is no longer a religious doctrine we’re speaking of, but a political one.”

“The essence of true Zionism,” said Cody with a nod. “Which is the essence of

Judaism itself. Zionism is not just exclusively to do with Palestine, but is based on the

alleged supernatural nature of the Jews themselves. The idea is that the Jewish people

have a special relationship with God, and have a divine mission through that

relationship to create a Brotherhood of Man, as they call it. Some also refer to it as the

Pax Judaica. Needless to say, this makes the Jews superior to all others and therefore

grants them moral dominion over all of the peoples of the earth and top dog slot in

said Brotherhood of Man. Yes, sir, I am familiar with it. More familiar than I would

wish.”

“I can imagine,” said Dortmunder with a commiserating nod. Emily looked at him

oddly. Good, he thought in smug amusement. Let her wonder about me for a change.

“We have become increasingly concerned over the past year or so at the growing level

of Federal influence and manipulation in some of the fundamentalist Judeo-Christian

churches,” Dortmunder went on. “There has always been a very heavy pro-Zionist

bias within the evangelical movement, although it’s of comparatively recent date, only

in the past fifty years or so. It is a complete corruption of true Christian doctrine, of

course, turning personal salvation through Christ into a political movement. Christian

Zionism as we know it started with a book called The Late, Great Planet Earth by a

man named Hal Lindsey, around the year 1970 or so, if I’m not mistaken, and now it’s

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grown to a worldwide cult numbering millions of people. A lot of this has to do with

certain key televangelists from the 1970s onward who were more or less taken onto

the Jewish payroll in various ways, in addition to what they could fleece out of the

faithful by selling prayer cloths and Words of Knowledge and timeshares. The

Christian Right was always the main supporter of the Bush family and formed the

grass roots base for this endless, insane war against the Muslim world.”

Cody thought of Kelly’s brother Jason in Saudi Arabia, and all the others he had

known who had been shipped out to Saudi or Iraq or Afghanistan, some never to

return.

“They also promoted race-mixing for a long time, bringing all kinds of gooks and

Filipinos and whatnot into America,” Cody added.

“Yes, although the NVA has been able to choke off the mudflow and drive many of

the muds these people imported out of the Homeland since the war started,” agreed

Dortmunder. “The result is that the evangelical churches here in the Northwest are

almost all white now. We’ve given them as easy a ride as we could, because it is

absolutely essential that the Party and the NVA not be perceived to be waging some

kind of war against Christianity. We've confined ourselves to identifying and eliminating a few of the more obnoxious evangelical ministers and television personalities, and so far that seems to have done the trick. These people are no threat

without their preachers to tell them what to do and what to think. But that situation

may be changing. We have noticed an increase over the past year or so in what seems

to be infiltration of many evangelical churches here in the Northwest by loyalist,

pro-Zionist elements, in many cases FATPOs and military personnel who suddenly

start attending local churches, at some risk to themselves, even though we try to avoid

hitting them in any context where it might appear that we're targeting the churches,

for the reasons I've mentioned. The result is they've kind of snuck up on us. Almost

every Pentecostal, Assembly of God, and other fundamentalist congregation in the

Northwest now has a group of pro-government effectives in key positions. They have

been doing this quietly, including identifying and arresting anyone else in the

congregation who appears to have leanings towards Christian Identity or any racially

aware, Biblically sound Christian belief. It's pretty obvious that this is deliberate."

"Mmm, those churches were pretty much solid government supporters already,

though, weren't they?" asked Cody. "Why would they be shoring up their own base

like that?"

"Well, it's possible this may have something to do with that major development I

mentioned was coming down the pike," said Dortmunder. "We really don't know, and

we need to find out. There are rumors that some of these American agents in the

churches are conducting little sidebar prayer meetings with more fanatical people in

their congregations, especially men with military experience. Our intelligence

analysts think they may be trying to use religious right people to build a kind of black

FATPO, either an anti-party intelligence network or even some kind of Christian

death squad type of group. Kill a Nazi for Christ, that kind of thing. We need to know

what the hell's going on, and we need to know fast. We want you two to start going to

Emily's church and get close to some people we'll point out to you. Since the news

media has made a big deal about you being kidnapped and allegedly abused by the

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NVA, Comrade Nightshade, that can be your hook. Your ordeal at the hands of the

hated fascists has turned you back to the Lord, so forth and so on."

"I can show them my cigar burns like they were stigmata," giggled Emily.

"I still think that was a bit over the top," said Bells, glaring over his own cigar.

"Mmm, yes, but effective," said Dortmunder. "What would be more explicable

than having undergone such a brutal experience, you should repent of your Ghoulish

ways and find Jesus again?"

"Oh, yeah, they're really big on returning us lost sheep to the fold," said Emily

with a bitter laugh. "That will work, all right."

"And you want me along as backup?" asked Cody.

"Yes, if you can convince them you're washed in the Blood of the Lamb and accordingly you just love Jews and Israel to death, you might be approached to join

this inner circle of avenging angels or whatever they think they're doing," said

Dortmunder.

"And like I told you, I'll need a visible boyfriend," said Emily. "Somebody to keep

the Bible-punching horn dogs off me at all the church activities. I don't know if you've

ever been to a full gospel church, Cody, but the men are the worst letches you've ever

seen, married or single."

"Uh, okay," said Cody. "Don't any of them actually practice what their religion

preaches?"

"Not that I've ever noticed," said Emily flatly. "Even as ugly as I am, if I show up

on my own I'm going to have guys in cheap suits and blow-dried pompadours hanging

all over me, especially since I've already got a reputation as a real Jezebel thanks to

Mom's testifying about me and my wicked ways all the time, during my Ghoul phase. I

need to be able to circulate among the women and pick up all their bitchy gossip, not

to mention giving them a chance to gossip about me when I'm not around. You're

going to have to get in with the men and hear what they have to say. It will be dangerous, comrade. You have to understand, these people honest to God believe that

the NVA are agents of the devil on earth, and if they even suspect that we are Volunteers or that we so much as think any politically incorrect thoughts, they will

scream for the FBI and Homeland Security in a heartbeat. If they don't try to burn us

at the stake themselves."

"I'm in," the boy said simply.

"I told him ya would be," grunted Bobby Bells.

"Now, Lieutenant, there's something else Cody and I want to talk to you about,"

said Nightshade. Quickly she went over the Mitch Newman situation with him.

"You know anything about this guy, Bob?" asked Dortmunder.

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"Cody told me about him. He seems to be an asshole, but I ain't seen any proof yet

he's a kike or a rat," said Bells. "I told them both already, bring me some kind of proof

he's ratting people out to the Hatecrime Hotline, and Mister Drama Teacher exits

stage left.”

“All right. Do this computer thing if you can, because I want to see if it works

myself, and we need to test this new software DD has invented. But remember,

Newman is a very secondary assignment,” Dortmund told them. “Don’t get caught,

and don’t compromise this other job. Got it?”

“Thank you, sir,” said Cody. “When do we start on the church thing?”

“There’s a Bible study class tonight,” said Emily.

“Uh, I don’t have a suit,” said Cody with a frown.

“A white shirt and tie will do,” she said, “And I’ll get you a Bible. My mom has

about fifty of them lying around the house.”

“We’ll get you a suit by Sunday,” said Bells. “Try not to roll around in it too much.

I don’t wanna have to pay for the dry cleaning.”

“Hallelujah, brother!” said Cody.

* * *

On the sun-dappled morning of July Fourth, as the rest of America was

celebrating the traditional Independence Day of the old, long-vanished republic,

Frank Barrow met with representatives of the NVA Army Council around a

smoking

barbecue pit to plan a new independence day for a new nation. The outdoor conference was held in Riverside Park in Centralia, Washington, just off Harrison

Avenue to the east of Interstate Five. This part of the Northwest was probably as close

to safe territory for the rebels as it was possible to find, unless they went high into the

Sawtooth or the Olympic peninsula. Between here and Portland lay the powerfully

nationalist Lewis and Cowlitz counties, and to the northwest extended Grays Harbor

County, a huge expanse of territory where the American occupation forces had been

ambushed and run in circles so often that it had become known as Bandit Country.

Lewis County especially was now for all practical purposes a no-go zone where the

FATPO did not dare to stir out of their barracks except in overwhelming force.

The rebels met at one of the covered picnic areas in the park. The group consisted

perhaps thirty adult men and women, and a number of children who had been

brought along as camouflage, mixed in along with other legitimate local picnickers

from the town. Hidden in picnic baskets, purses, in vehicles, and on their persons

were enough guns and explosives to take on a regiment of FATPOs if necessary.

Teams of armed Volunteers patrolled the surrounding streets on foot and in vehicles

to give warning of any attack, but there was not a sign of a single Federal soldier. Even

so, Barrow was uneasy about the kids running and playing and screaming, but he

knew it was a necessary ruse.

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“I don’t like placing white children at risk any more than you do, but we have no

choice,” Red Morehouse had told him. “Any informer or Federal recon sees a picnic

with no kids, they’re going to know something’s up. Don’t worry, we’ve got our people

crawling all over this part of town. If anything comes down the women Volunteers

have been given special E & E instructions to get the children out of harm’s way. But

that shouldn’t happen. Down here a squirrel can’t move in these trees without the

Volunteers knowing about it.”

Now a small group of men stood around a barbecue grill that had been set up at a

slight distance from the tables, turning sizzling hot dogs and pieces of chicken and

sipping soft drinks from cans while they spoke in low tones. They were casually

dressed, but all of the men wore long shirts to cover the pistols in their belts. Besides

Barrow there was Colonel Patrick Brennan, who was the NVA departmental commander for the state of Washington, Red Morehouse, Lieutenant Joe

Dortmunder and Major Jeff Anderson from the Army Council. Beside them stood a

huge hulking man with rippling muscles and a wide coal-black beard that covered the

front of his T-shirt. He had a face like a Harlan County coal seam, with burning green

eyes and a seemingly permanent scowl. The big man wearing a slouch hat with a

feather in it. This was Commandant John Corbett Morgan of the Port Townsend

Flying Column, the largest and most efficient single combat unit in the NVA, with the

possible exception of O. C. Oglevy’s fearsome and legendary Hayden Lake column.

Oglevy had not been invited, owing to some questions regarding his sanity.

“Damned if it doesn’t look like they’re serious about it,” conceded Anderson reluctantly. “I got confirmation just before I left. They released the first prisoners

from Auburn last night, and Carter Wingfield picked them up in Millersylvania Park

this morning. Not only that, but the men he took with him got to be the first to show

off our new uniforms, such as they are. We’ve got that Irishman up in Seattle and he’s

pressing full speed ahead. Apparently the Feds want to get this show on the road, and

soon.”

“Where?” asked Barrow. “Where will the conference be held?”

“At first they was talking about Geneva, or Jamaica, or Camp David, but we tole

‘em to hell with that,” rumbled Morgan. “We gone have it right here in the

Homeland.” His speech was still redolent with the twang of the Kentucky mountains

where he had been born.

“And they didn’t argue for five months about the venue and the shape of the table

and how many bathroom breaks each delegation got, and all that crap?” asked Barrow

in surprise.

“Nope. Looks like they really do mean it,” repeated Anderson, shaking his head in

disbelief. “God, I wonder what the hell they’re up to? Why are they doing this?”

“They’re doin’ it because we whupped their asses,” said Morgan, spitting a wad of

tobacco on the grass.

“I wish I could believe that,” said Anderson worriedly. “I’m sorry, I just don’t trust

anything the Federal government of the United States does or says. In the past

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century the power structure in America has reached a state of almost pure corruption.

These people always have the most sinister of ulterior motives for everything they do.

Their minds are as twisted as corkscrews, and that’s how they think. It’s a lifelong

habit with them.”

“All right, then where in the Homeland will the conference be convened?” asked

Barrow.

“We’re proposing to hold it down in Longview,” said Morehouse. “We thought

about this a lot. We don’t want it in the middle of a big urban area where our people

could be surrounded, but we don’t want to have it so far out in the boondocks that you

have to be Daniel Boone to find the conference site, either. We want this done out in

the open, in plain view as much as possible. Transparency is our friend here, while

secrecy serves the enemy. We’ve never made any secret about what we want, or what

we’re fighting for, and we’re going to stand up and demand it now. We want the whole

world watching, looking over our shoulder. We wanted something that was close in

enough to a populated area so that we can conduct this jamboree in some kind of

civilized surroundings, with such amenities as indoor plumbing for our guests from

the world diplomatic community, and bars for the news media, who won’t appreciate

any kind of dry environment. That sounds petty, but we’re going to have to try every

little thing to cater to people we’ve been killing and terrorizing. So they get to drink,

even if we can't. We need to be able to get the media in close enough to us to make

sure the Feds don't control total access to outside communications, so we can make

our case and let the rest of the world know what's going on. None of this embedded

crap for the reporters: we're making it clear that free and uncensored media access is

an iron-clad precondition, although in view of who controls the media I'm not sure

how much good that will do us. Longview is close enough to Portland to make them

feel comfortable, yet close enough to our own bandit country around here so that

there's at least some chance we can E & E if things go bad."

"Hell, down here we can just break for the woods and the first house we come to

will most likely be sympathizers," commented Morgan, taking a slug of Mountain

Dew. "The local Party did a real slap-up job before 10/22 down here."

"They're apparently sufficiently serious so they want to start the conference by the

end of this month," said Anderson. "July 30th or 31st."

"I haven't heard any public announcements yet," said Barrow. "It could be the

Feds haven't gotten the message about this telling the whole world thing. Don't they

want to keep the negotiations secret, at least in the early phases?"

"No, although they did ask that they be allowed to make the public announcement, which we conceded," said Brennan. "That's letting them put their

own public relations slant on it right from the start, true, but it's their party. A lot of

this is going to involve our giving in on minor face-saving bumpf, even while we hold

out for the substance. The trick is going to be making sure we can tell the difference."

"Might as well let them break the story, since no one would believe us if we called

a press conference and asserted that we were negotiating independence from the

United States," agreed Anderson. "There will be a nationwide televised statement

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from the White House within a few days, as soon as we let them know through the UN

guy that we agree and we're ready to set a time and a place."

"Chelsea herself is going to make the statement?" demanded Morgan.

“Looks like it,” replied Morehouse with a nod. “Of course, it’s pretty much an open

secret that her mom still runs the country, insofar as anyone runs it anymore.”

“Tell me about it. That little girl has got no damned business being president of

anything bigger than a PTA,” said Morgan. “She seems to be a sweet kid, leastways

she don’t fuck everything with a pulse like her daddy did, but she’s dumb as a bag of

hammers.”

“I wonder if she knows that one of our heaviest hitters is her half-brother?” asked

Anderson with a chuckle.

“That Italian kid who was with Murdock’s column?” asked Morgan. “Matt

Redmond mentioned him a couple of times. Yeah, I heard about him. I understand

there’s quite a story there.”

“Yes, Lieutenant Vitale,” said Barrow. “He’s Jock Graham’s chief head-knocker

over in Two Brigade. I’ve met him a couple of times. And you’re right, it’s a hell of a

story. Chelsea Clinton isn’t actually going to be present at the negotiations with the

American delegation, is she?”

“No, apparently it’s going to be headed up on their side by Walter Stanhope, the

Secretary of State,” said Anderson. “That’s another suspiciously favorable omen from

our point of view. The Secretary of State, not the Attorney General or Director of

Homeland Security. It shows that they’re treating the Northwest as a political problem now, instead of a criminal one.”

“But Chelsea will be making the public television announcement?” asked Barrow

again. “Where, exactly, does she fit into all this? I mean, after all, technically she is

President of the United States. You’d think at some point she’d be involved in giving

away three or four of the states.”

“That’s what puzzles me most about this whole thing,” Anderson continued. “Who

the hell’s idea was this conference anyway, and why? It’s one of the world’s biggest

open secrets that Chelsea Clinton is a figurehead president with no will of her own.

There’s a rumor that one day Chelsea was sitting in the Oval Office, the window was

open, a leaf blew in and landed on her desk, and she signed it. Whatever crap she gets

up on television and reads off the teleprompter, you know damned well that the

Wicked Witch of the West made up for her. But why the hell is Hillary Clinton

agreeing to do what no American president since Lincoln has agreed to do, divide up

the American pie? Breaking up the country is hardly what anyone with dreams of

imperial glory wants to go down in history as her legacy. Okay, John C., maybe you're

right. Maybe we've beaten the swine worse than we realize and the old bat has decided

to cut their losses before the whole show collapses."

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"Mmm... you know, if that is the case, we might actually be able to get a better deal

if we just kept on fighting and let the damned American empire collapse," said

Brennan, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he sipped his Diet Pepsi. "Then grab

everything we can out of the rubble."

"That's those amongst the command structure as say we should do just that very

thang," growled Morgan. "I ain't so sure myself it ain't the way to go."

“I’ve had enough, John,” said Barrow quietly. “Until this peace possibility came up

I didn’t realize just how much I’d had enough. I’d pretty much resigned myself to the

fact that I wasn’t going to make it, that sooner or later they’d get me and I’d end up

bleeding my life out on a sidewalk or buried alive in Florence or someplace like it. If

there’s a chance I can have another future, I want to take it. If we can talk our way into

the Republic of three states and maybe a bit of Montana and California thrown in, I’m

good with it. I’m looking forward to popping the top on a beer again and seeing if I

really am a drunk, or if it was just being half a man that made me that way, as petty

and personal as that sounds. Once we’ve won and I’m free in my own country, I’ve got

no more excuses.”

Morehouse spoke up. “That’s one of the many problems we’re going to face, the

extremists on both sides who don’t want to stop fighting. God knows what we’re going

to do with the wild-eyes like Oglevy. But if we can get the Republic now, without any

more bloodshed and building up any more bad blood and bad karma, for

Christ's

sake, we need to grab it!"

"Do you think it's possible?" asked Barrow.

Morehouse nodded. "I think it could be possible, yes. I used to tell my kids in our

little unofficial after-school classes that in a colonial war, it's never the generals who

surrender. It's the accountants. They finally go to the occupying government and tell

them that the colony is simply awash with red ink, it isn't going to get any better, and

it's time to leave. Maybe that's what is happening. The United States of America, the

fount of all the money in the world, has finally been bled dry. If that is the case, if the

people in power understand that if they don't cut the Northwest loose then there is a

chance they may lose it all, not to us but to the forces of the very chaos they have been

creating for the past century—if they have sense enough to understand all that, then

yes, it may well be possible for us to pull this off."

"So if enlightened self-interest is the criterion, why the hell has the United States

never pulled out of the Middle East?" asked Brennan.

“It was obvious after the first year in Iraq that civilizing the native chappies at the

point of a gun simply wasn’t going to work.”

“An interesting point,” agreed Morehouse. “Apparently the forbidden I word

trumps common sense and enlightened self-interest where the United States

government is concerned. When push comes to shove, it could be that Israel’s survival

really does take priority over America’s.”

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“Okay, how can Third Brigade help?” asked Barrow, getting to the point.

“Uh,

don’t get me wrong, gentlemen, I’m flattered to be invited to a high-level meeting

such as this, but I have to say I’m puzzled by the absence of the other Seattle brigade

commanders, and I’m still uncertain in my own mind why I’m here. You want us to

provide some men for security for the negotiators?”

They all looked at him. “You can do a lot more than that for us, Frank,”

Morehouse told him frankly. “The reason you’re here is that we have a special

personal assignment that we want you to carry out. You’ll be turning command of

your brigade over to Lieutenant Dortmund—by the way, Joe, you're a Commandant

now. Frank, you're a general."

"The NVA doesn't have generals," said Barrow, half unbelieving.

"We do now," said Brennan. "I'm one, or so I'm told."

"We'll get you a pair of stars for your collar or something," said Morehouse. "We'll

even provide you with a sharp-looking uniform to pin them on. Frank, we want you to

go to Longview. We want you to head up the Northwest Republic provisional government's negotiating team."

"What?" exclaimed Barrow in astonishment. "Have you lost your—Jesus, why me?"

What the hell to do I know about diplomacy and politics?"

"What the hell do any of us know? So learn, and fast. This is a new field for all of

us," said Morehouse. "We need two things in the men we send to Longview, tongues

and brains."

"Sure, I've got the tongue for it," said Brennan. "I actually kissed the Blarney Stone, the real one at Blarney Castle down in Cork. The one ye have to hang over the

edge of the castle wall and damned near break your neck to reach. That probably

indicates I don't qualify in the brains department."

Morehouse continued, "Frank, you have one of the best reputations in the NVA

for tactical skill and intelligence and long-range planning. Statecraft isn't too far a

leap, and since no one else on our side has any experience in it, we have to play it by

ear. We're going to need men sitting around that table in Longview speaking for our

new country who can think fast on their feet."

"And where are you going to be?" demanded Barrow. "You know damned well you

ought to be the one leading our side, Red."

"I am going to be in contact, but not in reach, their reach. I am going to put this

bluntly, Frank. This is the future of our country and our race we're talking about here.

We must have our best thinkers and talkers at this conference, but on the other hand

those are the very people that we can't risk losing. We still have to consider the

possibility, maybe even the probability, that this whole peace conference thing is just

some kind of Borgia-like ploy on the enemy's part to lure our best people out into the

open so they can be killed or captured. God knows nothing else has worked for them.

They're quite capable of that kind of treachery, and they may be getting desperate

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enough to try something like that. We can't allow it to happen, but on the other hand

we can't just send a gaggle of expendable mediocrities to the conference to bring our

new nation into being. We have to strike a balance. Please don't be insulted when I

say this, Frank, but what we're going to do is send in our best second-stringers while

our first string starts taking care of business. The real business of creating a new

nation in North America, while you guys down in Longview are shucking and jiving

and buying us time."

"Don't worry, ah'm second-strang too, it looks like," said Morgan, grinning in his

beard. "I'll be in there with you."

"John will be there as the hammer. He will represent to the enemy a credible threat of muscle," said Brennan. "Expect him to be doing a lot of threatening and

pounding on the table.”

“I assume that you guys on the first string will be available for consultation?”

asked Barrow.

Morehouse nodded. “To some extent, yes, but part of the problem is that we

ourselves have insisted that whoever both sides send to the conference shall have full

plenipotentiary power, which means the authority to negotiate a deal then and there,

sign it, and have it binding on our respective governments. We had to insist on that,

because otherwise they would draw this business out forever and a day, by constantly

running back to Washington D. C. for consultations, and blaming their own higher-

ups for the lack of progress. It will become like those idiotic talks at Panmunjon which

went on for fifty years after the end of the Korean War. We have the momentum now,

and we don’t want false hope and endless niggling over a conference table to take the

wind out of our sails. One of their ulterior motives for calling these talks may be

simply to give themselves a breather. We’re not going to let them have that. Besides

all these other considerations, we also need you there for balance on the

team.”

“Uh, balance?” asked Barrow. “What kind of balance?”

“Tell me, Frank, what are your religious views?” asked Morehouse bluntly.

“Uh, not sure I have any,” replied Barrow, taken aback. “I’m not Christian Identity

or anything like that. Neither do I climb up on the roof during thunderstorms and

bang two garbage can lids together calling on Odin to strike me with lightning and

make me invincible.”

“You’re NS, right?”

“Mmm, more or less. I’m not sure if Heinrich Himmler would have invited me to

his castle retreat for the mystical SS rituals, but I suppose you could say I’m a

Rockwell man,” said Barrow. “The books I carry with me from place to place are

White Power and *This Time the World*, if that helps pigeon-hole me. But why is it

necessary to slap a label on me or any comrade at all? We’re all Volunteers and we’re

fighting for a country, a Homeland for all white people the world over.”

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“That kind of thinking is why we need you at the head of the team, Frank,” replied

Morehouse somberly. “I agree, we shouldn’t be pigeon-holing our comrades or

slapping labels on them, but the problem is that we’ve been slapping labels on

ourselves for a long time. You came into the NVA after 10/22, right?”

“That’s right,” replied Barrow.

Morehouse nodded. “Then you weren’t with the Party during the years before the

war, and you weren’t part of the deranged zoo that was the so-called white resistance

movement in all the years before that. Our forty years of wandering in the wilderness,

if you’ll forgive the Biblical allusion, only in our case it was over sixty years,

depending on when you want to date the beginning of the Northwest Migration

movement from. That’s another reason we urgently need a newer man like you in

charge of this crucial mission. You weren’t ever in the old movement, and you haven’t

picked up the bad habits and the baggage that people with pre-war movement backgrounds all seem to lug around with them. We’ve been able to subsume our

internal differences since 10/22. We had to, because failure to do so meant

death

and prison. Much to everybody's surprise, at the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth

minute and the last damned second, we were finally able to get our act together.

When you're sitting in a car in the rain waiting to kill somebody, or hiding in a safe

house, or lying in an ambush out on the interstate waiting for a Federal convoy, then

you have to be able to rely on your comrades completely. We were able to achieve

that, and that's why we're now at the point where independence and white freedom is

now in our grasp. But we could still blow it if we allow some of these stupid pre-

Northwest Migration issues to re-surface. First and foremost among those issues is

religion."

"There's something else," said Brennan. "We've reason to believe that the Feds

have finally gotten the message and they're going to be playing the religion card in a

last-ditch attempt to split the rebellion and turn the whole thing into a Christian

crusade against evil Nazi devil-worshippers. We are getting reports that they're trying

to create some kind of Christian vigilante group or death squad from the
fundamentalist Judeo-Christian churches here in the Northwest, a kind of
black ops
thing they can use against us and against the new government of the Republic
in the
event that any kind of settlement looks imminent.”

“I told you about those two kids I sent in to suss out that one bunch of holy
rollers

in Bellevue, to see what was up with that, if anything,” Dortmund reminded
him.

Barrow sighed. “I’m starting to get it. Jesus Christ, if you’ll pardon the
expression!

I had hoped that somehow we could avoid that particular corpse bobbing to
the
surface.”

“I think we all wish it would just go away,” said Anderson gloomily. “For
years the

Old Man practically did handstands to keep the whole issue completely out of
the

Northwest Migration, and now we have to somehow find a way to keep the
lid on at

this most crucial juncture in the Northwest enterprise. We must keep it away
from

these negotiations!”

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“I’m from Northern Ireland,” said Brennan somberly. “I can tell you, gentlemen,

what a religious divide can do to an Aryan community. I can also tell you what

happens when a revolutionary movement is divided among itself at this crucial

juncture. In 1921 Michael Collins was painted into a corner, with the result being that

the Irish War of Independence was followed by another year of civil war over the

Treaty that left more bitterness than the battle against the British did, and which split

Ireland in two forever. We can’t allow it to happen here.”

Morehouse took it up again. “Look, Frank, I’ll give you a rundown. To make a long

story short, like all armies, most of the NVA’s rank and file Volunteers originally got

into the Northwest movement for their own individual motivations, mostly having to

do with personal revenge for wrongs done to themselves and their loved ones by the

government or by the assorted non-white minorities that the government turned

loose on America. That’s just human nature. But a lot of them did previously possess

certain ideological motivations, or else they have acquired them over the past five

years. Like every other political and social movement in history, Northwest Migration

isn't a monolith. There are factions and tendencies and ideological divisions within

our ranks. Diversity, if you'll pardon my using the term. Now, that doesn't mean that

we can't build our own nation out of all kinds of diverse trends and elements, so long

as there is a basic common ground of nationhood and racial welfare at the core of it

all. Francisco Franco created such a revolutionary movement and such a nation in

Spain, and it lasted for two generations before it was corrupted."

"Franco didn't have a religious problem," said Barrow.

"Actually, he did, a bit, although not like ours. Look, we all know that here in the

Pacific Northwest, we are fighting for a Homeland for all Aryan peoples the world

over, but it wasn't always like that. Since the very beginning, when it was just the Old

Man sitting all alone in a flophouse in Olympia with a battered personal computer,

raving into cyberspace, there has been constant pressure for him personally and for

the Northwest Movement collectively to come down on one side or the other of the

religious divide. He always avoided it and stood up for a home for all our people with

maximum personal liberty of the kind which can only be achieved in a mono-racial

state. He always stood for a movement and a community based on blood, not on

faith.”

“He would do,” said Barrow. “The Old Man is a National Socialist. That’s what

National Socialism means, the concept of one Aryan racial nation transcending all the

artificial boundaries that the Jews have set up to divide us on lines of state or religion

or politics.”

“Yes, so am I. But that viewpoint has not always been a majority within the Party,”

said Morehouse in a worried voice. “In fact, although there’s no way to tell since we

don’t do opinion polls, it may not be in the majority now. Allow me to grossly

oversimplify this down to a first grade level. There are three main ideological currents

or tendencies within the white separatist movement in the Northwest. The first of

these are the Christian fundamentalists of various kinds, primarily but not exclusively

the various Christian Identity sects, with a fair number of fundamentalist Mormons

thrown in, especially in Idaho. I think it's fair to say that there is a significant minority

in the ranks of the Party and the Northwest Volunteer Army, including the upper

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echelons and the officer corps, who expect the coming Northwest Republic to be a

kind of high-tech Puritan New England, complete with blue laws, religious

indoctrination in schools, witch-burnings, scarlet letters, and lengthy sermons by

cramped and crabby divines, with maybe a little polygamy thrown in depending on

which brand of CI you follow. Then on the opposite end of the spectrum, there are the

anti-Christians of various kinds. Some are merely violent atheists whose main gripe

against Christianity seems to be that their parents made them get up early on Sunday

morning, dress up in scratchy uncomfortable clothes and tight hard shoes, and go to

church instead of watching cartoons or playing Nintendo. But there are also people

who genuinely hold to different religious faiths, Odinists and a few Wiccans, self-proclaimed Druids, you get the idea. They want everybody to dress up in bear

skins and horned helmets and dance around bonfires on the solstice drinking mead

from cow horns and goblets and whatnot, plus a little polygamy as well.”

“Yeah, I’ve known some of these neo-pagan types,” agreed Barrow. “Uh, Red, let’s

be honest. These comrades aren’t bad people and some of them are sincere. I don’t

question that. But I actually happen to know a little history. Those so-called religions

in their present-day form aren’t the original deal from thousands of years ago, no

matter what their proponents claim. Other than a few interesting local legends and

customs scattered around Europe, all the old pagans died out centuries ago. In most

cases we don’t really even know what they believed.”

“Sure there’s a few bona fide old survivals, like the Wren Boys going from house to

house on St. Stephen’s day in Ireland,” put in Brennan. “They play musical instruments and dance around the house three times, and ask for money to

bury the

wren. But it's empty mummery. There's no oral or folklore connection with the past,

it's just something ye do every day after Christmas. It was obviously once some kind

of pagan ritual, but no one in Ireland has any idea any more what it originally meant.

Probably something horrible altogether having to do with grisly human sacrifice or

some such. Nowadays the Wren Boys just collect the money and take it to the nearest

pub."

"Most of the so-called pagan religions our people now practice are very modern

inventions, less than a century old," continued Barrow, nodding his head. "So-called

Wicca has nothing to do with medieval European witchcraft or what went on in Salem

in 1692. It was invented by a guy named Gerald Gardner after the Second World War.

Asatru is basically a collection of old Norse myths and sagas, which are legitimate but

were never intended to be organized into a formal religion. Like I said, they're not bad

comrades, but to what degree do you think these people actually believe all that Odin

and Earth Mother stuff?”

“The important thing with most anti-Christians is not the degree to which they

believe in whatever cult or theology they have chosen to try to replace Christianity,”

explained Morehouse. “The important consideration for our purposes is the degree to

which they hate Christianity. Just as we have comrades who are like Cromwell’s Fifth

Monarchy Men, and believe they’ve been fighting for the past five years to build the

New Jerusalem and establish the reign of King Jesus on earth, we have among us

certain fanatics who consider that they have been fighting for the past five years not

against the Jews, but to overthrow the Christian religion. You know, the type of

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people who used to go around before the war passing out literature calling Jesus

Christ a dead Jew on a stick.”

“Like you said, I wasn’t really involved in the Movement before the war,” said

Barrow.

“I was,” said Joe Dortmunder in a sour voice. “I remember some of that anti-Christian literature that some of our people used to pass out before. I never understood why. What the hell did they hope to accomplish? In what way was any of that stuff relevant to Jug-Ears shipping every job in sight to the Third World while he ran wild slaughtering brown people in Iraq? There just never seemed to me to be any reason to get all hot and bothered about a problem which is basically insoluble. I mean, okay, you can argue all you want about religion in church or in a bar, but for God’s sake, no pun intended, how can you expect to win people over to a new political movement when you start out by insulting their religion? I mean, gimme a break!”

“This is one reason that we want you to head the delegation, Frank,” said Morehouse.

“Getting back to your own orientation, there’s that third tendency in our movement I mentioned. The National Socialists, some of whom are Christian, some not, and some of whom simply don’t give a damn, but who have already made a personal commitment to a doctrine in which blood trumps faith. You’re a

Rockwellian

American National Socialist, which frankly in my view is the most sensible thing to

be, but that's something which I would probably not say in public or even in private in

a meeting of the Army Council, for fear of giving offense. Well, as bizarre as it would

have seemed to Rockwell and to Adolf Hitler himself, National Socialism has actually

become something of a force for moderation and balance within the white racial

resistance movement. We believe the best way to keep the Christians and the anti-

Christians from rending one another's entrails during this crucially sensitive time is

to use the Nazis as a kind of fulcrum or balance to keep the two extremes in equipoise.

You will have at least one person on your delegation who is known to represent both

views."

"Who?" asked Barrow keenly. "Anybody I know? If I'm going to try this, Red, I

don't need to be fighting on two fronts, the enemy in front of me and the kooks on my

own team behind me yelling about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin!"

“They won’t be kooks,” Anderson assured him. “They will be sharp minds and

dedicated political soldiers like you, and the only thing their religious views will have

to do with their presence is an unspoken signal to the rest of the Northwest movement

that we acknowledge the contribution of all of our Volunteers, and we will not be

excluding anyone from the bargaining table. The Republic will be inclusive, although

frankly there are some who aren’t going to like that message. As to your delegation to

this conference, if there’s anyone you feel uncomfortable with, you get a veto.”

Morehouse chuckled. “Don’t worry, Frank, we understand this is too damned important. No kooks need apply. Most likely there will be Major John McCausland

from the Sawtooth Flying Column, who is not only a damned fine officer and guerrilla

fighter, but a well known Identity pastor and something of a theologian. Before the

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war he was holding his own as a Biblical scholar at Gonzaga University in Spokane,

before the government decided his Scriptural interpretations constituted hatecrime

and arrested him. He was one of the Walla Walla escapees, and he followed Winston

Wayne to Coeur d'Alene and the 10/22 rising, the First Republic and then on into the

Sawtooth. From the non-Christian bag, we're looking at Captain Robert Gair from the

Portland Special Operations Unit. He's third generation Odinist. He's also one of the

bravest and smartest guys we have in the NVA, in my view, although truth to tell,

we're all pretty special. We haven't been able to contact him yet. He's doing the

resurrection shuffle at the moment, since the late governor of Oregon had his little

mishap a couple of weeks ago."

"Okay, moving right along here, who else will I have with me?" asked Barrow with

a sigh. "Me, John C. here to pound on the table and act the heavy."

"It ain't no act," growled Morgan. "I really do want to keep on killing those bastards just for the sheer hell of it!"

McCausland, Gair, who else? How big is this delegation going to be, anyway?"

asked Barrow.

“About twenty people,” said Anderson. “Six to eight accredited delegates, each

delegate to have an aide to serve as a gopher, plus a few extras like a press secretary, a

security officer, so forth and so on. You can pick anyone you like, except Joe here who

like I said earlier is being promoted to field command of the Third Brigade, but I

strongly suggest that you leave your best combat teams and field commanders.”

“I can’t see Sammy Feet or Bobby Bells being much use at a shindig like this,”

agreed Barrow.

“Mixed into the delegation will be some of the Third Section’s better operatives, to

try and keep you fully up to speed on everything, including a couple of techie types

who will hopefully be able to detect and circumvent the inevitable Federal attempts at

electronic surveillance. You will be the delegation’s chairperson, and you will report

on a daily basis to the Army Council on your progress, and receive our instructions.

That’s the official version; in real life we simply have to assume that despite the best

we can do, your communication with the Council will be bugged in some

way by the

Feds. Therefore, one of the delegates or if possible a Third Section op we can slip into

the proceedings somehow will also be in communication with command, and in a

pinch his or her directives will override anything you get over the official channel,

which we may have to massage for our Federal listeners. If he or she is also bugged

or intercepted, then we're screwed. Don't ask me who it is, because we don't know yet.

Third Section is working on it."

"When do these festivities start?" asked Barrow.

"It will be within a couple of weeks after the announcement by the President of the

cessation of hostilities and the beginning of negotiations," said Morehouse. "We

suggested July Fourth as an appropriate date for Chelsea to address the nation, but

for some reason the Feds failed to see the humor. Actually, we can use some time to

get ready ourselves."

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“Okay,” said Barrow with a sigh, still stunned by the whole thing. He waved his

hands in the air abstractedly. “Guys, what the hell am I supposed to do once I get in

there with the Feds sitting across the table staring at me? Do I pull a rabbit out of a

hat? How do I play it? Let John C. pound on the table and yell at them to get the hell

out? Read them passages from *White Power*? What exactly is the basis for the talks?

How do we define victory here?”

“Mmm... I’d say you start off by letting them do most of the talking,” said

Morehouse, chewing his thumb. By now the chicken and hot dogs and burgers were

ready, and several of the women came over and began piling up paper plates and

buns. The men moved off under a tree with their plates. “Try to figure out just where

they’re coming from. Remember, this whole damned thing could still turn out to be a

gull. Treat their delegation like a used car salesman who’s trying to sell you a very

dubious vehicle. From what I know of Walter Stanhope and what I see of him on TV,

he will be quite a silver-tongued salesman for whatever deal it is they’re pitching. I

assume they have some kind of deal in mind, or else they wouldn't have agreed to

talk.”

“Now, here is the second major problem you're going to face, Frank,” said

Brennan. “We haven't actually gotten a look yet at what they're going to try and sell

us, but it's as certain as God made wee green apples that something less than straight

independence will be offered, and these people will bend heaven and earth to try to

get you to agree to some kind of gerrymandered, condominium set-up that falls short

of an actual sovereign nation for white people. A return to pre-statehood territorial

status, the creation of some kind of big white Puerto Rico, a Northwest legislature that

doesn't really have any power, some blethers like that. They're going to want to keep

control of the Homeland's foreign relations, they're going to want to keep military

bases here, they're going to want to appoint some kind of viceroy from D. C. with veto

power over our government, they're going to want to make us fly that bloody red,

white and blue Masonic dishrag in our sky, they're going to want some kind of oath of

allegiance to the feckin' Jewnited States, on and on and on. Above all, they're going to

want to sneak the mud people back in somehow, and the bloody kikes as well. From

their viewpoint, us pale-skinned peasantry can't possibly be allowed to have a country

all our own without the wee Jewboy over there in the corner to listen and make faces

and slip a few things into his pocket now and then. Frank, you must resist this, no

matter what blandishments are offered, no matter what threats are made! Remember

what happened in Ireland in 1921! You must not try to come back with anything short

of the Republic, the whole Republic, and nothing but the Republic!"

"It would not only cause a civil war between the NVA as effectively as religion may

do if it's allowed to get out of hand, but it would be a betrayal of the whole purpose of

what we're doing, and it wouldn't work anyway," said Morehouse. "Some people

might advocate that we accept some kind of half a loaf as a springboard for something

better in the future, but history proves that doesn't work with ZOG. With liberal

democracy, you start at a certain level of moral and decent existence and then

everything decays from there, kind of like radioactive half life. The United States

started at an exalted level in 1783 and it decayed from that point on. Anywhere there

are Jews, things only go downhill. The only hope that our people have for any kind of

continued existence is the absolute removal of the Jew and everything the Jew has

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created from our lives, our consciousnesses, our hearts and our souls. We're like the

wolves, the buffalo, the damned spotted owls. We're an endangered species. White

people have to have their own safe habitat, clean and uncontaminated, if we are to

raise our young, build up our numbers and thrive once again."

"A nature reserve for white people," chuckled Anderson.

"Pardon me if I give us all a quick history lesson, gentlemen, but it's germane,"

said Morehouse in an urgent and intense voice. "You know why we speak English

today, Frank? You know why England became the great mercantile and vibrant

colonizing nation it did? Because in the year 1290, King Edward the First

expelled the

Jews from England, and they weren't allowed back until 1652 when Oliver Cromwell

financed his revolution with money borrowed from the Jews of Holland, and in lieu of

repayment he opened the door once again to the plague. That was the longest time

period free of Jews that any nation in the modern world has ever enjoyed. This meant

that during the crucial period of England's national development, from the medieval

through the Renaissance, the Elizabethan era and on into the modern age, the British

people were allowed to grow strong and wise and healthy, straight upward and

outward, without suffering from a massive national tapeworm like the rest of Europe.

That's why the English were always one jump ahead of everybody else who tried to

settle here. We have to create that kind of healthy and vigorous home where we must

raise many, many children. That's what you have to bring back from Longview, Frank.

You have to bring back a hundred million white children who aren't even born yet."

* * *

At Hillside High the drama class's one act plays were progressing well, largely due

to the fact that they had almost no script, and required nothing but subjective

“artistic” interpretation of various roles and emotions, so there were no lines to learn,

almost no sets to build, and no real way to tell a good performance from a bad one.

Everything was subjective.

Cody managed to avoid being called upon to act, and so he didn't have to go on

stage and bark like a dog, or sing a homosexual love song to the god Apollo, or be

Chief Seattle and proclaim his grief over the loss of his people's hunting grounds to

the evil white man. He landed the job of lighting manager, and all he had to do was

stay up in the catwalk during the plays and raise and lower the lights on cue, plus

handle a few spots and special effects. On her part, Emily managed to evade the

interpretative Holocaust ballet solo, but she ended up lumbered with the duckbill

platypus. Even Kelly Shipman, who got to be the goddess Hecate and the suffragette

Susan B. Anthony with a long declamation on male oppression of women, wasn't too

pleased with the situation.

“Talent has to be disciplined and shaped,” she grumbled one day when she and

Cody managed to catch lunch together without the ever-present Craig, Molly, and the

rest of her cool person entourage. “If these people want to learn to act, they have to

learn to perform under pressure. That means things like having schedules and lines to

memorize, and to take direction. One thing I learned down in Hollywood doing

Cheerleader Love, is that even on a piece of grade B crap like that, making a movie is

incredibly hard work. On weekdays we got our wakeup calls at the condos at five in

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the morning, and we had to be showered and dressed and outside waiting for the

minibus to take us to the studio by six, to beat the traffic. We had breakfast in one of

the cafeterias and then it was onto the set, or out onto location at the local high

school, and sometimes we didn’t get back to the condos until nine or ten at night. If

Mitch wants these kids to become serious actors then he needs to make them work.

We need to be doing real plays that require real effort, not messing around with this

so-called avant-garde crap.”

Cody thought it opportune to drop in one of his very rare political hints. “Have

you noticed that avant-garde generally means Jewish?” he said casually. “Like all

these totally gratuitous Holocaust references that slide in and out of the plays we’re

doing. It’s like drama has some eternal obligation to keep on fighting a war that ended

in 1945. But I can understand why Mitch would be attracted to that kind of theater.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean,” agreed Kelly. “I heard Mitch is secretly Jewish too,

but he doesn’t dare let on because he’s scared the spuckies will kill him. After what

happened to Emily Pastras, can you blame him? How’s she holding up, by the way?”

she asked slyly.

“I notice you seem to be giving her a lot of rides home after class, and the little

birdies tell me she’s actually got you going to church with her now.”

“I think that incident over in the city last month where she got snatched off the

street really rattled her and she’s going back to basics,” said Cody. “She’s not into

Ghoul anymore, anyway. The church thing is mostly for her mom’s sake, to settle her

down. I can understand why she’s worried, though. It was a pretty close call.”

“So how about you?” Kelly asked curiously. “Have you been saved yet, or born

again, or whatever?”

“I’m not really that religious, but some of the people at her church are

interesting,” said Cody carefully and noncommittally. High school was a cauldron of

gossip, of course, but he was a little disturbed that his outside activities were common

knowledge. He tried to change the subject, but Kelly would have none of it.

“So what’s up with you two?” she asked merrily. “No offense to Emily, if you like

her that’s cool, but I think you can do a lot better.”

“I thought that once myself,” he replied calmly and simply, looking directly at her.

That did it; she flushed and immediately got back into the subject of the one-acts.

Well, so much for that, Cody thought with an inward sigh. As if I didn’t know.

In the course of things, Cody and Nightshade did end up hanging out quite a bit

together. He found his new girl comrade intelligent and down to earth, if not exactly a

barrel of laughs. They both did odd jobs for A Company after school, and most nights

they got dressed up and went to church. Cody now sported a short haircut, and he had

a blue serge suit which he wore on Sundays as well as a collection of pastel shirts and

ties and dark slacks for weekday Bible studies, youth groups, and services. Complete

with a little American flag pin for his lapel, of course. Emily's church attire was

equally neat and plain, always a skirt and flat shoes, light short-sleeved blouses, with

her hair worn long and straight. It would have been difficult to recognize the Ghoul

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Girl from the parking lot that night on Capitol Hill. They both appeared at the

Bellevue Assembly of God's Full Gospel Tabernacle with highlighted Bibles and ring

notebooks under their arms to take copious notes on various Scriptural points, and

matching small crucifixes on chains around their necks. Cody made it clear to everyone in the congregation, right from the first, that he was utterly outraged by the

terrible thing which had been done to his beloved Emily by the wicked Nazis, and that

he thought this was just the right time for the two of them to come together in Christ

now that she'd been scared straight and renounced her demonic heresies. The two of

them together came across as modest, respectful, and eager to help the older

members out around the church. Cody found he had a good enough singing voice to

be invited to join the choir.

It was a good observation post. He didn't just sing in the choir, he made it a point

to cultivate the acquaintance of certain suspect individuals in the congregation. The

head honcho was Pastor Leonard Sheldon, a typical blow-dried polyester preacher

with a slick manner and too much aftershave. Sheldon was married to a bouffant-

haired woman with a perpetual lobotomy Jesus-grin whose name Cody could never

remember, by whom he had a genuinely cute brood of young children. "Sheldon is

more of a letch even than most,” Emily had told him in a briefing before they went to

their first service together. “He’s one of the reasons I quit going to church, in fact.

He will assume that this time around I’m more or less dragging you along to keep his

hands off me, and my guess is he’ll accept that as the explanation for your presence,

and turn his attention elsewhere. After all, there are a lot more female fish in his little

pond. Now, politics. One thing you need to understand about any evangelical church

is there are always two factions, one pro-pastor and one anti-pastor, and each of those

factions is in turn divided into male and female sections. Because of my past

experience with him, Sheldon will expect me to gravitate to the female anti-pastor

faction, i.e. the women he’s made passes at, and those who are pissed off because he

hasn’t. In fact, he’ll think it odd if I don’t. That means you need to get with the male

pro-pastor faction, which is in any case most likely to be where you’ll find any hinky

pro-ZOG activity that may be moving in the shade. That’s one of the reasons I need

you in on this with me. Ever since I shot him down, I don’t think Sheldon

would ask

me to join any little underground Zionist sewing circle, if there is such a thing going

on. Plus there's the fact that fundies aren't exactly big on valiant women warriors such

as myself. Good church ladies are supposed to stay home and bake cookies.

Evangelicals still think war is supposed to be an all-boys' club." So did Cody, but he

didn't insult Nightshade by voicing his opinion. He could understand the difference

between the perfect world and the real one. She continued, "I'm your introduction

into the church, but you'll have to worm your way into the inner circle on your own. It

will take a couple of services for me to catch up and get my bearings again, and then

I'll steer you where you need to go."

"This preacher very big on the pro-Jew and pro-Israel thing?" asked Cody.

Emily nodded. "He was back when my mom first started dragging me to services,

although he's toned the praise Israel and love-thy-nigger crap down a lot, since a few

other preachers around Seattle got tarred and feathered and worked over with bats.

Some of the congregation members in these evangelical sects are true

believers in the

Jew thing, but very few of the preachers. For one thing, they actually have some

personal familiarity with the Jewish religion and personal contact with Jews in a way

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that the congregation members don't. It's kind of hard to maintain that the kikes are

God's Chosen when you know their own Talmud justifies murder, pedophilia, and

every kind of deception so long as it's directed against non-Jews. That's one reason

you'll notice that Pentecostals and whatnot don't refer to the Old Testament all that

much, except in the form of very watered-down Bible stories for the kids in Sunday

school. Too many embarrassing incidents of swinish behavior on the part of the

Chosen Ones to explain away, things like Elijah sicking the bears on the children who

made fun of his bald head, and Absalom going into his daddy's concubines in the big

rooftop orgy, and Joshua praying to God to stop the sun in its tracks so he could go on

killing.”

“Our own CI people claim that the Israelites were white,” Cody pointed out.

“For all I know, they might have been,” said Emily with a shrug. “I assume you

know enough history to know that today’s Jews aren’t the Jews of the Bible. That

much about CI is certainly correct. Look, Cody, this isn’t real Christianity. This

evangelical horse hockey is to real Christianity what McDonalds’ is to food. It’s

composed of artificial ingredients and theological grease, it’s wrapped up in pretty

paper and cardboard, and then they market the hell out of it and stick little toys in

with the fries. And nobody knows it better than these evangelical preachers. They’re

usually a pretty cynical lot. I doubt if one out of ten of them actually believes any of it.

It’s a matter of which side of their bread is buttered. They’ve found a way to make

money hand over fist that beats the hell out of working, they’ve gotten a taste of the

good life, the money and the prestige and the adoring females in the congregation,

and they know they can’t enjoy it from a wheelchair. That’s why most of them have

shut the hell up about Israel and end times and that bird-brained rapture shit, and the

144,000 Jews running down into a hole in the ground when JEEEE-ZUS comes back

and puts his big toe on the Mount of Olives, yadda yadda yadda. They zipped their lips

about it when it became hazardous to their health. The prospect of a midnight meeting with a guy like Bobby Bells has got most of them singing I Saw The Light.”

“Okay,” said Cody. “Look, curiosity question. Do you mind if I ask exactly what it

is this preacher did to you?”

“What, you don’t believe a guy would hit on me?” she said archly.

“No, I mean, it’s just...”

“Cody, don’t worry about it!” she laughed. “I find it hard to believe myself. I know

I’m ugly as a monkey’s butt, believe me. Sheldon is just one of these compulsive

womanizers who doesn’t care what a girl looks like as long as he gets to rack her up on

his scoreboard. For some reason the evangelical ministry attracts a lot of those, as

opposed to the more mainstream churches, whose ministries attract faggots.

Sheldon’s rap with his female parishioners is as old as the hills. I think every false

prophet from Rasputin to Jimmy Swaggart must have used it. Here, I'll give you a

rundown. God's greatest sacrament is the forgiveness of man's sins, right? I mean,

that's why we worship Him, right? So He won't throw us into an ocean of burning fire

when we die?"

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"Uh, I guess so," said Cody. "I can think of a few better reasons for worshipping

God than naked fear, though."

"Yeah, so can I, but remember now, I'm telling you the official fundamentalist

version."

"I never actually got into all this religion stuff," he admitted.

"Well, you need to know the patter so you can blend in," she said reasonably.

"Now, men and women are all imperfect and sinners, by nature, right?"

"Are we?" asked Cody. "I mean, I know about the doctrine of Original Sin, but it

always struck me as kind of stupid. How can a baby be born sinful?"

"It's a very handy doctrine, because otherwise it would cut way down on the number of sinners who need forgiveness, and that would accordingly cut

down on the

number of preachers needed to save souls and pass the collection plate,” she said

dryly.

“Yeah, but assuming there is a God sitting out there somewhere with a set of rules,

and assuming those rules are more or less what we’ve been told what they are, sin is

still something you have to choose to do. You can’t be held responsible for breaking a

rule if you don’t know it’s against the rules, right?” protested Cody.

“Lord, my man, don’t ever say anything like that in Bible study!” chortled

Nightshade. “They’ll stone you and chase you down the driveway with pitchforks and

torches! You’re committing a sin right there, applying reason and logic to God’s

mysteries. You don’t need reason, boy, you need faith! Remember, with these people,

faith is everything and man’s mind is nothing. According to them, all man’s

accomplishments are nothing. Good works are nothing. Just gotta have faith in

JEEEE-ZUS and you’re in like Flint. And faith means believing whatever some

dumb-ass preacher tells you to believe. How else could anyone talk themselves into

believing the Jews are God's Chosen People? Now listen up. Okay, in theory, your

baptism washes away the Original Sin, but of course since we're all sinners by nature,

we just keep piling it on and we are in constant need of forgiveness and redemption.

Now, if God's mercy is the ultimate prize, then you want as much of it as you can get.

The bigger the sin, the more of that good stuff you get. Who wants just a little speck or

so of divine forgiveness for cheating on your taxes or kicking your dog? If you want to

be forgiven big, you have to sin big. Right? No, quit laughing, I am not making this

up! Therefore little sister, why not come and sin with a holy man of God like me

instead of some impure rock and roll bass player, so you can partake of God's infinite

grace? This guy Sheldon could literally quote chapter and verse as to why I was

supposed to make like Monica Lewinsky and give him a blow job under his desk while

he works on his sermon. He said the presence of the sin of carnality inspired him to

fight it all the more and I would therefore be committing a blessed act by polishing his

knob while he immersed himself in the Word. Swear to God!”

“Huh?” said Cody. “Jeez, the last time I heard language like that it was from the

hookers when I was living down Pioneer Square!”

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“So I’m a hooker now?” she asked.

“No, dammit, that’s not what I meant!” he said in exasperation. He was still stuttering for the words when he saw she was laughing at him.

“You know, I really like meeting a guy my own age who is honest to God embarrassed by the term blow job!” Nightshade told him. “It’s a refreshing change

after those dumb-ass jocks and geeks at Hillside who still seem to be nothing but dirty

little ten year-olds, and those trashed-out scum rockers up on Capitol Hill. With that

air of outraged innocence you will make a great church member! And if it makes you

feel any better, no, I did not accept the man of God’s invitation to witness for Christ

with my mouth. Yeah, those were his words. Evangelical inside joke. I told him, well,

never mind, what I told him would probably shock your tender and gentlemanly ears

even more. That was over a year ago. He'll probably be surprised to see me back."

"Uh...", said Cody, shaking his head. "One thing. If I'm supposed to be your boyfriend now, do I let on that I know about all this holy knob job or whatever.?"

"No, if you want to get on the inside with these people, you need to act—well, not

so much dumb as a little naive and a little lost. The kind of person who wants to be

led. The pastor will be glad to accommodate you. But Sheldon will probably start

fishing around trying to find out if you and I getting it on. Find some casual way to let

him know we're not. If he thinks you're getting some from me where he couldn't, he'll

get jealous and start back-stabbing you, and he won't let you into whatever little club

him and the Zoggies are getting together."

But there was a man in the congregation who had been identified to Cody by

Lieutenant Dortmund as being of more interest to the NVA than the church's

pastor. This was United States Army Captain Jesse Regenthal. Regenthal was a

powerfully built, buzz-cut Alabamian with a little plastic Jesus on the dashboard of

his armored private SUV, who had begun attending the Tabernacle several months

previously, and the Third Section very much wanted to know why, given the risks now

entailed in an American military officer showing his face anywhere outside the

protection of a base. There were a lot of men like Regenthal who were now attending

evangelical and Pentecostal churches throughout western Washington, and it wasn't

religious devotion. There were chapels and church services on post.

After a couple of visits to the Assembly of God, Regenthal wasn't hard for Cody to

get close to, with a few Biblical questions in study group, and a little feigned

hero-worship as he listened to the officer's bragging war stories. To hear him tell it,

Regenthal was a lean, mean, OD green, Ay-rab-killin', Natsie-stompin' machine.

"Gawd, guns, and guts was what made Amurrica!" he would solemnly proclaim. By

special and dramatic permission from the pastor, Regenthal carried a Glock

9-millimeter automatic conspicuously in a belt holster when he attending worship

services. "I normally wouldn't dream of bringing a weapon into the Lord's house,"

Regenthal told Cody solemnly, “But in these times a righteous man has to worry about

being attacked by Satan’s powers and minions at any time. I can tell you, there’s a lot

of them cowardly Natsie bastards hiding under rocks around here that would sure

enough like to put this good old Amurrican country boy six feet under!”

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“I can see why, sir!” replied Cody with an awestruck, slack-jawed grin that would

have done credit to any one of the Brady Bunch. Yeah, and you’re looking at one, you

swaggering ape! Maybe I can make you my notch number two! he thought. As part of

his newfound piety Cody also met Emily’s mother, and in fact more often than not

they attended church as a trio, which gave them even more plausible cover.

Janet Pastras was absolutely enthralled with him. “I’m so glad she’s found a nice

Christian boy like you, all polite and clean-cut, after she almost went to the devil,

when she was running around with that Satanic rock and roll man” said Mrs. Pastras,

hugging him, the odor of a fine Chardonnay mixing with her perfume. “I

always tried

to raise my little girl up to know the Lord and walk in his ways, but she keeps running

around. And look what happened! I tell you, Cody, I have nightmares about my little

girl in the hands of those beasts on that terrible night! Satan's emissaries on earth!"

She shivered.

"Well, ma'am, I think maybe getting captured by the Jerry Rebs might have scared

Emily straight," Cody told her. "I understand that the one that kidnapped her was a

real monster, Conan the Barbarian with machine-gun belts across his chest!" Behind

her mother's back, Emily stuck out her tongue at him.

Cody was surprised to find that Emily lived in a suburban mansion in Bellevue

which was at least as luxurious as the Shipman home, albeit rather disorderly and

seldom vacuumed since the Pastras' last Nicaraguan maid had fled in fear of the NVA.

One day when they were driving to a prayer breakfast without Emily's mother, who

was still in bed with a hangover, Cody mentioned this. "Yeah, my Dad used to have the

biggest Ford dealership on the west coast once,” said Emily. “He was making truck-

loads of money but he always wanted more, and to be honest, Daddy didn’t have

much sense. He got involved in all kinds of stuff with the Russian mob, here in Seattle

and up in Vancouver, smuggling drugs and computer parts, working welfare and

Medicaid scams, and God knows what else. One day when I was ten years old he just

disappeared. They dug him up out of a cranberry bog about a year later. Mom still

can’t deal with it. She has convinced herself that he was on some kind of secret

government mission or something and every now and then she’ll make some remark

about him being martyred for Christ. He was a pretty cool guy, although even when I

was little I knew he was a crook. But he left us well provided for, plenty of insurance

and all kinds of real estate and bank accounts all over town. Plus every now and then

Mom or I will find a pile of hundred dollar bills in some little hole in the wall in this

house, or up in the skylight someplace. It’s kind of like a long Easter Egg hunt.”

“Uh, the Russian mob aren’t really Russian, at least not most of them,” Cody told

her.

“Yeah, I know,” said Emily.

“Looks like we both lost our fathers to the kikes.”

“Oh, how so?” she asked. They pulled up into the church parking lot and Cody

turned off the ignition and sighed.

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“Well, if we’re going to be working together, I suppose you have a right to know

who I am and what the hell I’m doing here. Bells and Farmer Brown know, and I

assume Brigade does as well. I have kind of quirky past, even for a Volunteer. Better

you hear it from me than from somebody else. To start off with, I’m an It Takes A

Village kid.”

“Oh, Jesus!” gasped Emily. “I’m sorry, Cody, I didn’t know. You don’t have to...”

“No, no, it’s not anything I’m ashamed of,” he told her. “I have been told that a lot

of children in my position always blame themselves and have feelings of

guilt, but

that's stupid. It's not like it was my fault or anything. I know who to blame, believe

me. When I was eight years old and we were living down in Centralia, my Dad was

attacked by a nigger and he defended himself."

"Oops!" said Emily with a wry face.

"He defended himself successfully," continued Cody.

"Double oops," said Emily.

"Yeah. Okay, he was drunk, but he wouldn't let himself be murdered like a good

little honky, so he's still in Walla Walla. One of the reasons I joined the NVA is so

some day I can go in with all my comrades and bust him out, or at least get him out

when we win. And then maybe even find my sister, wherever they sent her. I was eight

at the time, like I said, and that was young enough so I could bring a pretty high price

with the adoption bond, as they called it. Normally I would have been sold to some

family of really rich yuppies and would have grown up with the best of everything,

which is one of the excuses they keep coming up with when they try and tell people

how It Takes A Village isn't really so bad for us poor little white trash kids who get

auctioned off to these upper crud assholes. But in my case I really hit the jackpot, in

the sarcastic sense. My bond was taken up by a big Jew lawyer in San Francisco

named Larry Sapirstein and his shiksa trophy wife, Gina. Larry had two daughters by

his first marriage, his Jew wife, another lawyer named Jennifer who was always

hanging around and meddling in the family like some kind of yenta character in a TV

sitcom, but there was no son. He wanted a son and so did Gina, but neither wanted to

go to all the trouble of having their own. Mess up Gina's svelte figure, you know."

"A liberal, a lawyer, and a Jew?" said Emily. "That's a real triple threat."

"Yeah, tell me about it."

"Why the hell did a Jewish family want to adopt a Gentile kid?" asked Emily.

"Jews are the biggest racists around when it comes to their own form of racial purity."

"I know. They even have an old word for it in Ladino, which is one of their little

private languages, the Sephardic equivalent of Yiddish. They call it *limpezia de*

sangre, which means purity of blood. That term comes from medieval Spain, when

Ferdinand and Isabella finally got tired of their bullshit and gave them the boot. A lot

of Jews converted to Catholicism on the surface, but they stayed Jewish in secret and

only intermarried among each others' families, thus maintaining the purity of their

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Jewish blood. I got to learn all this in yeshiva school, believe or not. They're quite

proud of themselves."

"Little blue beanie on your head and all?" she asked.

"You got it. As well as getting properly circumcised in the shul on Sabbath, by a

mohel, who is a rabbi who specializes in cutting pieces of little boys' dicks off. That

was one of the things that Larry specified when he was shopping for a manchild. No

hospital circumcisions. Really great thing to happen to a guy when he's eight years

old, eh? Have some bearded freak cut your dick off, or part of it anyway, in public, in

front of a minyan of ten other men and the rest of the damned congregation.

But to

answer your question, as to why the Sapirsteins wanted me specifically?
Besides my

not being circumcised? Well, for another thing, Gina thought I was cute, kind
of like a

puppy.”

“How much is that doggie in the window?”

“Something like that. As to why Larry wanted me? Pure arrogance. My dad
had

gone to prison for hatecrime, and Larry got this idea that getting a so-called
white

supremacist’s kid and turning him into an Orthodox Jew, and of course a
good liberal

to boot, would be a real ego and power trip. Kind of the ultimate
denazification

course. Revenge for Auschwitz and all that crap. Put the evil racist in prison
for the

rest of his life, and turn his son into one of the Chosen Ones, complete with a
knitted

blue kipa. He always referred to his adopting me as a mitzvah, a righteous act
in the

religious sense. When I understood that he meant it, that he really thought
what had

been done to my family was a good thing and pleasing to God, I think that
was when I

started to understand the terrible evil that is abroad in the world, dressed in clothes

like people. So I got to spend my adolescence in the company of Jews, with the result

that I intend to spend the rest of my life killing them. You can have no idea what a

vileness they are, until you've seen them up close like I have. When you have seen

them that close, you understand why all down through history, eventually every

nation among whom they ever lived has so frantically tried to expel them, to eradicate

them."

"Oh, crikey!" said Emily. "And I thought I had a case of the ass for 'em! Do I even

dare ask what your home life was like?"

Cody sighed. "You mean did they beat me or anything like that? No, no physical

abuse, unless you count that godawful bris." He decided not to mention his

stepsisters' visits to his room in the night for their little private play sessions. That

was something Cody had pretty much decided never to mention aloud to anyone,

unless he were ever to get the opportunity just before he blew Karen and Leah's

brains out. “We were rich even by Jewish standards. I never lacked for anything

material, money or toys or computers. I had my own credit card at age ten. We

traveled a lot. I’m probably one of the few Northwest Volunteers who has actually

been to Israel, which I mostly remember as gaudy hotels with bad food, and Jews

screaming at one another everywhere. Israel is a kind of open-air madhouse, with a

lot of auto accidents on the roadside all the time. And beatings. You always see cops

and soldiers beating Arabs, stopping them, throwing them against walls, kicking them

down on the sidewalk, that kind of stuff. It’s ironic they call us haters. In Israel there

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is this poisonous atmosphere of hate and violence and madness that just seems to

hang in the air like the dust. You choke on it. It’s what you get when you jam a lot of

Jews together in a small space.

“Okay, I was young, and maybe if the Sapirsteins had played it right I might eventually have forgotten about the fact that they were cannibals who had

stolen me

through the destruction of my own family. But they just wouldn't let it go. It was a

really weird power trip and Larry and the girls were hooked on it. They couldn't get

enough of humiliating me and my race. A lot of it was what you would expect, of

course. I got dragged to the San Francisco Holocaust museum at least once a month

the whole time I lived with them. I got to know the ushers and the janitors by their

first names. Most of the time Larry tried to be this big all-wise father figure, when he

wasn't devising all kinds of weird little psycho head games to mess with my mind. I

was his project in life. I was a kind of toy robot or machine he was building, and he

was constantly tinkering. He was just determined he was going to mold me into some

kind of corporate Henry Kissinger rabbi super-freak philosopher statesman who

would elevate Israel above the nations or something.

"He used to take me into his study after dinner and sit me down and go into these

long monologues about ethics and history and Torah and true humanism and

Kabbalah and the Brotherhood of Man and the Symbolic Snake of Judaism and on

and on and on. It was the most boring, arrogant, enraging bullshit you have ever

heard in your life. Are you familiar with the psychiatric term paranoid schizophrenia?

Decayed personality, delusions of persecution, fascination with excrement, so forth

and so on? Well, the Jews have made a whole religion out of a mental illness. With

that plus what I got in yeshiva I could probably pass as a rabbi and argue Talmud,

which I've already had passed up to Third Section. I may end up getting sent to New

York for Operation Applesmash. It was—God, I don't know how to describe it. It was

just hellish. Sometimes I used to get the idea that Jews aren't really people, they're

reptiles of some kind. It was like I was living in a crocodile pit or a serpentarium, with

things always slithering just out of my line of sight. They just feel different from

normal people. The Christian Identity people in the NVA I've met tell me they are of

Satanic creation. I don't know about Satan, but I can believe they are made on some

kind of different blueprint than white people. God, those so-called ethics sessions of

Larry's! I felt like I was drowning, but I couldn't just pretend to listen, I had to ask

questions and sit at his feet and pretend to absorb it all like a sponge. Knowing I was

looking at the man who was benefiting from my father's agony, the man who had

taken me but thrown my sister back in the bargain bin. Gina wasn't really so bad, she

was just completely materialistic and a bubblehead. She liked me and she was nice to

me. But Karen and Leah, and that whole crowd I was forced into? Larry might have

considered me to be his project, but none of the rest of them were buying it. Oh, no. I

always knew that adopted or not, I was not one of them and if things ever went bad

they would turn on me in a heartbeat. I was a shaygets and I was never allowed to

forget it."

"A what?" asked Emily, fascinated.

"A shaygets. It's the male version of shiksa. Look, I can't really tell you what it was

like, and we'd better get inside. Pastor Len might get the idea we're out here

canoodling or something.”

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“Wait, what happened?” asked Emily.

“Well, I found a way to escape, kind of,” said Cody. “You might say it was my first

tickle. I started going to the library a lot, but I couldn’t check out any really subversive

books, because I was a kid and the library had a policy of sending the parents a list of

all the books their children checked out, so they could make sure their progeny

weren’t turning into evil Nazis, or Satanists, or Tridentine Catholics, or falling into

some other unapproved thought. When I was thirteen and old enough to check out

books from the adult section, I rented a private mail box from a chink who didn’t care

how old I was so long as my money was good. I waited until there was a trainee

librarian behind the main desk, I applied for a new card, and I listed a phony parent at

the mailbox, so then I had two cards. That way I could check out what I really wanted

to read. Every week I’d dump my school books in my locker, go to the

library, check

out some politically correct books on my official card and my own choices for the

week on my bootleg card. I'd come home with an armful of things like The Rise and

Fall of the Third Reich, biographies of Martin Luther King, stories about Indians, and

of course all kinds of Jew stuff by Saul Bellow and Philip Roth and so on, you get the

idea. In my book bag, which they'd think were the school books I'd left in my locker, I

had the stuff I really wanted to read, anything I could find about white people and

white history.

"Mostly older stuff, of course. I remember I read once in the Meditations of

Marcus Aurelius a simple sentence: 'If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do

not say it.' I contrasted that with all the so-called ethics in the Talmud and yeshiva

and Larry's evening rants, and I knew that was all the moral law I'd ever need. And it

didn't come from any goddamned Jew rabbi with a beard and a kipa. It came from a

man of my own race. I suddenly understood that the rest of the human race doesn't

need the Jews to lord it over us and tell us right from wrong. We know, and we know a

hell of a lot better than they do. Then when I was sixteen, and something made me

know I was ready, I went to a used bookstore where I knew the guy behind the

counter, and for a hundred dollars I bought an illegal, under-the-counter copy of

Mein Kampf.

“And that was it. I finished the Führer’s book, went to an ATM and maxed out my

cash limit on my card so I’d have some traveling money, then went back to the

Sapirsteins’ for the last time. Larry was sitting in the kitchen having a nosh. He said

hello or something, and I told him ‘Today I am man,’ which in case your Judaic lore

isn’t what it might be, is what I’d said in shul for my bar mitzva. It was time, time for

me to be a man. I went to the drawer and pulled out a carving knife, walked up to him

and said ‘Jared Brock says hello, Jewboy,’ and stabbed him in the gut. He ran through

the house screaming in Yiddish, with the knife sticking out of his belly. I walked out, I

got away, and after many perilous and swashbuckling adventures, here I am

about to

go in there with you and tell those yeggs in there all about how I've been washed in the

blood. So I have. Just not the blood they mean."

Emily giggled. "You know you're not supposed to say anything when you hit," she

reminded him.

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"Yeah, I know. The no conversation rule. Bells explained that to me. I think that

was why Larry was able to react a bit and dodge my thrust, because I took time to run

my mouth and warn him. If I'd kept quiet and just done what I had to do, I might have

made my bones two years ago instead of the other night."

"That was your first?" she asked.

"Yep," he admitted. There was no point in denying it, since she was hanging with

Bobby's crew now and she could find out.

"You did very well," she complimented him.

"Well, thank yuh, ma'am!" he said in a bad John Wayne imitation. "Now I think

we need to get in there and start getting filled with the Spirit.”

She got out of the car, then leaned back in. “And to save you asking, no, I haven’t

actually done the deed yet, just set a few of ‘em up like that night.”

“Does it bother you?” he asked her.

She stopped smiling. “One day I’ll tell you my story. Then you won’t have to ask.”

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III.

“In my capacity as commander in chief of the armed forces, effective immediately, I

hereby direct all American military units and law enforcement agencies in the

Pacific Northwest to halt operations and observe a full ceasefire.”

- President Chelsea Clinton

The air conditioner was on again in the upper room of Mrs. Sweetzer’s shambling

boarding house, and this time it was needed. This July was turning out to be a genuinely hot month in Seattle, in every sense of the word.

The men who were meeting there today were the Political Bureau’s working committee in charge of assembling and briefing the rebel delegation to the Longview

conference. The living room of the small, cheap furnished apartment was crowded,

with several of the participants seated on the formica kitchen table which had been

moved in. In addition to Frank Barrow, Jeff Anderson, Pat Brennan, Red Morehouse,

Joe Dortmunder and Corby Morgan there was Colonel Carter Wingfield from the

newly formed Special Service, Colonel Daniel “Dangerous Dan” McGrew who had

taken over the Third Section from the late Matt Redmond, as well as Fred Schuster

and Andrei Stavrovich Stepanov of the Political Bureau itself.

“Okay, comrades, first order of business,” said Jeff Anderson. “We’ve gotten a list

of who the ZOG delegation to the conference will be. I have to admit, they’ve put

together a high-powered team. The chair of the American delegates will be Walter

Stanhope, the Secretary of State, just like we’d heard. Sitting at his right hand and

looking over his shoulder will be the Secretary of Homeland Security, Howard

Weintraub, who will presumably be there as the official Jewish evil eminence.”

“So we decided to allow Jews at the conference table?” asked Barrow. “I

heard

there was some debate about that in the Army Council.”

“True,” said Stepanov. His English was excellent and only slightly accented. “The

Army Council was against it, basically on the moral grounds that we need to be

shooting Jews, not talking to them. The Political Bureau felt having someone like

Weintraub at the talks might actually speed things up. There is no point in conducting

a conference with the Jewish issue hanging over everything like a fog. Best to bring it

right down onto the table. The enemy has stated that they want Weintraub there, and

we have decided not to oppose it. It would only cause further delays.”

“I doubt they would have allowed this to be a goyim only affair,” said Brennan.

“You know the hebes. They can’t abide the idea that the Gentiles are talking about ‘em

behind their backs.”

“The opposition wasn’t just ideological,” Morehouse told them. “Some of the Council members felt that if we could achieve an Aryan-only conference to discuss an

Aryan- only future for at least one segment of our race, it would be a historic

achievement, a turning point. I could see their reasoning, but was it really practical?

Even as attenuated as the Jewish world power is compared to, say, fifty years ago, it's

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still very much a reality, and it's inherently intertwined with the real-world capitalist

power structure. The Jews and the corporate bigwigs in the smoke-filled boardrooms

who actually run this godawful cluster-fuck of a society are going to have to sign off on

any deal we make anyway, so it's not as if there's any way we could keep them out of

the process. It's time the funny little man came out from behind the curtain, and we

all get a good look at Oz the Great and Powerful. In a way this will in fact be

something of a historic occasion in more ways than one, the first diplomatic and

political assembly brought together to resolve a specific issue wherein the Jews are

acknowledged as a power in their own right, and to which they have sent their own

representative."

"I'm surprised any Jew would even agree to sit at the same table with us,

after

they've spent the past hundred years demonizing and de-humanizing anyone and

everything even mildly to the right of center," said Barrow.

"Until the neo-conservatives came along, and they decided that a bogus

right-wing ideology better served their needs," pointed out Stepanov. "We naturally

tend to think of Jews in our own terms, as left-wing and liberal, or as

neo-conservative rightists. But in fact they have no world view at all other than their

own survival and domination, which is the basis of their entire religion. There is an

old rabbinical saying that the first question to be asked about everything is: 'Is it good

for the Jews?'"

"They never had any reason to sit down with us before," said Morgan. "We weren't

shooting 'em. That's something about a gun pointed at a guy's head that kinder gets

his attention."

"Oh, Mr. Weintraub will definitely be a spoiler," said Anderson. "He's the

neo-con's neo-con. His public comments and speeches make old Jug-Ears himself

look sane and moderate by comparison. The red, white, and blue must wave

over

every Middle Eastern oil field in the name of democracy and civilization. We must be

ready at the drop of a hat to slaughter a million Muslims or a million white people in

Idaho if it's necessary to save one Jewish life in Tel Aviv, and he's made clear in the

relatively short time he's been in office that he doesn't mind getting his hands bloody.

We know that as deputy director of DHS he was personally involved in that horror

they inflicted on Cathy Frost."

"Then he belongs on Third Section's to do list, not at a goddamned conference

table!" snapped Morgan angrily.

"If the talks break bad, I'll let you kill him, John. Who else?" asked Barrow.

Anderson looked at his notes. "The American military will be represented by the

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of staff, Air Force Major General Charles Brubaker, aka

Bomber Brubaker. His military strategic and tactical sense consists of dropping as

much explosives as possible on as many people as possible to make sure you get the

right ones. Brubaker has impeccable neo-con credentials, of course. He

personally

ordered the carpet-bombing raids on Mecca and Medina, thus outraging every Muslim in the world and leading to the Thousand Generations of Jihad fatwa from

the assembled Muslim imams of the world. He also authorized and defended the

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gang-rape of Muslim women in American interrogation facilities to soften up male

relatives believed to have information. They wanted to send Willis Peasley as well, the

director of FATPO, who is a retired Army general, but we did put our foot down with

regards to niggers. This conference is strictly seg. Human beings only.”

“And they went for that?” asked Barrow.

“The official story is now that Peasley himself refused to come because he won’t

negotiate with racist terrorists, and he is supposed to be on the verge of resigning.

Interesting, if true,” commented Morehouse. “It may indicate fissures in the

government over the negotiations and what direction they should take, but it also may

be a convenient fiction to get around the stumbling block of our refusal to

negotiate

with monkoids at Longview. There are no other known blacks or major Hispanic

players in their proposed delegation, and that's also an interesting development.

When it comes to the crunch and serious American interests are involved, de cullud

folk seem to have been relegated to the back of the bus again. Stanhope and Vice

President Fairfax will be taking a lot of flak from the NAACP and Black Congressional

Caucus for not having any nappy heads at the table. They're apparently willing to take

that heat rather than delay the proceedings, which I find fascinating."

"In essence, what they're doing here is throwing a hundred years of so-called equality out the window and tacitly admitting it was hogwash all along! I'm still

astounded they are willing to do that. What the hell are they up to?" muttered

Anderson, his brow furrowed.

"Who else?" asked Barrow.

"You boys will be additionally honored with the presence of Senator Jeanette

Galinsky from California, another Jew," said Anderson. "Also the presumed official

feminist delegate."

“Uh, are we going to be talking about feminism?” asked Barrow, his eyebrows

raised.

“Why, for God’s sake? What the hell does that have to do with ending the war?”

“God knows,” said Anderson with a shrug. “My guess is that Galinsky is there as a

sop to the PC and pervert left. Maybe she’s going to try to delay and confuse things by

demanding that we don’t force women in the Northwest Republic to wear veils.”

“I seen Senator Galinsky on TV,” said Carter Wingfield, a South Carolinian who

looked like a middle-aged, evil Elvis. “She oughta be made to put on a veil before she

comes to the table. God damn, somebody whopped that woman with the ugly stick!”

“It is more likely that she will be there as the personal representative of Hillary

Clinton,” said Stepanov. “She and Mrs. Clinton are very close, politically and personally.”

“I think she holds the Wicked Witch’s watching brief on the proceedings, and will

be reporting to her personally,” agreed Morehouse.

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“Carpet munchers,” said McGrew laconically.

“They are reputed to have had a lesbian relationship in the past, yes,” said

Morehouse fastidiously. “They seem to be more political allies now than anything

else. It will be interesting to see just what contribution Senator Galinsky does make.

She will speak with her mistress’s voice, so we need to listen. Remember, Hillary still

runs the country, or runs the presidency anyway, through her daughter.”

“Hillary herself isn’t coming?” asked Barrow.

“Not that we know of, no,” said Anderson. “Of course, her health is bad, and she’s

getting a little long in the tooth. Living proof that only the good die young, I suppose.

But her absence from the conference is another one of those portents that leaves itself

open to a variety of interpretations. They may not be as united as it seems when it

comes to this peace conference.”

“One thing,” said McGrew. “Threesec has some people on Capitol Hill, of course,

and we’ve gotten some intercepts, e-mails and memos between Hillary Clinton, the

Galinsky woman, and Howard Weintraub, as well as some others in what appears to

be a tight little lefty-Jew clique within the government. Those three especially have

been getting quite chummy over the past few months. In these memos and e-mails

they're speaking Yiddish, and they've been overheard speaking Yiddish in

conversations in the Capitol cafeteria, in the corridors, *et cetera*. Apparently the

Wicked Witch of the West is quite fluent. They're using it as a kind of code between

themselves. They've even made a running joke about it with the other members of

Congress, their staff and government bureaucrats. They call themselves the

Shtick-Talkers, which is a takeoff on the Wind-Talkers, those Navajo Indian radio

operators the Marines used in the South Pacific during World War Two. They claim

none of us evil Nazi-type dudes would ever be able to listen in on them. What I can

foresee happening is that during the conference all kinds of enemy jaw-jacking is

going to be going on behind our backs in a language which isn't exactly an Aryan

forté. Right now Threesec has access to Volunteers or assets who speak over sixty

languages, including Asian and African languages if necessary, since we have veterans

who were in Indonesia or the Philippines or Somalia. But no actual Yiddish speakers,

for obvious reasons. We do however have a number of Germans, including Comrade

Schuster here who can at least make a stab at deciphering it. We need to stick a couple

of our real Jerry Rebs in with you guys, General Barrow.”

“God, I’d rather face a FATPO SWAT team,” said Schuster in disgust. “Yiddish is

based on a very degenerate form of medieval Low German, true, but it’s full of Polish

and Russian and Hebrew words as well as its own slang, they have thrown away any

kind of proper grammar or syntax so it’s just mush, plus there are a number of

Yiddish dialects depending on what godforsaken shtetl in Russia or Poland the

individual Jew’s ancestors came from. All of it filtered through a hundred years on the

Lower East Side. I understand there’s now even an officially recognized Hollywood

dialect. To an educated German-speaker it reads like the writing of an illiterate

moron, and it sounds like the babbling of a drunken baby. I’ll be willing to go

and take

a stab at it, but...”

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“We need you to take over as Political Officer for the German division we will be

forming when we make the jump to NDF, Fred,” said Brennan. “We’ve got our first

three hundred men ear-marked and we’ll be getting them together in a couple of

weeks, probably in the Medford district. We’ve even gotten hold of some old-style

Stahlhelm helmets for them.”

“Frank, we’ve got a Yiddish speaker in Three Brigade,” spoke up Dortmunder.

“We do?” asked Barrow in surprise. “Who?”

“Volunteer Brock. You know, that kid I told you about who was raised by Jews in

Frisco?”

“Raised by Jews, Commandant?” asked Brennan suspiciously. “How the hell did

that happen?”

“It Takes A Village,” replied Dortmunder. “Some kike lawyer was high bidder on

the kid when he was eight.”

“Ah, jayz, the poor bastard!” hissed Brennan.

“We checked him out when he first came in, and he’s legit,” Dortmund.
“He’s

from here originally. They sent his father to Walla Walla and made off with his sister

to God knows where. When he finally hit the road he tried to slaughter his Yiddishe

papa kosher-style with a butcher knife. There’s a hatecrime and attempted murder

warrant out on him down in California.”

“How’d we get him?” inquired Barrow.

“He was one of Father Andy’s kids.”

Brennan kissed his right thumb and crossed himself. “I knew Father Andy, may

his soul rest in peace. If this lad passed muster with Andrew, then sure he’s true blue.”

“And he speaks Yiddish?” asked McGrew.

“He says he does.”

“We’ll need him in the delegation,” decided McGrew. “We’ll make him an aide de

camp or something so he hangs around in the background listening.”

“Uh, there’s a problem with that,” said Dortmund. “He’s under right now. I sent

him and your lady, the lovely Nightshade, into that Assembly of God church over in

Bellevue to latch onto that paratroop Captain Regenthal and see what he's up to. I

understand that's a priority."

"It is," said McGrew. "We need to watch our backs and make sure we don't end up

getting caught with our pants down by some tub-thumping vigilante force who think

they've got to kill a Nazi for Christ. Have they come up with anything?"

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Dortmunder shook his head. "Not yet, but they've only been in there a week or so.

They need time."

"Okay, that's a minor detail," decided Barrow. "Don't shut him down yet. We'll

wait and see how this shapes up and if we still think it's a good idea we can extract

him just before we go to Longview."

"And I want Nightshade back ASAP," said McGrew. "I have something else I need

to get her onto. Let's say another month on this church gig, then we'll have to go at it

from another angle.”

“Noted,” said Barrow. “Any more info on the American negotiators?”

Stepanov spoke. “Brubaker, Weintraub, and Stanhope will form a kind of troika,

as we used to say back in the old country, but they will of course be accompanied by

their own entourage of experts, aides, flunkies, spin doctors, and general nomenklatura flotsam.”

“Does anyone spot the one interesting aspect of that team?” asked Morehouse.

“Every one of those men holds a position in the United States government where the

Northwest Volunteer Army has assassinated his immediate predecessor in office.”

“Maybe that’s one of the reasons why they’ve finally agreed to negotiate,” said

Barrow. “Applesmash and Pigkill made the point good and proper. These bastards in

the United States power structure are starting to understand that they personally are

no longer immune from facing the consequences of their actions. It’s one thing to cut

ten thousand white jobs and hire ten thousand Mexicans, or order some defenseless

little country bombed into rubble by cowards who hide in the sky, or pass a

law that

pays for murdering a million babies with tax dollars, when you can let yourself off

with a bit of genteel brooding by the fire in the study over a snifter of brandy and a

good cigar. It's another thing to commit acts of tyranny when you understand that

tomorrow morning you may step out your front door and a bullet will splatter your

brains all over the wall. Why do you think there's such a shortage of FBI agents these

days, so short that they had to bring in special thugs from FATPO? The FBI never

minded getting a little blood all over their Gucci shoes, until it was their blood. Then

all of a sudden most of their agents seem to have discovered an urgent need for a

career change. I think we've always underestimated just what personal, physical

cowards the people who run the United States are. America gave them this wonderful,

luxurious good life in exchange for their moral blindness and their collusion in the

insane imperial dreams of the neo-cons. These people enjoy the hell out of that good

life, they've gotten soft as butter, and they have no intention whatsoever of

sacrificing

their own lives so that they can't enjoy all those American goodies any more. The

problem with the old Movement always boiled down to the fact that the white man

was a coward, too. As bad as things were for us, life was just too sweet. We had our

color televisions and our air conditioners and our refrigerators full of beer, and so for

generations we refused to do the only thing we knew would actually change things

and give our children a better world. Now we have found our courage. Our hearts are

whole again, while those of our enemies are hollow and empty. And now we have

finally forced them to the table."

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"Now tell me you ain't a politician?" said Wingfield with a laugh.

"Yeah, Frank. You can make an off the cuff speech like that, and you still think

you're not up for these negotiations?" said Morgan with a low chuckle. "I'm looking

forward to hearing you speechify at those sons of bitches all day long."

“What does our negotiating position look like, going in?” Barrow wanted to know.

“Do we have any idea yet what they’re going to be throwing at me?”

Anderson nodded. “We do have a few sources, so yes, we’re starting to get a vague

outline. We’re running into several problems, primary among them being prisoner

release. They’re starting to get hinky on that. As you know, back when they first

approached us last month, we kicked off this whole episode by demanding good faith

prisoner releases, starting with the Old Man. They turned us down flat on him, which

was hardly unexpected, and we have been told from Florence that he understands and

he’s willing to wait. He honestly doesn’t care what happens to him so long as we can

secure the existence of our people and a future for white children. The Feds have so

far released about three hundred Volunteers and other white political prisoners, but

they are balking at giving us not just the Old Man back, but a number of other key

prisoners and some of the more sensitive individuals like Cathy Frost.”

“I’m amazed they let Cathy live at all,” said Barrow. “You would think they would

have made her disappear long ago.”

Morehouse nodded. “I’m surprised as well. She does have a case pending before

the U.N. and the World Court in the Hague, and it finally looks like the international

legal community has screwed up the guts to take on the United States on the issue of

torture. At least the torture of good-looking white women as opposed to dark-skinned

Muslims, whom the Americans have tortured all they wanted to since the days of Abu

Ghraib. Plus our girls at the women’s detention block were able to able to smuggle

those horrible pictures out of Pullman and get them to the European media. She’s

become something of a celebrity, and I guess they figure it would be a little embarrassing if she vanished or ended up dead in her cell.”

“We need to get her out of their hands,” said Barrow decisively. “Truce or not,

she’s always going to be in danger as long as they’ve got her. She’s too potentially

embarrassing. That’s going to be the first demand I lay on ‘em. If can get her away

from those animals and nothing else, I’ll consider this conference a success.”

“What they’ve done is they’ve worked out a series of incremental releases of

our

people by list, with some curves they keep throwing us like deportation of officers or

so-called key terrorists to foreign countries, etc. so they don't come back Home and

re-join the NVA," said Morehouse. "It's supposed to be what they refer to as

performance-based, which means that once the ceasefire goes into effect, the longer

we go without killing anybody, the more prisoners they release. We give in on their

demand A, they release prisoner list A, we give 'em demand B, they release prisoner

list B, you get the idea. The Old Man is supposed to be the ultimate prize, the last one

released once an agreement is signed. They apparently want to keep him completely

the hell out of the whole negotiating process, while we of course will need to demand

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immediate and unmonitored access, telephone conferencing with him, etcetera. So

that's something else you can look forward to a lot of haggling on."

"Okay, but I don't want to get the conference bogged down into a big argument

over nit-picking details on prisoner release,” said Barrow. “Or nit-picking details over

anything. That’s one way the Americans will try to draw the business out forever,

beating one topic to death for weeks and months and then on to another one. We need

to keep our eyes on the prize here and not let them drag us off into a hundred and one

endless digressions. We are there for one reason and one reason only, to get the

United States government the hell out of our country. Let’s get that done and the

details will resolve themselves.”

“I hear the sound of some realpolitik,” said Schuster with a smile. “That is good.”

“I told you you’d get the hang of this quick, Frank,” said Morehouse with a chuckle. “Yes, that’s what they’ll do. Delay, delay, delay.”

“And while they’re delaying we’ll be moving on the ground,” said Wingfield.

“That’s why the SS has been formed. We will be forming action groups and identifying

key targets throughout the Homeland, facilities we need, factories, warehouses of

supplies we need, banks, medical facilities, administrative and political centers, you

name it. We will be taking advantage of the truce to come out in the open and

take over, take out, or help ourselves as need be. While you're down in Longview

talking, the Party will be acting. A lot of your job, General, will be to explain away and

smooth over some of the actions we'll be carrying out. We'll try to keep the shooting to

a minimum, but we have no intention of simply sitting on our thumbs while you guys

bat the breeze. As far as the Army Council is concerned, the establishment of the

Northwest Republic begins right now."

"How long do you want the negotiations to last?" asked Barrow.

"Between one month and two," said Morehouse. "Frankly, there will be so many

truce violations that it will be difficult for either side to keep up the pretense of civility

too much longer than that. Now, there's an old diplomatic trick to moving forward

negotiations when one or both sides really wants a resolution and you're not just

talking to hear your heads roar. You appoint two or three serious subcommittees with

members from both sides, working groups to resolve specific issues with the under-

standing that the main conference will back whatever those working groups decide.

You'll notice I said two or three subcommittees, not ten or twenty. You pick the

stickiest, most serious and legitimate side issues, things like prisoner release and

borders that really do have to be resolved, and you delegate authority to people in

your team to get their heads together with appointees from the other side and solve

them, but you yourself don't get involved. You and your main colleagues keep those

five across the table pinned to their seats, and while your team mates are thrashing

out the details in the subcommittees, you keep the pressure on for the main points."

"And those are?" queried Barrow.

"Three," said Anderson. "Well, two, if you want to consider prisoner release a

subcommittee issue. First and most important, we want the complete withdrawal of

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all American armed forces and administrative personnel from territory designated for

the future Northwest Republic, with a few exceptions we'll list for you, people like

postal workers and forest rangers and people we will need to run the new country.

Secondly, we want the formal cession of authority and recognition of our independence, with a timetable for all of the above. Pin them down on that! None of

this performance-based shit on the main point of withdrawal. The treaty we want will

consist of a piece of paper which recognizes the Northwest American Republic as an

independent nation and sets a firm date measurable in weeks, not months, for the

removal of every American hand with a gun in it. That's all we want from them, all

their gun-toters gone and their recognition of the Homeland as a real live country.

They are going to move heaven and earth to get you off track. You mustn't let them."

"Northwest American Republic?" questioned McGrew. "Why not Northwest Aryan Republic?"

"Because then for years to come we'd have to stop and explain to people what we

mean by Aryan, which will be hard since we seem to be somewhat unsure of that

ourselves," said Morehouse with a sigh. "One thing we learned early on, back when we

were building the Party before the war broke out, is to keep everything as simple as

possible. We want a name for our country that states who we are without having to go

off into a long digression into nineteenth-century racial theory. However, Dan, if you

object, you and anyone else will have a chance to say so and put it to a vote.

Immediately after the American withdrawal we will convene some kind of parliament

or constituent assembly and all of these things will eventually be ratified either by that

assembly or in a nationwide plebiscite. Nothing is written in stone. But right now, we

don't worry about that. We take it one step at a time, and the purpose of this step is to

get ZOG the hell out of here!"

"Okay, now let's get into the nub of it," said Barrow. "Where do we draw the line,

literally? What territory are we asking for?"

"It's like that used car deal we mentioned at the picnic. We start with a talk-down

position," said Morehouse. "We ask for more than we expect to get, listen to their

screams of outrage, and over time we reluctantly let them talk us down to what we

really will accept, kicking and scratching all the way. We start out by asking for the

entire states of Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Montana, Wyoming, and all of California

north of Highway 299. Say from Redding on north. I'd love to bring Mount Shasta

into our country."

"In other words, roughly the part of the country where there has been at least some NVA activity. There has also been armed resistance in Alaska as well as certain

parts of Alberta and British Columbia. I know that's what we'll claim, but they're not

going to give us all that," Barrow told them flatly.

"No. Like I said, it's our talk-down position. We let ourselves be whittled down."

"Whittled down to what?" pressed Barrow. "What exactly is the bare minimum

we'll settle for?"

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"What we will eventually accept is the three core Homeland states of Washington,

Idaho, and Oregon, along with a good chunk of western Montana. This is where the

majority of the NVA units have fought the revolution, but nothing less, Frank,”

warned Brennan.

“Any bits and pieces of Wyoming and California you can wrench away from them

will be great, but we get those three states plus Montana from Missoula on west, or we

go back to war.”

“What about Alaska and western Canada?” Barrow demanded.

Red Morehouse sighed. “Alaska is a problem, and Canada more so,” he said.

“Here is where it starts to get really nasty,” said Brennan grimly.

“Realpolitik is often a very ugly thing, General Barrow,” commented Schuster.

“You’re telling me that we’re going to stab our Canadian comrades in the back?”

snapped Barrow in some disgust.

“It’s not that simple, Frank,” replied Morehouse quietly. “You know that ever since the first days of the Northwest Migration movement we’ve always wanted to

take at least parts of British Columbia and Alberta with us into the Republic. B. C.

especially. That part of our land is simply too beautiful to leave to the wogs. But the

Canadian situation has always been eccentric, at times running parallel with

what's

been going on in the United States, but often developing a life of its own. Canadian

politics and Canadian demographics and Canadian conditions are different from

ours. The Canadian security forces were never as numerous and as powerful as the

American ones, and Canada is a mighty big place, with the result that we have even

been able to establish some secure cross-border field hospitals and refuge facilities in

B. C. In addition to which we have small but very brave and very effective active

service units in Vancouver and Victoria and some other places up there, who have

actually been able to reduce the Chinese and Indian subcontinental population of that

area by several million and bring down rents and property values to the point where

white people can actually live there again. They're some of our best."

"So what's the problem?"

Stepanov took it up. "There won't be any Canadian delegation at Longview. The

Canadian government absolutely refuses to participate in any peace talks or to discuss

any possibility of independence for western Canada. They always did, even back in the

late twentieth century when western Canada had its own non-racial independence

movement. You would think that since the Northwest American Republic is going to

be on their borders, that the Ottawa régime would at least want to be involved in these

negotiations. But they won't even send an observer. We have asked, both through the

Irish intermediaries and the Americans as well, and we have been repeatedly told by

both the American government and also by the international arbitrators that the

Canadian government refuses to have anything to do with any of this, there will be no

Canadian representative at the peace talks, and Canada will not honor any provisions

of whatever agreement we reach as it affects their territory."

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"They haven't been hit anywhere near as hard as the Americans," said Wingfield.

"Maybe we should have been blowing things up and killing politicians and media

people in Ottawa and Toronto as well as in New York and Washington D. C.”

“Well, you know, that’s hardly surprising,” said Barrow. “Historically the Canadian government has always been the most pro-Zionist regime outside of Israel

itself. Their hatecrime laws were always the worst. Worse even than Britain and

Germany, in some ways. The Old Man’s books were banned there as early as the

1990s, and they had laws against even private possession of white dissident literature

twenty years before the United States brought them in. Those suck-ass shabazz goyim

in Ottawa even used to issue Canadian passports to Mossad agents as a matter of

routine.”

“Plus there is a significant element of Jews and American liberals up there who

couldn’t wear Jug-Ears and the neo-cons fled to Canada after the 2004 elections, and

by now they constitute a kind of intelligentsia for the Canadian ruling élite, who were

never exactly brilliant,” put in Schuster. “I suspect this may be that philo-Semitic

liberal ruling elite’s way of cocking a snook at their hapless neo-con cousins south of

the border who have been so badly shredded by the rebellion that they now have to

undergo the humiliation of negotiating with us evil fascists.”

Morehouse nodded. “Yes, but this isn’t just theoretical. This is going to be a real

problem. We have a number of very fine Canadian comrades who have given their

lives for the Republic, and who are going to be angry and devastated if we don’t bring

at least parts of British Columbia and Alberta into our new Homeland. They will feel

terribly betrayed by the NVA, and they will have reason to be. But they have to

understand that we are trying to create a legal and recognized new sovereign nation

here, and for that to happen the Canadian government has to recognize us. We can’t

just strike a deal with the United States and then say ‘Oh, by the by, we’re grabbing

X square miles of Canada as well.’“

“Suppose our Canadian comrades decide that two can play the game of not

recognizing the Longview result, and they refuse to lay down their arms when we tell

them to?” demanded Dortmunder. “I wouldn’t blame them if they did. Is the new

government of the Republic going to back them up if they decide to keep on fighting?

Or pull the rug out from under them so we can get our own piece of the pie?”

Morehouse spread his hands helplessly. “Gentlemen, what can I tell you? This is

one of those volatile variables that you must deal with at the conference and later on

the government of the Republic will have to deal with, and I just plain can’t predict

what approach we’ll take. I agree, it stinks to high heaven. But we can’t afford to

throw away this chance to create a Homeland for all our people, including those

Canadians who can accept the verdict and move down here. We will be asking white

people from all across the world to come here, after all. That’s about the best I can

give you now. Maybe we can somehow figure out some way to force the Canadians to

the table. But we must keep our eyes on the prize and take it if we can.”

“I’ll tell you what we can do,” said Barrow. “You make sure we go in there with a

list of every Canadian racial and political prisoner, NVA or otherwise, being held by

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Ottawa and we make it just plain goddamned non-negotiable that Canadian prisoners

are to be released and handed over to the Republic, and if the Canucks don't want to

send anyone then we will turn the screws on the American delegation to make it

happen. No differentiation between Canadian and American POWS. That much at

least we can do. Dammit, Red, if we're going to stab our own people up north in the

back then we need to at least do that much for them! Not leave them sitting in those

hellholes like Kingston!"

"Agreed," said Morehouse. "And I see no need absolutely to give up hope. You will

know that the Army Council and the Political Bureau have already decided it simply

isn't viable to demand that the Canadians be dragged in and forced to part with

territory. It could bring the whole deal to a halt. But the American delegation won't

know that. So we need for you to emphasize Canada as much as possible, even though

in the final analysis we will allow ourselves to be talked out of it, if that's the only way

to establish the Republic.”

“Another damned face-saver for ZOG, at the expense of thousands of white Canadian NVA comrades and millions of white Canadians?” demanded Barrow angrily.

“I don’t like it any more than you do, Frank, but it has to be this way,” said Morehouse. “Trying to force Canada into the pot is simply too risky. It could be a deal-breaker. The same thing with Alaska. Most of our Alaskan comrades ended up coming down here to fight with active service units in the main Homeland states.

There simply hasn’t been that much NVA activity in Alaska and there wasn’t all that

much Party activity before 10/22 either. What there was up there got mixed in with

that kosher conservative Alaska Independence Party crap. We just don’t have a strong

enough base in the population to demand that Alaska be included in the Republic,

that’s just the way it’s worked out, and the chance that the United States government

is going to give us the largest remaining oil reserves in North America is non-existent.

My own view is to go ahead and concede Alaska at the first opportunity.

They'll

appreciate your not wasting everybody's time. Maybe you can work some kind of

trade-off. We won't mention Alaska in return for the release of Canadian prisoners,

something of that nature."

"Realpolitik," said Schuster again.

"Realpolitik sucks," grunted Barrow.

"It does indeed," said Morehouse. "Welcome to the majors, rookies."

* * *

A few afternoons after the holiday, Mitch Newman had scheduled dress rehearsals

for the three one-act plays that the Hillside High drama class was to perform on

Friday night. "Before we rehearse the plays themselves, I want to go over the costumes for each presentation," he announced. That left Cody up in the catwalks

above the auditorium with nothing much to do for a while, as Mitch and his assistant

director Suzanne examined and made suggestions on each character's outfit, among

the first being Emily in her platypus get-up, which Cody had to say looked frankly

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ridiculous. A few minutes later Cody saw her at the end of the catwalk, wearing shorts

and a T-shirt and minus the duckbill rig, beckoning to him. He went over to her.

“Come on!” she said excitedly. “I’ve got those hacking programs from Doc Doom!

This costume mess will keep Mitch busy for at least twenty minutes, more if he can

find some excuse to lay his hands on Kelly. His office will be unlocked, and we can

crack into his computer!” Cody followed her out into an upstairs corridor, down the

back stairs and into the lower floor where the staff offices were, and within a minute

they were inside Mitch Newman’s cinderblock cubbyhole. The lights were off, and the

teacher’s computer with the plasma screen glowed on his desk.

“What if somebody walks in on us?” asked Cody.

“You’re supposed to be my boyfriend, right? So we came in here to snog,” she said.

“Here, you sit down at the desk, and if I suddenly fall down into your lap and jam my

tongue down your throat, you’ll know the door’s opening behind you.”

“Yeah, well, if that happens don’t get pissed off if I stick my hand under your

bra,”

said Cody. “Have to make it realistic, you know.”

“Why would I wear a bra?” she asked. “Nothing to put in one. Okay, we have to get

to the Hatecrime Hotline website first.”

“Which means we have to log on,” said Cody. He jiggled the mouse. “Okay, I’ve got

the log-in screen.” Emily opened the computer’s CD drive tray and inserted an

unmarked disc which she took from her shoulder bag. “Now how does this work?”

Suddenly the screen changed color and little creatures appeared, dancing and doing

handsprings around the school system’s log-in screen. “What the hell are those?

Leprechauns?” demanded Cody.

“I think they’re supposed to be gremlins,” said Emily. “Look, I’m glad DD is on our

side, but I think he flew away on his own broom a long time ago. Okay, this first disc is

a password cracker. This is a school system computer, so we know that the username

will be _HYPERLINK “<mailto:mnewman@kingschools.edu>. ” Cody typed it in. “That’s standard for all school system employee computers. It’s the password that’s the

problem. We start with the vowels. We'll have to do each letter twice, because the

school's passwords are case sensitive. In the password field, type the letter A, all

caps." Cody did so. A gremlin ran out onto the log-in screen, dropped its tiny pink

trousers and mooned him, but nothing else happened. "Okay, no capital A's. Now type

in a small a." He did so. There suddenly appeared eleven blanks in the password field.

Of these the ninth and the last blank were filled in with the letter small a. "Okay, now

a small e," she directed him. That also brought up two letters, so now they had

_e_e__a_a. "Small i," said Emily. This time the gremlin moon came with a fart.

"I get it," said Cody, typing in o and u, which produced two obscene acts by the

dancing gremlins. "Now the consonants?"

"Yup," she said. "I'll watch the door."

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"I'm snog-ready," Cody assured her. He didn't get a hit until h. "Wait a minute, I

think I know what it is." He typed in a y, an r, and then completed the

password. The

school's website came up. "That's it. It's yetzerhara," said Cody with a grim nod.

"Yessir what? What the hell is that, and how did you know what it was?" asked

Emily in surprise.

"The broadening advantages of a yeshiva education," replied Cody. "Yetzer hara.

It's Hebrew. It means the evil impulse in man that motivates him to sin, which is

ironically appropriate in this situation, don't you think? Our Mr. Newman is a Jew,

alright, and that scratching sound you hear coming from the cosmos is the sound of

his death warrant being signed. Would a Hebrew password be enough for the lieutenant, do you think?"

"Now we're in, let's finish the job," she said. "Besides, I want to know what the

inside of that Hatecrime website looks like. We might find other information in there

that Threesec can use. Go to _ HYPERLINK "<http://www.stopthehate.gov>." Cody did so. The website came up, a streaming American flag in the background over a moving

banner proclaiming "Update – Millions of Dollars in New Rewards for Domestic

Terrorists! Bounties Have Never Been Higher! Serve Your Country And Assure Your

Financial Future Today! Confidentiality Guaranteed!” Cody clicked on the Member

Services button and a log-in screen came up.

“Okay, now what?” he asked. “The password cracker again? We don’t have a username, though.”

“No, this one is a little more complicated,” said Nightshade, removing the first CD

and inserting a second into the drive. The little dancing gremlins vanished. “I’m not a

hundred per cent on the technology, like I told you before, but what it does is it

impersonates an admin log-on, identifies the static IP of this computer, pings the

website, discovers its Universal Resource Locator address, and if there have been any

previous log-ins from this IP address to that URL it replicates the last log-in. If this

computer has never before been used to log into this site, then it will tell us. That still

doesn’t mean that Newman...” A username “Macho Man” suddenly appeared on the

screen, as well as a password.

“Houston, we have a rat,” said Cody.

“What the hell is that password?” asked Emily, mystified. “More Hebrew?”

“Affirmative. Godel hador. It means a mighty avenger of the Jewish people like

the holy Rabbi Loeb of Prague who created the Yossele the Golem, a monster zombie

of clay, and used it to kill all the Gentiles the rabbi didn’t like.”

“Hit enter,” said Emily. He did. A screen flashed up that said Welcome, Macho

Man, and Thank You For Defending America’s Freedom. “We’re in.” She studied it.

“Hey, he’s got files on individual people. Looks like our teach has been a busy little

rodent. Christ, looks like he’s turned in almost fifty people in the past few years!

That’s a nice chunk of change. I wonder how many of them were actually guilty of

anything beyond telling a nigger joke? Or even guilty of that?”

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“You see your friend in there?” asked Cody gently.

“Yes,” she said bitterly. “There he is. Ricky Jenkins. I knew him since the fifth

grade. He came up to me on the playground and gave me his apple from his lunch. All

very cute and adorable in an After School Channel kind of way.”

“What happened? Is he in Walla Walla, or Auburn?” asked Cody.

“He never made it past his first night in King County jail,” said Emily bleakly. “The

multicultural shower scene.”

“I’m sorry, comrade.”

“Thanks. Well, on the upside, Newman doesn’t seem to have interested himself in

either of us. I don’t see our names. I guess he isn’t as good at spotting evil Nazi racists

as he thinks he is. Don’t take time to read it all now, just bring up some files and run a

print on them,” urged. Emily. “We got what we came for, now we need to get the hell

out of Dodge. Then print out his money page, so we can prove he’s been paid for his

informing. There won’t be any problems with getting the CO’s go-ahead, especially

since now we know his username and password and we can access his account from

any properly shielded computer and let him take a good long look at his leisure. Hey,

there’s a familiar name.” She pointed to a file and Cody’s heart almost froze in horror.

The file said Kelly Shipman.

“I’m going to kill him,” Cody choked out as he opened the file and hit print.

“Whether or not Bells gives the okay. I’m going to kill him.”

* * *

The two of them made it back into the auditorium and up onto the catwalk

without anyone noticing their absence, and Cody handled the lights and special

effects for the dress rehearsals of the three one-act plays, including Emily’s Dance of

the Duckbill with soliloquy, for which she once again donned her ridiculous costume.

Cody even earned a passing congratulatory comment on his skills from Mitch

Newman at the wrap-up. As soon as he could, Cody gave Farmer Brown a call on one

of his cell phones. “Hey, Dad,” he said. “I think me and that funny house plant you

know about need a visit to Uncle Bob. We got something to show him.”

“Yeah, well, both of you need come straight home after school,” said Farmer

Brown. “Uncle Bob and some of his friends have another chore for you.”

“Another rock and roll lullabye?” asked Cody eagerly.

“No,” said Brown. “You’re both about to begin you’re modeling career.”

“Huh?”

“When you get here.”

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“Okay,” said Cody. He told Emily, “Come on. We’re about to begin our modeling careers.”

“Our what?” she asked.

“Don’t ask.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t know,” said Cody. The two of them left the auditorium and headed for the parking lot in the press of the other kids. In one of life’s tragic ironies,

Cody Brock was so intent on what he was going to say to his commanding officer to

convince Bells to let them take care of the Mitch Newman situation, that he missed

the very thing he so feared.

He didn’t notice it when Mitch called out as the kids were leaving, “Kelly, once you

get changed, could you stop by my office for a few minutes? There’s something I want

to talk to you about.”

“Sure, Mitch,” Kelly called back. Mmm, she thought to herself, here it comes, I

bet. Kelly wasn't stupid. She knew that this summer school was the last chance

Newman would have to take a crack at her, and she had resigned herself to receiving

and deflecting at least one serious pass from her teacher before the summer school

ended. Why not, after all? Over the past four years most of her other male teachers

and several of the female ones as well had tried, although Kelly had duly and unobtrusively taken note of the fact that almost all of the minority and lesbian teachers who had been at Hillside when she entered it in ninth grade were gone by the

time she graduated, something that she correctly attributed to their fear of the NVA.

Routine sexual harassment was nothing new for her. Newman had made it clear he

was attracted to her, including his hands-on instruction during South Pacific, but so

far it hadn't reached the stage of anything really annoying. If it came down, she'd just

have to handle it. Not the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

"What did you want to see me about, Mitch?" asked Kelly, sweeping into the room

a few minutes later. Today she was wearing a pale cream silk sleeveless blouse, a

brown leather skirt and sandals that drove Newman bonkers, since he had a definite

fetish for dainty white female feet. Newman was sitting at his desk, his computer on,

and he was printing a file off of the Hatecrime Hotline website. In fact, it was the very

same file that Cody and Emily had surreptitiously printed a couple of hours before.

Kelly's file.

"Kelly," said Newman gravely, "Are you aware that some of the remarks you have

made in class and around school have not only crossed the line into unacceptable and

overt racism, but in some cases might be construed as being sympathetic to hatecrime

and domestic terrorism?"

"Huh?" asked Kelly, caught off guard and for a moment not comprehending.

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying you're a filthy little Nazi bitch," said Newman calmly.

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"What?" cried Kelly, suddenly feeling the walls falling in on her. Newman handed

her the file from the Hatecrime Hotline. She saw that he had noted down

twelve

separate incidents, with dates and meticulous documentation. These included inappropriate humor, social exclusion of minorities (there hadn't been room enough

for Cindy Nakamura at the cool girls' table one day in the cafeteria) and several

alleged statements on her part sympathetic to the goals and activities of the

Northwest Volunteer Army. Some of the charges were more or less correct, albeit

taken completely out of context. Others of them Mitch had simply made up out of

whole cloth. She was so stunned she didn't realize until it was too late that Mitch had

slipped behind her and locked the office door. She looked up at him. "This is all lies,

and you know it!" she shouted. "No one will believe you!"

"How many sluts down through the ages have uttered those words, I wonder?"

said Newman, his eyes beginning to roll and twitch. "In today's world I think you will

be amazed what Federal law enforcement will believe. The fact is, Kelly, that I have in

the past made myself sufficiently useful to our government in fighting racism and

domestic terrorism that I can pretty much do whatever the hell I want."

“So I made a few casual comments about things on TV. So what?” cried the girl in

increasing desperation. “This is supposed to be a free country, isn’t it?”

“You can tell it to the judge,” sneered Newman. “Quite literally, before she sends

you to Nevada to get your brain cleansed of all your Nazi filth. No contract at the

studio for you if that happens, little girl. You’ll end up fifty years old and working in

the checkout line at Safeway. If you’re lucky. Or maybe not. It doesn’t have to happen,

Kelly. That file can stay locked in my hard drive. You know what I want, and I don’t

want much, just a little light summer’s dalliance. You give it up, now and any other

time I want it between now and the end of the course, that file disappears, and you go

on to stardom. You stick your little nose in the air and look down at me, and I move

that mouse up an inch, I hit send, and that sound you will hear will be the lovely and

talented Kelly Shipman being flushed down the toilet of life.”

“You let me out of here now!” she shouted at him. “If you don’t I’ll scream, and

while I’m screaming I’ll rip your balls off with my bare hands, you ugly, dirty little

kike!”

Mitch Newman went berserk. His face suddenly transformed into that of a snarling werewolf, and he hurled himself on her. Kelly was young, she was strong, she

was an athlete, and she was brave. She should have had a chance. She didn’t.

Newman’s rage was incandescent and his hairy small musky body was as strong and

as crushing as that of an ape. He got her down on the floor, sitting on top of her, and

grabbed a pair of scissors off the desk. “Save your face, Kelly!” he cackled. “Save your

face, little Nazi bitch Nazi bitch yellow-haired Nazi bitch! Save your pretty blue eyes!

Save your face and give it up to Yehudi, little Nazi shiksa bitch!” The obvious insanity

in his raving gibberish terrified the girl more than any mere physical assault could

have done. Given some time to prepare herself, given any kind of a break, she might

have pulled herself together and made a quick plan, but the sheer suddenness and

horrific violence of it completely shattered her.

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“All right!” she sobbed hysterically. “All right! Just please don’t hurt my face!

Please don’t hurt my eyes!”

From then on, there was only horror.

* * *

After their usual tortuous journey in the Nissan, doubling up and down the streets

and making sure they weren’t being followed, Cody and Nightshade arrived at the safe

house which A Company was using that week. This one was a sumptuous Tudor

mansion in Medina leased to a fictitious third party by an NVA op in a real estate

management company. Cody and Emily immediately asked to see Bobby Bells, and

between them made out a clear and forceful case for termination of Mitch Newman.

The material they had printed off from Newman’s computer was convincing,

especially when they were able to log back into Newman’s Hatecrime Hotline from a

laptop, using the information they had gained from Doctor Doom’s hacking

programs, and show DiBella personally what they were talking about.

“What’s the story on this Kelly Shipman girl?” asked Bells, reading over the file

that Cody had printed out. “In here, Newman’s got her allegedly telling him nigger

jokes, making pro comments on NVA tickles that she saw in the media, including that

one where we had our little contretemps with Nightshade here, and saying that white

people need a country of their own. Number one, why hasn’t he turned her in?

Number two, why haven’t we approached her?”

“I don’t think those entries in that file are accurate, sir,” said Cody crisply. “I know

Kelly Shipman personally, and she hasn’t made any racial statements in my hearing.

So far as I can tell she’s non-political in her thinking and completely focused on her

acting career. She thinks the NVA are terrorists, pretty much believes what she sees

on TV, etcetera. She calls us spuckies, which should tell you where she’s coming

from.”

“Kelly is Hillside High’s resident movie star,” said Emily. “She acted in some T & A

cheerleader movie down in Hollywood last spring and got in the news, and so now

she’s queen bee around school, or was until she graduated. Cody’s mashed on her.”

Cody ignored her. “This man has a history of sexual harassment against white girl

students, Bobby, and if rumor is true, a few Asian girls as well. It seems a solid bet

that he uses threats of denunciation through the government’s Hatecrime Hotline

program to force his targeted victims to submit. Whether he’s a racial Jew or not, and

I think the Hebrew passwords are dead giveaways, he’s been turning people in to the

Feds. The fact that he’s been informing on the wrong people and apparently doing it

for personal gain rather than loyalty to ZOG doesn’t matter. He’s still an informer,

and that put him in our sights. It’s pretty well known around school that the

Hatecrime Hotline is a witch hunt, and that once you’re accused of racism there’s no

defense and no escape without all kind of lawyers, money, denazification, public

humiliation and a permanently blighted future. I’m not surprised that they give in.

These comments of hers may be complete fabrications, or they may be distortions of

casual remarks Kelly may have made in an unguarded moment over the past year or

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so. She graduated from Hillside this year like me, and she's in our drama class, but in

September she's going to college down in Los Angeles, so this will be Newman's last

chance to have at her. My guess is that sometime soon he's going to threaten her with

that file he's building, which at the very least can ruin her career and end any chance

she ever has of being an actress, and demand that she give him sex in exchange for his

silence as to her alleged racial and political indiscretions. Comrade Nightshade's

flippant tone notwithstanding, I do know her, she's a good person even though she's

not racial, and she doesn't deserve to have something like that happen to her. I'd like

to move on this before it does."

Bells nodded. "All right. You've got my okay. Your Mr. Newman just made the hit

parade. Tell you what, I'll let you guys set it up. Be good experience for both of you.

But do not just go out and plug this hebe on your own like cowboys. Even a little

pissant job like this guy can go bad wrong, real quick. You keep me in the loop, and

before you move I want to go over your whole plan, step by step. If I think you need

backup or a driver, I'll assign someone. But you're gonna have to hold off for the

moment. For one thing, you guys are still supposed to be checking out the goings on

at that holy roller tabernacle and bird-dogging that Army captain and that sleazy

preacher, finding out what they're up to. I don't want you doing anything that might

send you on the bounce and screw that up. Brigade and Third Section both want that

at the top of your list. But beyond even that, right now there's other fish to fry.

Something's coming down, and soon. It may impact on our whole scene here. Priority

or not, you may have to skip church tonight and call in sick tomorrow if we still need

you here."

"Nothing going on until choir practice tomorrow. What's up, Lieutenant?" asked

Cody.

"I ain't sure myself," said Bells. "I don't know if you two heard a news broadcast

today, or whether you were too busy down there dancing around like ducks for this rat

bastard kike, when you weren't hacking his computer, but President Clinton's coming

on TV in a little while and she's going to make some big announcement about the

Northwest."

"We've won!" said Cody immediately.

"Don't say that! We don't know that for sure," warned Bells. "The Bushes are

mean, and sometimes they're dumb as a box of rocks, too, which ain't a good combination, but those Clintons got a few screws loose and Bill was a drug addict.

There ain't no telling what those upazzi will do. For all I know Chelsea could be

announcing that she's tripling the rewards for all our heads, or gay marriage is now

mandatory and we all got to find homo life partners to buttfuck, or she's going to

deport every white inhabitant of the Northwest to camps in Nevada like they've

already done with some of those little towns out in the sticks. I mean it, guys, keep

your lips zipped and don't get your hopes up. But I'll tell you this much: we're on alert.

All of us. The whole fucking Northwest Volunteer Army, Homeland-wide. Just got the

word this morning. We are all to stand to with our best weapons and field gear and get

ready for come what may. After a bit I want you two to go out to the garage and Eddie

Hagen will issue you both with rifles and some magazines, and a web belt with some

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necessary things that we've put together. Nightshade, have you been cleared on the

AK-74?"

"Uh, no sir," said Emily. "I can learn fast, though."

"M-16?" asked Bells.

"Yes, sir, I got a course on that weapon from my Third Section control."

"Uh, I should mention that after what happened, I reached out, and I already know your control is Luke Skywalker, so you can say his name around me. We'll give

you a Sixteen. Remind me when we've got the time, and me or Eddie will go over the

Seventy-Four with you. We'll most likely end up using the Kalashnikov as our basic

infantry weapon, since they're not only damned fine guns, they're as cheap and

plentiful as lollipops thanks to our new friend in the Kremlin, Premier

Komarovsky.”

“Yes, sir.”

“For another thing, there’s been some changes at the top in our command roster,”

continued Bells. “We’re getting a visit here later on tonight from the Brigade

Commandant, that is the new one, Joe Dortmunder, whom you’ve met. The old

Commandant, Frank Barrow, is coming along as well, only he’s some kind of general

now. Oh, and I’m a captain, by the way. Apparently we’re going to be bringing some

new guys into the brigade and expanding our companies. Besides that, once the

officers get here, we got something for you two to do while we wait around for Chelsea

to come on the tube.”

“Farmer said something about modeling?” asked Cody curiously.

“Yeah,” said Bells. “You two get to try on your new NVA uniforms. Apparently

we’re all gonna get ‘em, although not for a while, but we get a sneak peek tonight.

Including the latest summer ensemble for the well-dressed female Volunteer, so we

finally get to see Comrade Nightshade wearing a dress.”

“She wears a dress to church,” said Cody. “The experience is overrated, I assure

you. Ow!” he yelped as Emily karate-chopped him in the gut.

When they were in the garage later on, Cody to receive his AK-74 and Nightshade

her M-16, along with magazines and cleaning kits and the web belt, he asked her,

“You want to be the one to do the job on Newman when the time comes? He’d be a

great target to make your bones on.”

“Nah, you can do it,” she said carelessly. “I’ll be the honey trap, and he should go

for it since he already tried once with me and struck out. Don’t worry, Cody, I’m quite

capable of killing someone personally, especially a Jew who has made it clear that he

views me as nothing more than a piece of meat he can handle at will. But I think it will

do you more moral good, plus it will give you notch number two and add to your rep

with the guys around here. Plus mine for being a slinky femme fatale, and I do mean

fatale.”

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“What do you mean, do me more moral good?” asked Cody in puzzlement.

“Oh, call it better karma, a word which would make Pastor Len scream in horror if

he heard me use it. Your reason for killing the son of a bitch is better.”

“Huh?” asked Cody stiffly. “I don’t know what you mean. Newman is a Jew, and

no one needs a reason for killing a Jew. They’re like rats or pigeons. They spread

disease. It’s a social hygiene thing. Newman has to go because he is an enemy of my

race and my nation, and because he is a sexual predator who victimizes and humiliates my racial sisters.”

“Sure, we can take all that as read, and it’s true enough as far as it goes,” said Nightshade. “But you darn well know we’ve both got personal reasons. This isn’t the

Mafia, you know, even if Captain DiBella is Italian. It doesn’t have to be just business.

We’re allowed to get personal. I want that Jew dead just to avenge a personal insult.

You want him dead to protect someone you love.” She turned and pointedly walked

out of the garage and back to the house, her rifle slung over shoulder, before Cody

could say anything, which on quick reflection he decided was a good idea. Kelly was

something he saw no point in discussing, with Emily or anyone else. Yet he wondered

if he were really that obvious. If Emily could see it, surely Kelly herself at least

guessed?

A group of senior NVA officers duly showed up at the safe house later that evening, including not only the newly made General Barrow and Joe Dortmunder, but

Red Morehouse and all their attendant bodyguards. They arrived with several suitcases from which they drew items of apparel. “Volunteer Brock, there’s something

I need to discuss with you,” Barrow told him. “But we’ll wait until after the President

has made her speech. Depending on what she has to say, there may not be any need

for your special services, even at this late date.”

Before Cody could ask what special services he could possibly provide, Morehouse

spoke up. “In the meantime, we would like you and Comrade Nightshade to be the

first to model these, beings as you’re typical young Volunteers of the kind we like to

think of as our standard, so we can get an idea of what they look like, and also General

Barrow gets to try on his officer’s kit, which he will soon be wearing on a

formal

occasion.”

“Ah, what occasion is that, sir?” asked Cody.

“Mmmm.. Just to make sure, ask me again in...” Morehouse looked at his watch.

“Half an hour. Those doodoo birds in D.C. may turn out to have been playing us all

along. I’ll believe it when I hear it. Actually, let’s not even mess around with the

fashion show just yet. It’s almost time. Captain DiBella, I assume that in an upscale

dwelling like this you have a television with cable news?”

“Fifty-inch plasma satellite rig, sir, down in the rec room.”

“Gather everyone in, except one sentry,” commanded Barrow. “We have a bit of

history in the making here, and I want everybody to see it.” Cody was glad neither he

nor Nightshade was chosen for guard duty. DiBella turned on the tube and flipped the

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remote a bit. There were the usual shopping channels, Gilligan’s Island re-runs, old

movies and assorted politically correct programs of various kinds, but every

news

channel and all the networks were carrying coverage of an imminent Presidential

address to the nation. Bells settled on CNN. The first thing they saw was the ebony

face of Paulus Ingram, a well-known network talking head.

“We’re still waiting for the hookup from the Oval Office to begin,” said the

toothsome negro with the three hundred dollar “conk” coiffure to straighten his kinky

hair. It appeared he was addressing a white female talking head, an equally

well-coiffed blonde whose face appeared in the lower right hand of the television

screen The White House was behind her, illuminated in the muggy darkness of a

summer night. “Apropos of what you were saying just a minute ago, Jenny, the

President’s announcement is definitely unexpected. We didn’t get word ourselves

until this morning. CNN has been informed that she and the Vice President, the

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the Director of Homeland Security met with

a delegation of senior legislators from both Houses of Congress this afternoon and

apparently what they had to say took these Congressional VIPs by complete

surprise.

I have heard described to me that their faces leaving the White House were in some

cases angry and in some cases simply baffled. It's also unexpected in that this is

Chelsea Clinton's first separate nationwide address devoted entirely to the subject of

domestic terrorism, outside of what might be considered the standard and obligatory

references and expressions of our national determination to with the war on domestic

terror during her State of the Union addresses. Ms. Clinton has in fact devoted most

of her term to the social agenda which has always been her family's strongest point

when the Clintons have been in office, as opposed to the Bushes who are generally

more prominent in foreign affairs and security issues, although it has to be said that

the current President Clinton has continued the last President Bush's strong line in

the War on Terror to the satisfaction of both parties. She's taken a firm stand on both

Islamic terrorism in the Middle East and throughout the world, and she's been just as

firm on racist terror in the Pacific Northwest. But this President has so far

been

content to leave security issues to the professionals, and in order to further

professionalize the struggle against domestic terrorism, at the beginning of her term

she signed off on the creation of the Federal Anti-Terrorist Police Organization

without hesitation. A notable bipartisan effort which won her a lot of points on both

sides of the aisle.”

“Yes indeed, Paulus,” said Jenny brightly, “That was to be expected in view of the

fact that the FATPO bill received bipartisan backing notably from her mother, former

President Hillary Clinton, in return for the Republicans’ concession regarding the

suspension of the Twenty-Fourth Amendment, which would allow Hillary herself one

more shot at the gold ring and enable her to succeed her own daughter for an

unprecedented third term. That would be one for the books, eh Paulus? But

Washington is a goldfish bowl. Surely we must by now have at least some inkling of

what the President intends to say?”

Ingram replied, “Well, Jenny, there is some speculation that she finally intends to

declare at least three Pacific Northwest states and parts of several others to be in a

state of insurrection against the United States, which is a step that Congressional

conservatives and liberals alike have been calling on her to perform for many years,

and if I may say so, if this is the reason for the President's address tonight, then it's

not before time, Jenny. I simply don't know what else that the level of terrorism and

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racist intimidation which exists in Washington and Oregon and Idaho could possibly

be called, if not an armed insurrection. The official reason that this hasn't been done

is that to do so would concede that the United States has in effect lost control over the

Pacific Northwest and thus hand the terrorists a moral victory, but a lot of people

have never really bought that."

Morehouse shook his head and sighed. "They've already suspended virtually every

Constitutional guarantee that our forefathers had, habeas corpus, the Bill of Rights,

they set up the FISA court for secret wiretaps as early as 1978, for crying out loud

—why should they bother to declare a legal status which existed *de facto* even before

10/22? The Federal government has been doing whatever the hell it wants to do to

white people for years.”

Ingram was babbling on. “I asked about that very issue earlier tonight when I had

NAACP president Jamal Watkins on my show. Kenneth, we seem to have a little time,

can we roll that one clip while we wait for the President to make her appearance?”

The screen flashed to another negroid countenance. He was seated in a plush studio swivel chair. “I would verra much hope dat tonight President Clinton shall

indeed finally take de necessar-ray steps to address de problem ob racist terror in ah

so-ci-eh-tay. De peeples ob dis cuntry hab long awaited some sign dat dose in powuh

ah red-day to make a commitment to human decency and crush, extoimentate, and cut off from de oith dese white racist moiderers who hab defiled...”

Ingram broke in. “Wait, I have been informed that President Clinton has entered

the Oval Office.” The scene suddenly cut to the sad camel-face of Chelsea

Clinton,

wearing a prim tweed suit and seated behind a large mahogany desk in the Oval

Office, American and Israeli flags behind her.

“I doubt that’s actually the Oval Office,” said Morehouse. “Third Section

intelligence tells us she’s afraid to stay in the White House any more, since we keep

shelling it as part of Operation Pigkill. That’s probably some mockup, and she’s really

broadcasting from Camp David or someplace.”

“Why does every American president since Jug-Ears do these things with an Israeli flag in the background?” complained Bells.

“It’s their way of letting us know who really has the power,” chuckled Barrow.

“You know, like opening a fortune cookie and finding a message that says ‘Help, I am

being held prisoner in a fortune cookie factory.’“

“Seriously?” replied Morehouse. “Back during Jug-Ears’ second term, the Pals let

off a really big banger in Jerusalem and splattered a couple of hundred hebes all over

the landscape, so Bush II started displaying the Israeli flag along with the red, white

and blue at White House functions, our brave little partner in the battle

against evil

global terrorism and all that crap, never mind the fact that none of the whole mess

would have happened if it hadn't been for that insane idea of planting a few million

Jews in the middle of hundreds of millions of people who loathe them, and then

giving the same Jews a blank check to go berserk and slaughter Muslims right, left,

and center. The so-called War on Terror didn't begin on September 11th, 2001. It

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began in 1948. Anyway, the tradition of the Israeli flag at all Presidential dog and

pony shows just kind of stuck. Hell, give them an A for honesty."

Chelsea was still staring silently at the camera like a dead fish. Apparently, no one

had told her to start speaking yet. "Does she have the little box on her back this time,

with the earphone so whoever her handler is off camera can tell her what to say?"

asked Dortmunder. "I saw that one campaign speech back during the election, where

it actually came loose and fell out from under her jacket under the floor. And

you

know, it didn't even raise any eyebrows. No one ever believed she spoke for herself

anyway. They might as well morph her face into Hillary's."

"I swear, every time I look at her I feel great," said Emily with a grin. "Because

when I see Chelsea, I know there's one other woman out there uglier than I am."

Something prompted Cody to lean over and whisper in her ear, softly but firmly,

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, comrade. You are not ugly to me, or to any man

here." He felt her jump, but his eyes were on the TV screen as President Chelsea

Clinton began to speak.

"Good evening," she said. "Tonight I wish to speak to the United States of

America, and to the world, about something which I understand and accept will be

very much misunderstood, and which will cause deep feeling throughout the country.

But what I must discuss with you tonight is an idea whose time has come, and it may

well prove to be the beginning of a new era in this nation's long war on terrorism. For

many years during the last century, terrorism was something that was

restricted to

foreign countries, mostly in the Middle East as the result of Muslim refusal to accept

the sudden existence of a Jewish state in their midst where none had been before,

and the Muslim world's subsequent abandonment of all civilized and humane standards of behavior in their effort to drive that Jewish state out of existence. As

both the foremost ally of Israel, and the standard bearer of democracy and enlightenment, it was perhaps inevitable that the United States would be eventually

dragged into that terrorist conflict. Then came the cataclysmic events of September

11th, 2001. Ever since then, the United States has followed a policy of bringing

democracy and freedom directly to the Muslim world, by persuasion and diplomacy

where possible, by compulsory regime change where necessary. It is in the interest of

all of humanity that Islam be required to embrace values and systems of government

which will enable the state of Israel to survive and prosper, and thereby bring about

the ultimate goal of all world history, a Brotherhood of Man. This administration, like

previous ones, has continued this benevolent policy of imposing civilized thoughts

and behaviors on those within the Islamic world who are unwilling to recognize the

need to modernize their faith and bring it into conformity with twenty-first century

human values, specifically rendering Islam inclusive of women, religious and racial

minorities, and those of different sexual orientations. We will not falter in this sacred

trust. Israel is intended by God to be a Light Unto The Nations, and America was

created to be the torchbearer of that light.”

“I thought it had something to do with a tax on tea?” growled Bells.

“Holy moley, she’s laying it on thick,” said somebody behind Cody and Emily, who

were sitting on the couch. “Somebody really glued her lips to Israel’s butt tonight.”

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“But closer to home, tragic events have taken shape,” Chelsea went on. “Our own

country throughout its long history has never been free of the curse of racism, of

intolerance, of hatred and bigotry, of contempt for minorities and women and

gays on

the part of the heterosexual and patriarchal white males who controlled America and

its resources for so long a part of our national existence. Within the past three generations, to our eternal credit, America has begun to step forward, out of the fever

swamp of racial hatred, and into the green and pleasant meadows of brotherhood and

tolerance. Beginning with the civil rights movement, led by the immortal Doctor

Martin Luther King, and continuing on with the anti-Vietnam War movement of the

1960s in which my own beloved parents grew to political and personal maturity.”

“Dammit, woman will you just get on with it?” groaned Bobby Bells.

“No, no, all this waffle may be a good thing,” said Morehouse, watching intensely.

“She may be wrapping a bitter pill for them to swallow in layers of verbal cotton

candy. Or her speechwriter is.”

“It was inevitable that there would be bitter and stubborn resistance to the march

of the new world order,” said Chelsea, changing tone. “Sometimes violent and

criminal resistance by men with closed minds and closed hearts. For many

years

hatecrime was dealt with swiftly and efficiently by law enforcement and the courts,

and many white males paid the price for their refusal to turn their back on the past

and accept the coming of a bright new day of tolerance and diversity where the black

man, the brown man, and women and gays of all colors walked proudly at his side as

his equals and, more often than not, his betters. Up until a certain day in October,

four years and nine months ago, we thought that ordinary criminal procedures were

enough to deal with this cancer of racism and hatred in our society. Unfortunately, we

were wrong. On that October 22nd, evil men who had spent years creating and

perfecting a diabolical criminal conspiracy, elected to use a child custody case

involving the Singer family of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho as an excuse to launch what can

only be termed an insurrection against the United States."

"Oh, shit," said Barrow with a sigh. "Somebody's gotten to her. She's backing out

of it at the last minute. It's martial law!"

Emily leaned over to Cody on the couch and whispered softly, “Thank you, comrade.” Chelsea continued to drone in a monotone. “That insurrection has gone on for almost five years now. It has claimed thousands of lives. This very hallowed and historic home of the nation’s chief executive, from which I address you tonight, has been attacked and damaged, and my own life and the lives of my family have been threatened. Some of my closest political and personal friends and allies have been murdered. The terrorist campaign has destroyed hundreds of millions of dollars worth of both government and private property, and not only in the Northwest. That destruction, combined with the lost revenue and the expense required to enforce the law and maintain security in the Pacific Northwest and now in other parts of the country, is now literally beyond calculation, as I have been informed by the General Accounting Office.”

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“Bingo!” yelled Red Morehouse triumphantly. “The accountants have finally

hoisted the white flag, and the generals and politicians have to follow!”

“Worst of all, the ongoing racial violence in the Pacific Northwest has distracted

this great nation of ours both from America’s civilizing mission in the Muslim world,

and from our domestic agenda of creating a true and inclusive paradise on earth,

insofar as that is humanly possible, based on the ancient Jewish and yet also universal

idea of a Brotherhood of Man. Assessing the developments in the Pacific Northwest

over a lengthy period of time, I have come to the conclusion that if there is any chance

of an immediate cessation of the violence and loss before the end of my term as

President, then I have to investigate and assess it, regardless of my personal feelings

in the matter and the deep-seated repugnance I feel in giving a vicarious legitimacy to

terrorists, bombers, and murderers. But there are times when a leader’s duty to her

country and to human civilization itself demand that she make difficult and

controversial choices. I have never feared controversy. I know that my decision in this

matter will cause alarm, despondency, and suspicion in many quarters. I will tell you

all tonight that these fears are misplaced. When you elected me as your President, you

have given me a sacred trust, and I will never betray that trust. In this crucial time in

our country's history I must ask for your faith in my intentions, your support in this

vital necessary development, and your prayers. I do not like doing this one bit. But if

I can end the horrific violence which has poisoned our national life for so long, and

which threatens to undermine and destroy everything which makes America great,

then it is my duty to make the attempt. I can do no more or less.

"Accordingly, I have today signed and issued two executive orders. In my capacity

as commander in chief of the armed forces, effective immediately, I hereby direct all

American military units and law enforcement agencies in the Pacific Northwest to

halt operations and observe a full ceasefire. I have received a reciprocal commitment

to a full ceasefire from the. . . " Chelsea suddenly stopped and pursed her lips, almost

like she was trying to repress a cough or sneeze.

"Bet she's being prompted from that box thingie," said Dortmunder.

“From the Northwest Volunteer Army, who shall cease all attacks against American military, law enforcement, and civilian personnel from this moment on,”

she concluded, almost spitting out the sentence.

“She couldn’t bring herself to say our name,” said Barrow in disgust.

“That was better than a twenty-one gun salute,” said Morehouse gleefully. “That’s

it, guys. We have just been recognized!”

Chelsea hurried on, apparently anxious to get it over with. “Secondly, I am ordering that beginning on August the first of this year, a conference shall be convened at Longview, Washington, between representatives of the United States

Government and the Northwest Volunteer Army, in order to bring about a negotiated

settlement which shall permanently bring this conflict and its murderous violence to

an end. My fellow Americans, thank you all, and good night.”

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The screen went momentarily blank and then returned to the news studio and the

stunned negroid face of Paulus Ingram. His bubble-lipped jaw was down to his chest.

“Mutha fukka!” he suddenly screamed. “Dat honky bitch done sold our black asses

out! She gone surrender to those racist NVA muthafukkas!” Red Morehouse reached

for the remote and hit the mute button.

“Well, it took her a while, but she said it,” said Red Morehouse into the silent room.

“We beat the bastards,” said Bells in wonder, almost to himself. “We beat the bastards!”

“So why don’t I feel jubilant?” asked Cody, in a daze.

“Because we haven’t won yet, Volunteer Brock,” said Red Morehouse. “Tonight is

arguably the most crucial point in the entire revolution. We may still lose it all. That’s

why I hit the mute on the TV. One of us will have to stay here and monitor the

coverage, because I need to know what’s going on. It’s going to be pandemonium and

I know we’d all like to spend all night watching all those smart-ass media niggers and

Jews and liberals going raving mad on the air, but what you just heard, comrades, is

the starting gun on a race that we can still lose, and to quote a line from the Three

Musketeers, now we must bustle!”

“Okay, uh, define bustling in this context please, sir?” asked Cody.

“The NVA must prepare to launch two major offensives, one military, and one

propaganda. For the first time in five years, we are going to be coming out from

underground, and we must begin to present an attractive yet forceful and

authoritative face to the public. Plus the political offensive that you’ll be involved in

down in Longview, of course.”

“That I will be involved in, sir?” asked Cody in astonishment.

“I need to talk to you later about that, Brock,” said Barrow. “We want you to come

with the NVA peace conference delegation.” Cody’s jaw was down to his knees, but

before he could say anything more, Barrow went on, “That was one reason we brought

these uniforms tonight, to see how you look in one. We need to make sure it fits, and

make any necessary alterations before you step out in front of those television cameras at Longview.”

Cody stared at Emily, who leaned over and whispered, “If there’s a ceasefire that

means they’ll want us to hold off on clipping Mitch Newman.”

“I’m still going to kill him, ceasefire or no ceasefire,” muttered Cody back, sotto

voce.

“Volunteer Brock, could you please step into one of these other rooms and change

into these threads?” asked Dortmunder, handing Cody a stack of clothing and a pair

of spit-shined paratrooper boots. “Those won’t be your actual boots unless you like

the fit. These are eleven wides. What’s your shoe size?”

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“Ten regular, sir,” said Cody.

“Okay, we’ll get you another pair, but you can get into these tonight. Comrade

Nightshade, I’ve laid yours out on the suitcase over there.”

Emily gathered up the clothes and said, “I’ll use the bathroom,” and went in to

change.

“And now Frank gets to try on his brand new general’s togs,” said Morehouse

sweetly, handing Barrow a suitcase.

“Let me guess,” said Barrow. “It’s based on the uniform of a Napoleonic hussar,

and I will carry a saber and wear a big bearskin shako. Or perhaps a German pickelhaube. Why the hell do we need uniforms at all? Why not just a suit and tie?”

“Some will be in suits and ties, yes,” said Morehouse. “But you and some of the

NVA delegation need to wear these because you’re soldiers negotiating an end to a

war, not Rotarians going to church or a business meeting. This isn’t just costumery

like in the old days, Frank. This isn’t a few pathetic Ku Klux Klansmen shuffling down

the street in historically inaccurate, bilious green robes, or a few sad sacks in

home-made costumes pretending to be 1930s SA men. You will be wearing the

military uniform of a country. Our country. It’s a vitally important part of the image

that we want to project during this conference, and this being 21st-century America,

in this media-driven society image may turn out to be more important than anything

else we do. We have finally succeeded in breaking the United States’ credible

monopoly of armed force. We kill people and we get away with it, and now it’s time for

us to strut that stuff. You represent the gun barrel of power, the real power of life and

death, and we want you to look powerful. Clothes do make the man, to some extent.

But by the by, we will also provide several conservative business suits and one set of

formal wear for each man and woman in the delegation. It will be one of your judgment calls to figure out when it's appropriate to wear what."

"You mean I get a tux at Party expense?" demanded Barrow.

"But of course," laughed Dortmunder. "For all the swanky diplomatic cocktail

parties you'll be attending."

"Can you imagine Corby Morgan in a tux?" muttered Barrow. "Right, comrades,

duty calls."

A few moments later Barrow stepped out of the bedroom, modeling his new ensemble with some embarrassment like a high school kid who was headed for the

senior prom and uncomfortable in his first formal outfit. He was wearing a heavy

khaki jacket with brass-buttoned pockets, a brown poplin shirt with black tie, button-down shoulder epaulettes, and military creases, a heavy brown leather belt

carrying his sidearm in a leather flap holster, a polished brown Sam Browne crossbelt,

dark olive green trousers, and polished brown boots with high tops. They

were almost

but not quite jackboots, with a small leather strap and silver buckle at the top rear. On

his head was a green billed cap with a green, white and blue rondel in the center

surrounded by a silver wreath, and on each of his shoulders gleamed a single gold

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general's star. On the side of his right shoulder was an embroidered green, white, and

blue Tricolor flag. On the left collar wing was sewn a black square patch with the

numeral 33 on it. The right collar tab had the letters NDF.

"Where'd you get the boots?" asked Bobby Bells, intrigued.

"Sears and Roebuck," replied Morehouse. "Technically they're called engineer's

boots. They're just for officers. Enlisted men and non-coms will wear standard black

paratrooper boots."

"What's the number thirty-three for, sir?" asked Cody Brock, who had also

emerged from a nearby room wearing the enlisted man's version. In his case he wore

the paratrooper boots, OD green trousers, and a heavy khaki shirt, and instead

of the

billed cap he wore a green wool Alpine ski cap with a chin strap and a sharp, creased

peak, also bearing the green, white and blue Northwest rondel. He also had a 33 on

his collar. “And what does NDF mean?”

“Thirty-three is technically the unit to which both you and General Barrow are

now assigned. What was formerly the Number Three Seattle Brigade is now the third

regiment of the third division,” Morehouse explained. “NDF stands for Northwest

Defense Force, which is what the Northwest Volunteer Army will be re-named as soon

as we think the time is right to make the jump. We are transforming ourselves from

an underground movement based on a cell structure into an open militia which will

eventually become the full-fledged regular army of a sovereign state. Instead of

brigades and companies and assault teams or crews, we now have regiments.

Brigades and sometimes companies have been given regimental numbers as part of

the new org table, which is about as far as it’s gotten so far. Eventually each newly

designated regiment will number three battalions of approximately five hundred men

each, several regiments will be brigaded together into corps, a division will number

about twenty thousand men, so forth and so on. Don't worry about all that stuff

for now."

Dortmunder knocked on the bathroom door. "Comrade? You ready?" Out stepped

Emily Pastras. "And modeling the female version of the Northwest's new summer

look, we have the fetching Miss Nightshade," he announced with a flourish. Emily's

uniform consisted of the same khaki shirt with crossbelt and tabs, with silver

lieutenant's bars instead of a general's stars, but instead of the billed cap there

was a green beret with the rondel, a dark green skirt coming to just below the knee,

and sensible flat shoes. For the sidearm she had an open clip holster with a .38

snub-nose revolver. "Do I have to wear this tie?" she demanded. "Women look

ridiculous wearing men's ties."

"Now you know what we've felt like when we worked in offices over the past

hundred years,” said Morehouse with a smile.

“Can’t I have an open collar, or failing that some kind of scarf or cravat?” she demanded.

“Mmm, I’ll ask around and see what we can come up with by way of a neckerchief,

but we want you ladies looking like soldiers, not Girl Guides,” said Morehouse.

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“Hey, how did she get to be a lieutenant?” demanded Cody in outrage, pointing at

the insignia on Emily’s epaulettes.

“You’re a lieutenant as well, we just didn’t get around to telling you yet, and right

now we’re kind of short on uniforms,” Morehouse assured him. “Virtually every

Volunteer now in the NVA will have the opportunity to become an officer, and with

your nice new shirt and your little silver bars, you’ll get a company of raw recruits

you’re going to have to turn into soldiers, which is going to be interesting since a lot of

our people have no experience whatsoever in the actual military. Plus the fact that

we've got some elements in the NVA who are near as dammit to being outright

gangsters."

"Speaking of which, what does the Army Council plan on doing about O. C. Oglevy

and those wild men in north Idaho?" asked DiBella.

"I'll tell you flat out, I don't think they're going to obey any order to lay down their

arms. They're having too much fun."

"I don't know," admitted Morehouse frankly. "Don't worry about it for the time

being. I agree it's a problem, but we're still going to need those wild men, and we'll

just have to see how it plays out."

"I look like some kind of World War One officer who's about to blow my whistle

and order the lads over the top at dawn," complained Barrow, who had been studying

himself in a full-length mirror in the hall. "I'm surprised they didn't give me a damned

swagger stick!"

"Mmmm, maybe, but I'd say Comrade Brock here looks more like an old SA man

from the days of the beer hall fighting in Weimar Germany," said Dortmunder,

looking him over critically. “Much more nifty and historically apropos image, I’d say.”

Morehouse agreed. “We lucked out on the ski caps. We found a surplus warehouse

in Tacoma with thousands of ‘em. We had to pretty much stick with what we could get

for the uniforms, but there were those who wanted the NDF to look like everything

from spacemen to cowboys to Vikings with horned helmets.”

“Red, did the Army Council absolutely nix swastika armbands?” asked Barrow.

“One would look awfully good on that left sleeve and appease the spirit of Commander Rockwell in his grave.”

“For the purpose of the negotiating teams and any public appearances, yes,”

replied Morehouse. “At least for now. Remember, this is as much a propaganda

exercise as it is diplomatic. We don’t want to really send the Jews into orbit. Plus it’s a

bit of a touchy subject. We’re already starting to get a few mutters from some of our

more, uh, conservative comrades about how this is supposed to be a white American

revolution and not a Nazi beer hall putsch, etc. I know it’s appalling that after five

years of fighting side by side with us, some of our comrades still have these

archaic

and completely meretricious ideas about National Socialism, especially since those

same Nazis have probably saved their lives more than once, but unfortunately we

have to play the cards we're dealt. I know it's frustrating that now National Socialism

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has proven itself once more to be a living force among men and capable of victory, we

still have to cater to this ancient war propaganda and kowtow to this stupid,

brainwashed hatred among the masses against the most ancient and honorable

symbol of the Aryan race, but we're going for the big prize here and we can't afford to

let ourselves get distracted from the main thrust. I'll show you what we were able to

get from them as a concession, though."

Morehouse went to a closet and took out a garment on a coat hanger, encased in

transparent plastic dry cleaner's sheeting. He pulled up the plastic and displayed a

heavy camouflage shirt bearing the same black collar tabs as Barrow's new uniform, a

different camouflage from that used by the Federals. This camo was a darker green

with traces of black and yellow, the fletches and swatches more narrow and largely

parallel to the floor.

“This will be the fatigue uniform for the Northwest Defense Force. The camo pattern is called tiger stripe, and you see that in this, at least, the National Socialist

heritage of our people has been honored.” He pointed to an embroidered

eagle-and-swastika emblem with extended wings which had been sewn into the fabric

just over the buttoned-down right pocket, in the manner of the old uniforms of the

Third Reich. “These are for combat dress only, and you won’t be wearing them at

Longview, but I was able to persuade the Army Council that we needed the swastika

on here at least, as a unifying symbol and rallying point for all the diverse elements, if

you’ll forgive the term, who will be comprising our new military. SS units will have the

same gear except they’ll have SS runes on the right collar tab, instead of NDF.”

“SS?” asked Cody. “We have an SS now? Isn’t that a bit, uh, premature?”

“Form follows function,” replied Morehouse. “We have the function, and

now

we're adding the form. We have reached the point where we need a few elite units to

carry out special operations, and so the Army Council has authorized the creation of a

Special Service. Carter Wingfield is ramrodding the first group right now. I might add

that his boys wore this uniform that you guys are modeling tonight for the first time

when they picked up a batch of newly released NVA prisoners in Millersylvania Park

earlier this month. Hopefully this new SS formation will uphold the proud tradition of

the heroes of old."

"How do I get into this SS?" asked Cody eagerly.

Morehouse chuckled. "Well, right now, I'm not sure. The only individual officer I

know besides Carter who's in it is Lieutenant Bill Vitale. They're hand-picking the

heaviest hitters we've got for his team, and with all due respect, Cody, I don't think

you're quite in that category yet. But don't worry. I suspect we will have more than

enough rough and tumble coming for you to prove your mettle, if that's what you

decide you want. As much as I hate to say it, one way or the other our new country is

probably going to be almost a military dictatorship for the first few years of our

existence. Don't worry, you'll be right at ground zero for history in the making, at

Longview."

"Yes, sir, I meant to ask that. Why, exactly, do you want me to come with you to

Longview?"

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"Joe has explained your personal situation to me, Volunteer Brock," said Barrow.

"He tells me you speak Yiddish. Is that true?"

"Uh, regrettably, sir, I do," said Cody with a sigh. "I was not only taught the language in a classroom for three years, but my It Takes A Village family had Yiddishe

Tages where we spoke nothing else among ourselves or around the house, as well as

Hebrew days."

"Hebrew always looks to me like a cockroach fell into a pot of ink and he staggered

across a sheet of paper trying to escape. Can you actually read those

squiggles?” asked

Barrow.

“Yes, sir,” Cody told him.

“Well, then, it should be obvious why we need you there,” said Red Morehouse.

“We have information that some of the American negotiation team will think it’s cute

to natter among themselves in Jewspeak, and they may be so confident that none of

us can understand them that they slip up and say things that will be of interest to the

delegation of the Republic. We want you to go to Longview with us as an aide-de-

camp or something of the kind. You will stick close to General Barrow, carry his

briefcase, light his cigar, keep your mouth shut, and your ears open.”

“Got it, sir!” said Cody happily.

“What about this ceasefire, sir?” asked Bobby Bells. “How exactly does that work?

We just sit on our asses while they bullshit with each other down in Longview?”

“Hardly,” said Morehouse with a thin smile. “What do you think that Special Service unit is being set up for? While General Barrow and his team are down in

Longview finalizing our independence, the rest of us will be out and about the

Homeland grabbing everything that isn't nailed down. But we have to keep the

gunplay to an absolute minimum. We're going to stage a coup, but it has to be

bloodless."

"All strangling?" asked Bells.

"I like the way you think, Captain DiBella," chuckled Morehouse.

"Someone seems to have neglected to explain the concept of a ceasefire to the

enemy, sir," spoke up Morehouse's bodyguard Dexter from the doorway to the rec

room.

"What?" exclaimed Morehouse.

Dex held out a cell phone. "Commandant Graham from Number Two Seattle

Brigade on the horn for you and for General Barrow," he said. "Immediately after the

President finished her speech, FATPO units all over the city left their barracks and

started going berserk. Looks like they knew what was coming, and they were all

gassed up and ready to go. They're setting fire to buildings, setting up roadblocks

where they stop cars and beat the drivers, occupying malls and public places and

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shaking everybody down, roaring through residential neighborhoods and firing into

people's homes, all kinds of crap like that. They've already killed some people."

Morehouse grabbed the phone. "Yes, Jock?" he said. He listened for several minutes and then he said, quietly but firmly so everyone in the room could hear him.

"I will stand for the Army Council tonight until they can get in touch and be apprised

of the situation. Get your men out on the streets, Commandant, all of them, and hit

FATPO troops wherever you find them. Chase those plague rats back into their

holes, and make sure they stay there until they leave for good under the terms of the

settlement. As of the end of President Clinton's speech tonight, this is now our

country. We will defend it, and we will let everyone see us defending it. America

ended tonight. It's time we let the world know that the boss man is back, and we ain't

putting up with any more shit from uppity niggers! Get out there and cut those bastards down!”

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IV.

“We’ve won. We’re the law now, and we’re gonna be signing the paychecks, so from

now on you do what we tell you.” - Bobby Bells to the police.

Morehouse folded up the phone to cheers and applause from the group around

him, and turned to them. “Bold words,” he said. “Let’s make them good, comrades.”

Barrow spoke up. “That includes Number Three Brigade as well,” he said, quickly

re-assuming his old command. “Our first requirement is intelligence. We need to

know where the Fatties are and what they’re doing.”

“Jock’s got scout cars out and he will be giving me regular reports,” said

Morehouse. “Number One Brigade will handle everything from Bothell on north. The

other two brigades will need to secure the East Side and downtown. The most important thing he mentioned is that this seemingly spontaneous police riot looks

organized. I agree. I don't think it's just some drunken Federal hoodlums out on a

spree. It has a political purpose. Somebody in D. C. must have tipped the FATPO off

as to what was coming down, and apparently they intend to convey their displeasure

to Miss Chelsea by hijacking the peace process. If these Federal goons are allowed to

just run berserk and make it clear to everybody that they are not bound by and will

ignore any ceasefire, then that's the whole Longview conference scuppered right

there, before it even begins. They're trying to strangle the Republic in the cradle. We

have to slap them down, and that's going to be hard, because they're not only better

armed than we are, but there's a hell of a lot more of them. We don't have the

manpower to go storming through Seattle like a Panzer division, but we can move and

strike in the dark and inflict as much damage on the enemy as possible. We can make

it equally clear to a watching world that we consider ourselves to be in a position of

authority now, and we will exert that authority."

"The disparity in numbers is not insurmountable, sir," said Cody stoutly. "I'm no

military strategist, but I remember reading in Clausewitz that successful attack takes

about four times as much in manpower and supplies as defense. Somehow we need to

make them attack us.”

Morehouse smiled at him. “I don’t think this is exactly Waterloo, son, and we sure

as hell don’t have Marshall Blücher coming up on our flanks to pull our chestnuts out

of the fire like Wellington did,” he said with a chuckle. “But I see your point, and I

believe that the maxim still holds true. Defense does still require less, especially when

it’s fought on what’s called interior lines, which is one of the reasons that Israel was

always able to withstand massive attacks from poorly trained, poorly equipped, and

poorly led Arab armies. That and a blank check from the United States, of course.

Okay, let’s see if we can set up some interior lines within the East Side of Seattle,

and work out tactical situations where they walk into our traps.” Morehouse called for

his briefcase from Dex, and he pulled out a map of Seattle. He studied it while he

rubbed his chin. “I think we need to deploy by sectors, to catch the Fatties in

transit

when they move through each sector. The regular NVA companies need to set up

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ambushes on the main streets and approaches to the bridges, to hit the Fatties when

they move through those areas. Let the SS do the actual search and destroy.”

“Okay, and where would the SS be, sir?” asked Bells.

“When we went on nationwide alert early this morning, Colonel Wingfield got his

men together in two action groups, as we’ve temporarily designated them,” said

Morehouse. “One of them is to the south, somewhere down around Lake Tapps. The

second is to the east of here, near Issaquah I believe, and if they’re not already coming

into the city, they will be as soon as I can get hold of Carter. The Issaquah action

group can move into the East Side and give us a hand here.”

“Okay, I think I get you, Red,” said Barrow, looking over Morehouse’s shoulder at

the map. “Captain DiBella, you need to get all your A Company people in here, Sammy

Feet's crew and Charley Wingate. Joe, get on the horn to Sanderson and get C

Company to rendezvous here as well. Oh, and those Russian muscle men whose

names I can never pronounce. I think they were some kind of weight-lifting team back

in the Motherland. We use them for specialty jobs requiring a heavy hand," he

explained to Morehouse.

"We just call them Alex and the Droogs," said Dortmunder "You know, like in

Clockwork Orange?"

"They're definitely ultra-violent," agreed Barrow. "Speaking of things Russian,

where has the Brigade Quartermaster stashed those AK-74s that we were issued from

that big shipload?"

"Here, sir, and also a big cache at the Black Hole of Calcutta, plus smaller stashes

of a few weapons and some ammo with Volunteers at various other places around

town," said Dortmunder.

"Okay, Joe, get D and E Companies to muster at the Black Hole and have the quartermaster tool them up," Barrow ordered. "Break out all the long-arms and

ammo. Also RPGs, grenades, machine guns, LAWS rockets and everything else we've

got. Tell everybody that tonight we get to play with our toys. Anything goes." He took

the map from Morehouse and studied it. "The Fatties will be coming and going into

the East Side in a north-south line from their barracks on Northeast 132nd Street,

plus we'll be dealing with that bunch that took over the main police station in

Redmond a while back, and also from their barracks in Renton. I presume they'll be

using their usual APVs, Strykers and Humvees, but there may be helicopters as well.

Damn, I wish we had some Stingers or SAMs! I'd love to bring down some choppers

tonight! We need to move into these areas as soon as it gets completely dark, here and

here and here." He circled some places on the map. "We set up ambushes on any

overpass or area overlooking the freeways where we can pot at any Feds that go by

and also as many of the exits and on-ramps as we can. Make sure there's at least a

couple of RPGs with all the teams who are assigned to freeway access ramps, because

coming or going, their vehicles will have to slow down and we can hit them.

Any extra

men we have, we lay out ambushes at likely places where FATPOs will pass. We're

going to be spread really thin."

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Do we go out in combat wearing this get-up, sir?" asked Cody, indicating his uniform.

"And me wearing a dress?" asked Emily. "I mean, not that this new outfit isn't just

trés chic and all, but it might be hard to dry-clean if it gets all bloody and full of bullet

holes."

"Uh, no," decided Barrow. "Sorry to deny you kids a historic first, but you need to

wear something a little more practical. You guys go change."

"I'm lucky my clothes are upstairs," Cody told Emily. "I wouldn't want to go running and crawling through the dirt in cut-off jeans."

"You're a remarkably slim youth, not to say girly-boy," she said. "Any chance you

got some long jeans I can borrow? I don't want to skin my knobby knees, beautiful as

they may be in the eye of some beholders."

“Sure,” said Cody. When they came back down they were both wearing jeans,

running shoes, and long-sleeved winter lumberjack shirts Cody had dug out of his

limited wardrobe. “It may get chilly out there tonight,” he had explained when he

handed Emily the shirt and a pullover sweater.

“You two go out and see Eddie in the garage,” ordered Bells. “Since it looks like

we’re gonna have a real blow-out tonight, he’s got some more stuff for you.” They

buckled on their field belts they had already received from Hagen that afternoon. In

addition to his canteen, Cody had four 35-round magazines for his AK-74 in canvas

pouches, and several twenty-round magazines as well, manufactured especially for

the Russian assault rifle by an NVA quartermaster. He also carried the Makarov pistol

in a holster and several extra clips for it in his shirt pocket. Nightshade had almost

400 rounds for her M-16 in similar pouches. They went out to the garage where Eddie

Hagen, who was acting quartermaster since the previous man had been arrested, had

pushed several folding tables together to serve as an armory bench.

“Here,” he told them, handing them two wool balaclavas. “The boss says that despite all this truce shit we might as well stick to procedure. You may get into a sitch

out there tonight where you two don’t want to get recognized. Put ‘em on your heads

and you can pull them down if you think you need to. Secondly, everybody gets two of

these beauties.” He stooped to a case on the floor and handed them two hand

grenades apiece, U.S. Army military issue in cylindrical cases of heavy cardboard with

a metal clip on the side. “These cardboard carrying canisters clip onto your web belt

like this,” Hagen said, showing them how to wear them. “If you want to use one,

just pull the top off the canister and pull it out with a firm grip on the detonating

mechanism. Do not be a dumb-ass and try to tug them out of the canister by the ring

on the pin. Once you pull the pin, throw the damned thing immediately. None of this

popping the spoon and counting to three and a half shit. Always carry them one to

each side, or behind you on your hip. These things should be safe until you pull the

pins, but you still don’t want to be crawling around in the prone position with them

under your body. A final word of advice: you guys be sure to fill those canteens,”

Hagen told them. “You may think you won’t need water in the middle of a city. That’s

what we thought in Tehran. Take my word for it, fill the canteens.”

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By this time other Volunteers from A and C Companies were beginning to arrive,

including a group of four huge, square-built, muscle-bound men with bullet heads

who were muttering among themselves in Russian. Hagen leaned out of the garage

and yelled at them, “Hey, tovarich! Come here. I got something for you guys.” When

the four of them crowded into the garage Hagen plunked down one of the company’s

three carefully-hoarded belt-fed light machine guns. “You guys are from Mother

Russia, right? Did you ever use one of these?” he asked.

“Sure,” said one of the Russians. “Is PKM. I carry one in Chechnya. Is good gun.”

“Okay, well, I’ll give you this one. What’s your name?”

“Ivan Ivanovich,” said the Russian in a deep, melodious voice.

“I hadda ask. Okay, I don’t know if there’s supposed to be a spare barrel for this

weapon. I don’t have a manual, at least not one I can read. We didn’t get a spare with

it, if there is one, so be careful not to overheat it.”

“No extra barrel,” said Ivan. “Barrel of PKM is line with titanium alloy, so weapon

does not overheat unless soldier play silly buggers and fire thousand-round belt all at

once no pause. Few seconds between bursts keep cool enough so gun keep on shoot.

You have calibration key?”

“It’s taped to the butt,” said Hagen, pointing.

“Is good gun but every ten, twelve thousand rounds must re-set firing pin gap. You

have belts and assault boxes?”

“Right here,” said Hagen, hoisting a couple of light metal boxes up into the table.

“250-round boxes plus here’s a stack of 100-round belts. We asked some of our

sources to get us these PKMs specifically because M-60s were getting hard to come

by, and these weapons chamber 7.62 NATO rounds, which is ammunition we can get

easily.”

Ivanovich hoisted the weapon expertly, dropped the strap over his left shoulder,

pulled back and locked the bolt, and clipped on the assault box. He drew forth the tip

of the belt, hooked it into place, and released the bolt. “Karasho. We go kill gendarmes

now.”

Cody spoke up curiously. “Uh, comrade, if you don’t mind my asking, someone

said you guys were part of a weight-lifting team back in Russia?” Ivanovich spoke

briefly to the others in Russian and they laughed.

“Not weight-lift,” he explained. “Wrestling. We come to America to do

professional wrestle for WWU. Two tag teams. My brother Boris, who is this man,

along with myself, we are the Crazy Cossacks. Anton Semyonevich and Grigori

Pavelovich are the Russian Bear and Rasputin, Mad Monk, because he have beard.

We stay to make revolution against Jews. Is only fair, since Jews make revolution

against Russia in 1917.”

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“Hey, who says all immigration is bad?” asked Hagen.

Cody and Emily went back inside to the rec room where the television was still on,

monitoring the news broadcasts. “How’s everyone taking the President’s announcement, sir?” he asked Joe Dortmunder.

“The talking heads are screaming to high heaven,” replied Dortmunder. “Chelsea

really pissed in the punch bowl. It didn’t do the poor woman much good to wrap the

pill in all that waffle. The media élite knows surrender when they see it, or think they

see it.”

He turned up the volume. A CBS news anchor, a white man with a reputation for

sterling political correctness, was almost spluttering in outrage. He was speaking to a

panel of equally appalled liberals, blacks, and Jews. “There simply isn’t any way that

this astounding development tonight can be regarded as anything other than giving in

to terrorism!” he ranted. “Not just giving in to terrorism, but actually... I mean, what

agenda is the President going in there with? What in God’s name does she think is

going to be discussed at any such conference? The NVA will be demanding

that we sit

back and allow them to carve off a big chunk of the United States of America to form some bizarre Fourth Reich ruled by some cartoonish super-villain as Führer

or whatever the hell. I know the President will deny that there is any chance of that

happening and it's just being done to stop the violence, but the mere fact that such a

meeting could take place and such a thing even be discussed, well, words just fail me!"

They continued to fail him for another five minutes, until Dortmunder got bored and

changed the channel. The screen now showed several burning buildings in downtown

Seattle. The voiceover was a woman. "The office of the governor of Washington State,

and the Director of Public Safety for Seattle, have confirmed that a number of officers

of the Federal Anti-Terrorist Police Organization seem to have gone on a kind of

vandalism and violence spree which is believed to have resulted in several deaths

and a number of injuries. This is apparently a spontaneous protest on the part of the

officers against the President's startling speech tonight wherein she stated that she

was ordering the FATPO and all other United States military and law enforcement

bodies to cease offensive operations against domestic terrorism in the Pacific

Northwest, as a prelude to what appears to be some kind of peace conference

scheduled to begin in Longview, Washington on August 1st, at which the outlawed

Northwest Volunteer Army will be a participant.”

A dazed Seattle police chief appeared on the screen at some kind of hastily

organized press conference. “Yes, there has been extensive damage to property,

including some arson, and there has been a lot of reported violence against citizens,

and yes, it does appear to be carried out by Federal law enforcement officers. There is

simply not much that the Seattle Police Department can do, in view of the fact that

under the Patriot Act these people’s Federal mandate overrides our purely local

jurisdiction. About all we can do is advise people to stay off the streets and hope that

the Federal authorities will re-establish control over what I am sure is a very small

minority of FATPO officers who are committing these acts. I can understand why

they’re upset, in view of the President’s speech tonight...”

“Beautiful!” said Dortmunder with a grin. “The so-called real cops are sitting on

their hands trembling in terror, while a bunch of crazed niggers and Mexicans with

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American guns go berserk and slaughter and burn at will! If we can stop them tonight,

or at least fight them, then we can start making a moral claim to run the country!”

“Is it happening anywhere else, Joe?” asked Red Morehouse, sticking his head in

the door.

“No sir, so far it’s just Seattle,” replied Dortmunder.

“Hmm... so it seems none of the other Fattie units are so indisciplined as ours, eh?

Yeah, this is looking for and more like it’s a political demonstration.” One of the

television station’s camera crews had worked up enough courage to approach one of

the prowling FATPO trucks, and a screaming negroid face suddenly appeared on the

screen.

“We sendin’ out a message to Miss Chelsea Clinton and de Congress and every

goddamned muthafukkin' white supremacist piece ob shit in de Northwest!" the FATPO

raged. "Dey ain't gone be no goddamned treaty with dese racist sons ob bitches, and

they ain't gone be no goddamned meeting in Longview or anywhere else! Every day

we put our black and brown butts on the line out here fo' dis gubmint, and we come

back every night with dead bodies, and you fink we gone put up wid dis shit? Chelsea

fink she gone give dese muthafukkas three states! Bullshit! She gone gib the black

folks six or seven states in the South foist, and she gone gib us forty acres and a mule

while she at it! I am telling all you muthafukkas now." Dortmund muted the set.

By now there were more Volunteers in the house than Cody had ever seen in one

place, almost seventy people. The house was crowded and there was inevitably some

spillage onto the lawn. "Uh, sir, I think the neighbors are starting to notice all this

activity around the house," Bells reported to Barrow. "I've seen a number of them in

the houses on the right and left and also across the street, peeping out the windows.

Suppose they call the cops?”

“Well, we probably would have had to abandon this safe house anyway after tonight,” decided Barrow. “Let’s go out with panache.”

Barrow went to a closet and took out a long wooden flagpole from which he unfurled a blue, white and green Northwest Tricolor flag. He walked right out of the

front of the house and stuck the flag into the bracket on the porch which had in the

past been used by various owners and tenants of the mansion to display the American

flag and also the silly seasonal yuppie flags with pumpkins for Halloween, bunnies for

Easter, etc. Many of the armed Volunteers followed Barrow out of the house and

raised a cheer as the Tricolor hung and then billowed in the light warm breeze,

hoisting their Kalashnikovs in the air and firing a few shots in salute to the flag of the

new nation.

“Cease fire, you guys!” yelled Bobby Bells. “What the hell do you think you’re

doing?”

“Hey, Captain, there’s a truce on, remember?” Barrow quipped. “We don’t have to

worry about offensive operations from the enemy.”

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As if in mocking answer there was a burst of small arms and automatic weapons

fire in the distance. “That’s been going on for a while, sir,” commented Bells. “Sounds

like it’s coming from up around 148th Street.”

“Well, the neighbors need to get used to the sound of gunfire and the flag,” said

Barrow. “They will be seeing and hearing a lot more of both. As to calling the police,

from what I see on the news, I think the boys in blue will have other things to do

tonight than come out here.”

A Volunteer came up to them on the lawn. “Sirs, Colonel Morehouse asks if you

could step inside, please? Something’s come up.”

Inside, Morehouse told them “We just heard that the Fatties have taken over the

Eastgate shopping mall in Bellevue. They apparently have taken a number of people

hostage and are abusing them in various ways, making them dance by shooting at

their feet like drunken cowboys, maybe working themselves up to murder them. We

can't wait for the SS. We need to get some people over there and see what we can do."

"I'll go, sir," said Bells.

"Very good, Captain. Pick a team and see what the hell is going on over there. If

you can put the kibosh on the situation without getting wiped out yourself, do it. I will

give you the cell number of one of Jock Graham's kids who is at the mall now, hiding

and observing the situation. He's got his phone on vibrate so you can call him without

the phone ringing and tipping the enemy. Ironical, isn't it? You get to open the above-

ground phase of the Northwest Revolution by defending the ultimate Amurrican

temple of Mammon, a shopping mall."

Bells took his own personal crew with him. This consisted of Cody, Nightshade,

Jumping Jack Flash, Thumper, Eddie Hagen, Farmer Brown, and seven other

Volunteers from A Company. He also took the four Russians, along with the PKM

machine gun and several thousand rounds of ammunition. He described the situation

they would be going into to them in the kitchen. “Sir, I used to work at the Eastgate Mall,” spoke up Jumping Jack Flash. “At the Rule Britannia Fish and Chips.

Our nosh came frozen in packets, the potatoes were from Idaho and the fish were

from some company in Japan, but they still wanted that English accent up front. The

trouble is, I had to pretend I was a Cockney. You Yanks have been watching too much

BBC. Someone needs to tell you that not everyone in the U.K. was born within the

sound of Bow Bells or on Coronation Street. Anyway, there is an employee’s entrance

at the very back of the mall, in the sub-level parking, which I doubt the Fatties know

about and which I’m pretty sure we could use to gain entry, depending on how

many sentries the enemy has posted.”

“What about the mall security cameras?” asked Bells.

“This door and staircase aren’t covered by the cameras for some reason, sir,”

replied the Englishman. “Don’t know why. Perhaps the contractors who built the

place cut some corners on equipment. It was an open secret among the employees

that when one came in late or wanted to slip out early or go and smoke

something,

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that was the entrance and exit to use. There's a staircase inside and it should get us up

onto the mezzanine level of the mall, where we can get a dekko at the situation."

"Okay, you come with me in the Caddy and show me where. Also Cody and Nightshade." Rapidly Bells assigned other vehicles. They took several cars and a

pickup truck with four Kalashnikov-toting Volunteers in the back, a Tricolor flag

flying defiantly from the truck.

The mall was only a few minutes away from the NVA base house in Medina. They

drove carefully and slowly through the back streets in the gathering twilight gloom, on

the lookout for any Federal presence or anything that might indicate an ambushade.

Several passing motorists saw the truck with the Tricolor and the armed men in the

back, and turned away in flight with screeching tires. The Volunteers made it to

Eastgate mall and into the lowest ground-level parking area without running into any

FATPO patrols, although as they came in they could see the Federals' armored trucks

and Humvees pulled up in a circle around the mall's main entrance. "That door to the

employees' back stairs is just behind a concrete column," said Jack. They pulled

around the corner and ran headlong into a Bellevue police cruiser, sitting parked, its

blue lights silently flashing. "Bloody hell!" exclaimed Jack. "It's the Old Bill!"

Two cops were sitting in the car and they got out quickly, hands on their pistols. Bells

braked the vehicle and said, "Get out of the car, slowly. Don't pull down on them,

don't do nothing until I say or they do something first." He opened his door and

stepped out, his glowing White Owl clenched in his teeth.

"Shit! That's Bobby Bells!" Cody heard one of the cops gasp to another.

"The name is DiBella, actually," called Bells. "Keep 'em in the holster, guys. I just

want a word, okay?" The two policemen had already taken in the cars behind the

caddy and they saw the Volunteers jumping out of the back of the pickup with their

AKs, and the four large men getting out of their van with the machine gun. Bells asked

them, “What the hell are you guys doing skulking out here? There’s people you’re

supposed to serve and protect getting hurt inside.”

“Yeah, and about fifty crazy niggers and spics with machine guns,” said the older

of the cops. “We called for backup an hour ago. Nobody came.”

“We came,” said Bells. “You guys hear the President tonight?”

“We heard,” said the older cop.

“Then you know what it means,” DiBella told them. “It ain’t all settled yet, that’s

gonna have to wait for the big sitdown in Longview, but tonight the President of the

United States raised the white flag. We’ve won. We’re the law now, and we’re gonna

be signing the paychecks, so from now on you do what we tell you. Right now it means

that we also get to go in there and do your jobs for you. As of tonight those Federal

goons in there showing their butts aren’t law enforcement officers any more. They’re

the criminals now. Hell, they always were. You want to sit this one out, fine by me. But

I want your word that you will do for us what you’ve been doing for the Fatties for the

past hour. Nothing. Come on, guys, it’s almost over and you’ve almost made

it. Don't

pick tonight of all nights to end up on a slab."

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The two cops looked at one another. The older man threw up his hands. "Sure,

knock yourselves out," he said. Bells turned away from them, already forgotten, and

dialed the cell phone.

"We're down at the door, but it's locked," he told the person on the other end.

"You gotta come down and let us in. Can you make it without being seen?"

One of the policemen stepped forward. "This is our beat, so we have a master key,"

he said. He pulled a ring of keys off his belt and opened the steel door. It gave into a

staircase.

"Never mind, we're in," said Bells into his phone. "Meet us at the top of the stairs.

What are you wearing? McDonalds? Well, you deserve a break today, so we'll try and

not shoot you."

The two cops were talking among themselves. The older man said, "Hey, Bells,

mind if we tag along? I mean, it is supposed to be our job, right?”

“Yeah, sure, the more the merrier,” DiBella replied. The cops opened their trunk

and pulled out flak vests and shotguns, and a grenade launcher with several tear gas

rounds. “CS gas,” one of them said. “It might come in handy.”

“I think it’s gonna take more than gas,” said DiBella, jerking his cigar towards the

door. “It sounds like Soul Train on a bad night in there.” Through the open door the

Volunteers could hear a cacophony of noise, including several gunshots, a blaring

gangsta rap song, and the raving sound of drunken negroid voices. The Volunteers

and their police escort climbed the stairs slowly in a line, their gun muzzles pointed

upward to cover the staircase. The Russians brought up the rear, Ivan Ivanovich

hefting the machine gun and the other three toting AK-74s and an extra assault box of

ammo for the PKM apiece. One of the cops looked at Emily in sudden surprise. “Hey,

you’re a girl!” he said.

Emily turned to Cody. “See! I told you!”

Just inside the upstairs door a teen-aged boy with blond hair in a slightly long

and

unkempt cut appeared. He was wearing a brown and yellow service shirt and a paper

McDonald's hat. "Hi, guys! I'm Ted from B Company, Number Two Brigade. You the

famous Bobby Bells?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm the famous fuckin' Bells, Volunteer," said DiBella in an irritated voice.

"Jesus, with all that racket we don't even need to whisper! What the hell is going on

up there? How many of them are there? And why the hell did they come here in the

first place?"

"There's about fifty of them, near as I can count," said Ted. "The reason they came

in here was that WKPR-FM radio was doing a live radio broadcast from the main

floor, in front of Dorfmann's Menswear, some advertising thing. They took over the

show. They're making the disc jockey spin hate-whitey rap songs and funky monkey

music, and in between they get on the mike and rant and rave, babbling about how

there will be no treaty in Longview, no surrender to wicked racism, dey gone kill all us

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racist honky muthafukkas, hey NVA here we is why don't you come out and get you

pale asses capped, you get the idea. They've got about twenty white people hostage,

and they say if anybody at the radio station cuts them off the air they're going to start

killing people. They keep wandering around stealing and breaking stuff, and going in

and out, so there could be a Fattie anywhere. They grabbed a bunch of people including the radio crew, and they're holding them hostage, beating on them. I think

they've raped some women. General negritude."

"Any of 'em up on the mezzanine level?" asked Bells.

"Not at the moment, no," said Ted. "When they first came storming in, they went

up there and smashed up some stuff, shot out windows, looted the boutiques and

jewelry stores, and generally made a mess. Plus they cleaned out all the fried chicken

and the Taco Bell, and they made me give them all the burgers we had up. Now they're

all back down on the main floor again. That's where the booze is. The Rite Aid has a

beer and wine cooler, and they've gotten into that and helped themselves, so they're

all drunk and partying now. There's a bunch of customers trapped in places around

the mall, including about a dozen people in the food court where this staircase comes

out, hiding behind the counters, and they'll panic and start running around and get in

the line of fire if you're not careful, plus the hostages."

"Okay, now the million-dollar question. What about the security cameras?"

demanded Bells.

"The whole place is crawling with them," said the kid. "They pan everywhere. I got

here by watching the camera in the food court and waiting until it was panning the

other way. This door is a blind spot."

"Yeah, we got a guy that used to work here who told us that," affirmed Bells. "Used

to dish up the fish at the Rule Britannia."

"Yuk!" said Ted, "I'd prefer Mickey D's to that grease trap!"

"So would I, old chap," spoke up Jack Flash from behind them.

Ted chuckled. "Well, getting back to the cameras, the minute you step out the door

you'll be visible to whoever is in the security control room, unless you stay

one step

ahead of their sweep like I did, but that was just a few short steps from behind the

counter at Mickey D's to over here, and I was able to dodge it. It's impossible for a

bunch of guys like this to go unnoticed to whoever is watching the monitors."

"Do we know who's in the control room?" asked Bells in a worried voice.

"Maybe the regular security guys, Glenn and Randy, and maybe the Fatties," said

Ted. "I didn't see if any of them went in there or not. I was too busy hiding under the

bun rack from those apes. We got one bit of luck, in that the control room is up here

on the second floor. It's down a little hallway across the food court from here, just past

the rest rooms."

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"Okay, let's sneak a peek," said Bells. He opened the door a short crack out onto

the mezzanine floor of the shopping mall carefully. In the glittering neon and fluorescent light he could see the wide expanse of the mall's food court with all its

junk food restaurants, Chinese and fish and chips, McDonald's and

vegetarian, sub

sandwiches and fried chicken. The tables and chairs weren't affixed to the floor in this

food court, so they had been smashed and upended, and the floor was covered with

trays and the remnants of meals, hamburgers and salads and all kinds of goo. Bells

and Cody could see about a dozen white customers cowering behind the tables and

under the counters.

The racket from the main floor of the mall was thunderous. "We gotta check out

that control room and make sure no one is going to warn them," decided Bells. "I need

a couple of droogs. Pass it down, Anton and Grigori, get up here!" The two huge

Russians climbed the stairs to the top landing, slipping past the rest as they waited

along the staircase. "You guys peep out here and take a look at that security camera.

You see it? See how it's going back and forth?"

"Da," said one of them. "I see it."

"You guys are supposed to be good at hand to hand. We'll see how good you are.

See that sign over there that says rest rooms? You're going to have to get

there while

avoiding the security camera, then down that little hallway there and into the control

room, take out any Fatties in there, and do it with no shooting or noise.”

“Da da,” replied the Russian. “We shall be as quiet as falling snow on winter night

in Novosibirsk.”

“I assume that means very quiet. Ted, is there a camera on the door of the security

room itself?”

Ted thought hard. “No,” he said. “There were cameras on the outside of the rest

room doors to try make sure nobody conceals merchandise or sells drugs or anything,

but some faggots complained about it, because they were using the men’s room as

part of their lifestyle, as they put it, and so the mall management took them out. This

is an older mall, built before 10/22 and maybe even before 9/11, and the purpose of

the closed circuit system is to catch shoplifters and vandals, not fight off a commando

attack.”

“Okay, you need to get these guys down there and get them into the control room.

Can you do that?”

“I’ll do it, sir,” said the kid. The two Russian men gave their Kalashnikovs to Cody

and Nightshade to hold, and laid down their ammo boxes with belts for the PKM.

“We follow you, malchick,” said one of them. Moments later, when the camera

had swung away, the door opened and Ted and the Russians, keeping low, slipped

out. They made it behind the counter of the McDonald’s before the closed-circuit

camera rolled back onto the court, and disappeared from view. They were out of sight

for several minutes.

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“What the hell are they doing, chowing down on Big Macs?” muttered Bells in

growing frustration as he peeped through the crack in the door. Then as the camera

swung away the three of them re-appeared. Ted was carrying a tray stacked high with

burgers and paper soft drink cups, as well as paper containers of fries. “Good thinking, kid!” said Bells with a nod. “They’ll think he’s bringing them the gift of

junk food and let him in. Pass it back, this may break bad and Fattie may be warned,

so everybody get ready to come out this door blasting, find yourself a firing position,

and duke it out with these motherfuckers. Once we go in, we go all the way.”

They made it to the rest room hallway and disappeared down it just as the camera

swung back and covered the entrance. “Whew!” sighed Bells. Then there were long

minutes of silence. Then four people, not three, emerged, keeping down but

disregarding the still panning security camera. The fourth man was a uniformed

security guard, a young white man with no hat and a bruise and bloody face, who was

carrying a military-issue M-16 rifle. They made it back to the door to the outside

staircase. “Well, how’d it go?” demanded Bells.

“Is one neeger only,” said one of the Russians. “Grigori give pile-driver.”

“Busted that nappy head open like a watermelon,” confirmed Ted, slightly green.

He pointed to the rifle in the guard’s hands. “That’s the Fattie’s Sixteen.”

The security guard said, “My name is Glenn Dane. Ted has explained what’s going

on. My partner Randy is back at the control room, he’ll watch and if he sees any of

them coming up here, he'll call me on my radio. I want to come with you and join the

NVA. That porch monkey slammed his rifle butt into my face and his buddies maced

Randy and kicked him when he was down. Broke a couple of ribs but he can function.

Let's do it. Do I have to take an oath or something? I've goddamned had it with being

bullied and terrorized by these scum!"

"Haven't we all, son?" asked Bells. "You're in if I say you're in, and I say you're in

unless you fuck up. Welcome aboard, don't fuck up, and now you do what you're told.

Good work, droogs. Pick up your rifles and get ready to dance. Okay, now we all go

out, me first, and I'll place you guys where I want you."

"That damned floor is going to be slick," said Cody.

"Well, you won't have to worry about slipping in anything, because we're going to

low-crawl into position so they don't see us," said Bells. He turned to the rest of them

behind him in the stair well. "Pass this down. We can't let them see us. We all need to

get down on the floor and crawl out. We got about eighteen inches of what looks like

concrete, probably encasing a steel girder that can stop bullets, at the bottom of those

railings that overlook the main floor. That should be enough to prevent ourselves

from being seen, and it should also give us some cover when we open up. I want us to

get into position so when I give the signal we can sweep the goddamned ground

floor.”

“You can command about half of it from here, sir,” said Ted, “But there’s a kind of

bridge or crosswalk about fifty yards down, and if you want to cover the entire area

you’ll have to put some guys on that. It will take some time to get into place.”

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Then we’d better get started,” said Bells. “Oh, Christ, what’s that smell? Is that

what I think it is?”

Ted nodded. “After they got through trashing the food court they used the floor as

a toilet. I think they wanted to give us pale people a lesson in the joys of diversity and

multi-culturalism.”

Bells raised his voice. It didn't matter; he could barely be heard in the stairwell

over the din from the raving thugs inside the mall. "Guys, I'm sorry, but we gotta

crawl through these animals' shit and piss. Literally."

"It isn't the first time, sir," replied Cody. "We've been crawling through their excrement for years."

"Yeah, but tonight will be the last time!" said Bells in a ringing voice. "Okay, we

take it slow and stay down. I'll go first and you all follow, one at a time, on your

bellies, low. I'll position you where I want you. You cops, get up here." The two

policemen mounted the stairs. "Look, I don't want those people hiding in the food

court panicking when they see us and all these guns, and maybe drawing the Fatties'

attention up here, so I want you to come out after me and get over there behind the

counters. If they see your uniforms hopefully they'll understand we're the good guys

tonight. They're used to obeying you, and more likely to do what you tell 'em than me.

I'm putting you in charge of getting them out safely. Once we're out of this stairwell,

I'm going to need you to low-crawl the civilians over to this door, then they book

down the stairs. I'll call down and tell my two guys I left on our vehicles that they're

coming out. Okay?"

"Got it," replied one of the cops.

The boy Ted spoke up. "Uh, sir, I was just here earning my minimum wage crust

flipping burgers when all this broke out, so I'm not strapped. Can I get a rifle from

you?"

"You ever actually pulled a trigger in anger, kid?" asked Bells skeptically.

"Gotta learn sometime," said the boy. "I was trained on the AK-47, though. My

Dad brought one home from Iraq and he let us fire it."

"These are 74s, but it's more or less the same. Here, you can have mine." Bells

handed him the rifle and several magazines. "You got one up the spout and the

safety's on. Stick those mags one each in your back pockets, so they don't rattle,

although that probably don't matter with all that boogie-woogie down there. Okay,

let's do this thing." Bells dropped down on his substantial gut, stubbed his cigar

stump out on the floor, and slithered out the door. He peeked around the corner, saw

no hostiles, and crawled to the edge of the abutment looking down onto the main

floor. On his way he paused to pick up a metal napkin dispenser and pull out a

handful of paper napkins. He peeped over cautiously, studied the situation for a

moment, and then beckoned. The two policemen followed, one cradling a shotgun

and one the tear-gas launcher. They headed for the long row of junk food counters.

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Several of the people who were hiding behind upturned tables looked up and saw

them, and the cops put fingers to their lips.

One by one the NVA Volunteers snaked out of the door and Bells pointed to where

he wanted them. He handed each one a paper napkin and said, "Tear this in two, chew

the pieces into a gooey ball, and stick them in your ears as earplugs. When we start

shooting in here the noise will be so loud it could break your eardrums."

Several Volunteers took up prone firing positions at the edge of the railing,

lying

flat behind the base beam. The Russians with their light machine gun he sent on a

long crawl down the causeway to the bridge or crosswalk that spanned the chasm of

the main mall. "Don't go out into the middle," he told them. "That will put you in our

line of fire, and even though we'll be shooting downward there will be ricochets that

might hit you. Hole up along the left wall there and wait for it to begin. Once the

shooting starts, they're going to take cover behind whatever they can find and return

fire up here. I want you to run down to that yogurt stand on the far left there." Bells

pointed. "That's far enough down so that you will be able to turn the machine gun on

them more or less from their rear. Those you don't kill, see if you can force them out

of cover for us, and try not to hit any of our own people once we get down there and

close in. You getting all this? I mean, your English OK?"

"We understand, Comrade Captain," Ivanovich assured him. "We were all in Chechnya. We remember how this is done. We can, what is word, wing it?"

"Yeah, that's the word." He gave them their paper napkins and the Russians

moved out, flat and quick on their stomachs, Ivanovich carrying the PKM and the

others with their assault boxes on their backs. Bells kept Cody and Emily beside him.

“Take a look,” he invited. “Carefully.” They both risked a peek over the abutment,

down into the main mall.

It had been trashed even more thoroughly than the upstairs. The plate glass windows of most of the stores were riddled with bullet holes, although few were

actually shattered since most were made of safety glass. The walls and windows had

been spray-painted with anti-racist slogans and obscenities, including FUCK THE

REPUBLIC, FIGHT THE FACISTS (sic) and NO SURRENDER TO RACISM.

There were, as nearly as Cody could tell, about forty members of the Federal Anti-

Terrorist Police Organization strolling, dancing, or lounging around on the

upholstered mall benches, lazily cradling in their laps or on their hips M-16 assault

rifles, Uzi submachine guns, and a few 5.56-millimeter Steyr AUG assault weapons as

well, deadly plastic things, half rifle and half submachine gun. Several of them were

lording it over a small, bedraggled circle of fourteen or fifteen white people of all ages

and both sexes on the floor, who sat cross-legged with their hands clasped behind

their heads, their faces hung down in shame and fear. Several of the white females

had black or Mexican FATPO officers bending over them, talking to them, thrusting

their hands down the womens' blouses or lower. Cody could hear one prisoner

sobbing and cursing her tormentor hysterically, a white FATPO officer who was also a

woman, and who had already pulled off the captive's blouse and brassiere.

The floor was covered with trash and debris and a growing layer of empty beer

cans and wine bottles. There was a large plywood bandstand in the middle of the floor

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with a WKPR banner, and beside it was a white sound van which had been brought

into the mall with the WKPR lettering and logo on the side. On the stand was a table

with some radio mikes and gear, and in the seat was a hapless white disc jockey

surrounded by uniformed FATPO officers. His face was bloody where he had been

beaten and he seemed only semi-conscious. The FATPOs up on the bandstand were

all black or Hispanic, and it seemed that a drunken argument was breaking out over

what kind of music to play on the speakers, which was presumably also being broadcast over the air by the radio station. Suddenly the bawling negroid rap song

was cut off and replaced by lilting and very loud salsa music, with Spanish lyrics being

sung by what appeared to be a trio of castratos.

“Aw, come on, Ruiz, what de fuck is dat shit?” bawled a black FATPO, hatless, who

was guarding the white prisoners.

“Hey, man, dass Los Tres Paragueños Paranoios,” yelled back Ruiz. “Dass some

good mellows, essay!”

“Dat’s beaner shit, is what dat is, muthafukka!” yelled the black.

“Who you callin’ a beaner, man?” demanded Ruiz. “We supposed to be defendin’

dis country against dat kind of racist bullshit, essay!”

“If they’re expecting us to come out and fight them, they aren’t taking much in the

way of precautions, are they?” asked Cody. “Just one guy watching the cameras,

tucked away up here? What the hell’s wrong with them? They’re supposed to be

soldiers!”

“Sheer fuckin’ arrogance,” said Bells in disgust. “They honest to God don’t think

we’ll come after them in a stand-up fight. These assholes have been ruling the roost in

this country so long that they can’t wrap their minds around the concept of white

people who aren’t afraid of them.”

While the argument over the evening’s musical program progressed, Emily turned

to Cody. “The Three Paranoid Paraguayans?” she asked in wonder. “Who the hell are

they?”

“Didn’t anybody tell you?” replied Cody. “They’re the three guys we’re all out to

get. That’s why they’re paranoid.”

“Shut up and let me think!” snapped Bells. “How the hell are we gonna do this

without getting those white people slaughtered in the crossfire?”

“Well, for one thing, no grenades,” said Cody.

“The police procedure manual says that in a hostage situation you’re supposed to

surround the scene with overwhelming force and then try and talk them out,” said one

of the cops, who had joined them where they lay, heads down, on the polished

concrete floor.

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“I won’t dignify that with an answer,” growled Bells. The salsa music was abruptly

cut off and was replaced by an old soul classic, James Brown, Say It Loud, I’m Black

and I’m Proud. A number of Spanish accents raised in shouted protest.

“Sir, I don’t see any way,” said Cody. “We just open up and hope to God those

people have sense enough to roll under any kind of cover they can find.”

“Captain,” whispered Emily, “If they knew what was coming, they might at least

be not caught by surprise and they could plan what to do. They could run into Dorfmann’s and hide in the coat racks or something.”

“And how do we warn them?” demanded Bells.

“I can go down there on my own and try and get close and tell them,” said

Nightshade.

“It’s a zoo down there, complete with a cage full of baboons. They won’t pay much

attention to one more skinny little white girl. I could get myself captured and get

thrown into their circle, then once that happens, give me a couple of minutes. When

I’ve done the best I think I can to warn them, I’ll take this rolled-up Balaclava off my

head as a signal, you guys start blasting, and I’ll herd as many of them as I can into

making a break for Dorfmann’s.”

“And that will put you at ground zero when all hell breaks loose!” hissed Cody.

“I’ll be okay if you turkeys up here just won’t shoot at me, and keep those Fatties’

heads down so they don’t shoot me,” she said.

Bells sighed. “Do it,” he said.

“Jesus, Bells!” protested Cody.

“Do it,” Bells repeated, ignoring him. Nightshade took off her field belt and pulled

all her M-16 magazines out of her pocket, and without a word slithered off around the

corner to make for the nearest staircase. “She didn’t even give you a goodbye kiss,”

commented Bells.

“That’s not funny, sir,” said Cody.

“No, it’s not,” he agreed. “Make yourself useful, troop. Go up and down the line

here, tell the rest of them what’s happening, and tell them to wait for me to get up and

fire first. They’re going to have to get up, site in, select a target, and fire fast before the

Fatties can break out of their drunken stupor down there and start taking cover and

firing back. And tell them do not shoot the chick in the blue plaid shirt.”

By the time Cody crawled back to his position beside Bells and peeped slowly and

carefully through a drain pipe he’d found that gave him a restricted view of the floor,

the salsa music was back on and the dispute between the black and Mexican FATPOs

on the bandstand was becoming heated and raucous, with some serious shoving and

getting into faces. He was amazed to see that Nightshade was now part of the circle of

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prisoners, squatting with her back to them, fingers interlocked on the back of her

head.

“How did she do it?” he asked in wonder.

“Rastus went up on the bandstand and started shoving that Mexican around who

took off his nigger music to play paranoid Paraguayan music instead, and there was a

squabble over what DVD to put in, and it distracted them all for a moment,” said

Bells. “Including the dyke who was pawing that poor broad’s tits. Nightshade just

slipped out of nowhere and joined the circle.” Cody looked again, and he could see

Emily leaning over towards the man on her left, no doubt whispering to him.

“And none of them noticed?” he asked incredulously. “My God, these fools are

incompetent!”

“Holy Mother, look at the bastards! They’re drunk out of their minds! Half of them aren’t even wearing their body armor! This will be shooting fish in a barrel!”

said Bells.

A white FATPO officer with a buzz cut, apparently a senior one, suddenly

appeared on the bandstand and settled the dispute among his men with a few sharp

words. The salsa music cut off and the man picked up the microphone and

began to

speak. "This is Colonel Wendell C. Josephson of the Federal Anti-Terrorist Police

Organization, and I have something to say to you people out there in radio land. More

importantly, I have something to say to the politicians in Washington. For almost all

of my life, I have fought as a proud American soldier in the war on terror, in Iraq and

Iran, in Saudi Arabia and Syria and Egypt. For almost five years now, I have battled

against terror here in the Pacific Northwest, first as an agent for the Alcohol, Tobacco

and Firearms enforcement division, and then as an officer in FATPO. I have had the

privilege of commanding some of the finest young men and women that America has

to offer in this battle, many of whom are with me here tonight in the Eastgate Mall

here in Bellevue. I have also had the painful duty of bringing many of them back to

their stations dead. More times than I can count, I have had to write e-mails to the

parents and families of my boys and girls, telling them how a beloved son, daughter,

husband or wife or significant other died in action against the wicked and

cowardly

forces of racism and hatred and bigotry, not in a foreign land, but here in our own

country. Like all of us here in the 'PO, we undertook this risk willingly and without

thought for our own lives, because Amurrica called and we could do no other than to

answer. We served Amurrica faithfully and with honor and courage, and we will

continue to do so. But tonight we heard something on television, from the very lips of

our Commander in Chief, which has so horrified and appalled us, that I simply could

not restrain this brave band of brothers, and sisters.”

The colonel ranted on in red, white, and blue. Through his vantage point via the

drainpipe, Cody could see that the lesbian FATPO officer had suddenly noticed Emily.

She strode over, muscular and with a haircut so short as to be almost a crew cut. She

looked down at the girl, grabbed the woolly pea cap off her head, and shook it out. The

knitted eyeholes and mouth seam of the Balaclava appeared. There could be very little

excuse for wearing such headgear in July. The FATPO started fumbling with her

holstered pistol and turned to shout a warning to the others. Seated as she was,

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Nightshade didn't try to get up, which would have wasted precious seconds and

gotten her killed. Her right wrist twirled, Cody could see a glint as the switchblade

leaped out and locked into place, then she drove it right into the dyke's meaty inner

thigh. Then quick as a striking snake she slashed to the left kneecap. The woman

screamed in bestial rage and fell on the girl in the blue plaid shirt.

"NVA!" roared Bobby Bells, leaping to his feet. "NOW!" For a brief fraction of a

second the stunned FATPOs looked up and saw a dozen leveled weapons aimed at

them over the railings above them, and then the mall exploded.

The noise was beyond description, especially as in some way the DVD player on

the radio station's sound deck was hit or jostled, and the paranoid Paraguayans

started to wail again for about the first thirty seconds until a bullet hit something, and

their paranoia was silenced forever. The acoustics inside the mall echoed and

re-echoed the gunfire until the whole structure of glass and steel and concrete was

actually vibrating sonically and giving off a sound of itself, like a free hanging bell that

has been struck hard and lingers. It was like being inside a thunderbolt, as hundreds

of rounds went off. Cody fired and fired, his AK on semi-auto, and in the scrambling

mass of bellowing and twirling enemies below he seemed to see that he got some hits,

dust jumping on body armor, blood splattering, although who could tell who was

really firing which bullets? His magazine emptied and his bolt locked back, and he

saw one of the railings behind which he was kneeling pop and a small neat hole

appear. The Fatties were shooting back.

He and Jumping Jack Flash shoved an overturned table up against the railing to

provide at least a little cover, and jammed new magazines into their weapons. "Do you

see Nightshade?" he yelled at Jack, who pointed in a general downward direction.

Cody rolled to the right, covered down behind the base of the railings, and risked a

peek over the top. He saw bodies lying all over the floor, but none of the

hostages

seemed to be among them. Then motion caught his eye, and he saw Nightshade and

the lesbian FATPO rolling together across the concourse floor, the dyke with her

pistol out now and Emily's left hand on her wrist trying to deflect the muzzle while

she tried to stab with her right through a flak vest. The two women's faces were glued

together; they seemed to be kissing in an obscene parody of diversity.

Cody grabbed up her field belt, tossed his arm through it and shouldered it, then

picked up his own rifle in his right hand and Emily's M-1 6 in his left. He got up and

ran down the left-hand deck of the mezzanine, past the shops full of glittery junk and

Third World trash and unnecessary plastic objects. The bullets were flying and

ricochets screaming around him. When he got more or less over where he thought the

two battling females might be, he heedlessly looked over the rail, and through some

miracle his head stayed on his shoulders. Nightshade was below him, staggering to

her feet in a daze. The dyke was lying on her back, completely still, with a blood-

smeared face and a pool of blood growing and welling beneath her head. He dropped

the field belt down at her feet and she looked up at him. “Get down, you damned

fool!” he roared. She held up her hands, he held the M-16 out level, dropped it down,

she caught it and dropped to the floor herself, and rolled behind a concrete pillar.

An insane woodpecker the size of a skyscraper suddenly landed on the shopping

mall and began to peck; the Russians down the concourse had unlimbered the

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machine gun. Ricochets were screaming like banshees. Cody ran for the midsection

stairs. A wounded FATPO was staggering up the stairs, his M-16 barrel weaving in the

air. Cody aimed above the flak vest and shot the black in the throat, a messy business.

He dropped his M-16 and rolled down the stairs gagging and gargling and grabbing

his spurting shattered neck and jaw. Another FATPO was just charging up the first

few stairs at the bottom. This one had somehow managed to get his full body armor

on, as well as his helmet. Cody fired twice, hit the Fed dead center in his vest and

staggered him back, but the FATPO nearly cut him in half with a burst from his Uzi.

Cody leaped back off the landing onto the upper stairs and leveled his Kalashnikov

in case he saw a helmeted head appear. I can't go down and he can't come up, thought

Cody. A Mexican standoff, no pun intended. He ripped open a grenade cylinder on his

belt, pulled out the grenade with his left hand, and pulled the pin with his teeth in the

best Audie Murphy tradition. In direct contradiction to Eddie Hagen's directions

Cody slowly counted to three before he dropped it gently over the rail and let it

bounce down the stairs. In the enclosed stairwell the blast knocked him off his feet

and he slid down to the landing, banging his elbow and his head, but when he looked

he saw the FATPO was a smoking mass of cloth and oozing blackened flesh. Cody

leaped down the stairs over him. Heedless of the bullets that were whizzing around

him like electrons, he ran to join Nightshade behind the pillar. She was firing semi-

automatic shots calmly from the M-16, and did not acknowledge his presence. Cody

leaned out looking for something to shoot at.

Then suddenly it stopped. It was dim in the mall now, since so many of the lights

had been shot out, an odd twilight as opposed to the neon glare of before. It wasn't

silence, since Cody's ears were ringing like an oscillator, ear plugs or not, and his right

ear hurt. He pulled the primitive earplugs out and the right one was soaked in blood.

He peeped out and scanned the hall. He saw carnage. Every wall was pockmarked and

battered, every piece of furniture was ripped and shredded to kindling, the potted

plants and ferns both natural and artificial were chopped up into a powder like bay

leaves and scattered all over the floor, and lumps of dead meat in cloth and body

armor lay everywhere. And there was blood. A sea of blood, already an inch or so

deep, mixed with water from the fountain whose pool had been perforated with

bullets and was leaking out onto the floor.

"Cody? Nightshade?" shouted Bells from above. "Are you alive? Do you see

anything?”

“We’re both here, sir,” he called back. “I don’t see anything moving.”

“We’re coming down!” shouted Bells. “Hold your fire!”

The Volunteers descended in pairs, with the Russians kept in place to cover them

with the machine gun from the upper level. “Minchia!” said Bells, shaking his head in

awe as he lit a White Owl. “It’s like the fucking St. Valentine’s Day Massacre in

Chicago down here! Check every one of these bastards carefully,” he ordered, “If

they’re still alive, get rid of them.” But not a single coup de grace was necessary.

There had been more Fatties than the NVA thought at first, for they eventually

counted an even sixty enemy bodies. Outnumbered by roughly three to one, the rebels

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had wiped the Federals out. Of the seventeen Volunteers, including Ted from Two

Brigade, the security guard Glenn, and the two Bellevue police officers, not a single

one was killed or wounded, although Cody’s right ear was bleeding slightly. “I thought

I might have had a burst ear drum, but I can still hear okay out of it,” he told Bells,

“Must be just a nick. Once the ringing stops I think it will be fine.” He saw Nightshade

lean over and pull her switchblade out of the dead FATPO dyke’s eye, and wipe it

clean on the corpse’s sleeve. He looked closely and saw that the woman’s nose had

been bitten off. “You didn’t eat it, did you?” he asked her.

“Naw,” she said. “I had one of those microwave burritos in the refrigerator before

we left the house.”

“You know, Bells took note of the fact that you didn’t kiss me goodbye before you

left us up there,” he said, looking pointedly at the dead officer’s mutilated face. “Just

so you know, in the future, don’t bother. By the way, where are all the hostages? We

don’t seem to have killed any.”

“Probably hiding in Dorfmann’s among the Fruit of the Looms,” she said. “I told

them to try and make it in there when the band played Waltzing Matilda.”

“Here they come,” said Cody. Farmer Brown and Thumper were leading the

hostages out of Dorfmann’s Menswear. The woman who had been molested and

stripped to the waist by the dyke had helped herself to a man's shirt from the stock.

They seemed to be in a daze.

"This wonderful little girl told us what to do," a middle aged woman said, crying as

she came over and hugged Emily. "You—you look younger than my own daughter! Are

you in middle school?" "Uh, no ma'am, eleventh grade," said Emily.

"Eleventh grade!"

"We go to a really rough school," Cody told her.

One of the men said, shaking his head, "I never thought I would be glad to see any

of you guys, but I—God, I don't know what to think any more! I always considered

myself to be a loyal American before tonight, but how can I possibly overlook what

these government hoodlums did to me and these other innocent people? I just don't

understand. Things aren't supposed to be this way, dammit!"

"There comes a time when white people just can't pretend anymore," said Bells.

"For some people it comes later than others, is all. You heard the President's speech

tonight?"

“Yes, we all watched in the Radio Shack.”

“Well, even though it isn’t formally settled yet, we’re the government now,” said

Bells.

“But can you make that stick?” asked the man. “You heard what that police colonel

was saying on the radio tonight?”

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Cody slapped the butt of his Kalashnikov. “Yes, sir,” he promised. “We’ll make it

stick.”

“Speaking of that asshole FATPO colonel, where is he?” asked Bells.

“A good question,” said Jumping Jack Flash. Another search across the shattered

mall and in the bandstand area produced no sign of any corpse of one Colonel

Wendell Josephson. “The gallant colonel seems to have taken the better part of valor,”

observed Jack dryly.

“Okay, we got one more thing we gotta do,” said Bells. “We have to go out front

and commandeer those FATPO vehicles, and drive ‘em to wherever we’re told by

Brigade, hopefully without being fired on by any of our own ambushes. Now, I suspect

that colonel has beat feet. But even Fatties probably leave a vehicle guard. They may

have taken off as well, but we approach with caution and weapons ready. I'll take

point, with our Russian friends and their street sweeper. Eddie, you take three guys

and stay here and police up all these Fattie guns and as much ammo as you can

scrounge. We're gonna bring back a whole goddamned Fed arsenal for the NVA.

Farmer Brown brings up the rear with Cody and Nightshade. You guys have been up

front enough today. Let somebody else get some glory for a change."

By this time it was completely dark outside. There were three camouflaged FATPO

armored personnel vehicles and two Humvees parked under the line of street lights

which ran along the sidewalk, pulled up along the curb, as well as an OD green

military staff car which had presumably belonged to Colonel Josephson. All appeared

to be empty.

"Okay, one man check out each vehicle with another covering him," said Bells.

“Do not assume the Fatties are all gone, and watch for booby traps. We ain’t the only

people who know how to set a spring switch or a wire.” It turned out that the APVs

were all empty and clean.

“Hey, Captain, each of these APVs has an M-60 and a 40-mil launcher!” called one

of the Volunteers from the back of a truck.

“Good, we’re gonna need those,” said Bells, puffing on his cigar.

Moving around the staff car, Cody and Nightshade and Farmer Brown saw what

appeared to be the body of Colonel Wendell Josephson stretched out on the ground,

face down. “Hey, looks like we bagged that ATF asshole as well, Captain!” said Cody,

turning to call over his shoulder to DiBella.

“Where’s the blood?” asked Farmer Brown. “I don’t see a trail.”

With a wild animal scream that could have been rage or terror, or both, Josephson

rolled over, his Glock service pistol in his hand, firing wildly. Farmer Brown’s rifle

flew from his hand and clattered to the asphalt, the receiver smashed by a bullet. He

was between them and the Federal, and neither Cody nor Emily could fire. Josephson

leaped to his feet and grabbed the stunned Farmer Brown, pistol barrel at Brown's

head, using him as a human shield. "Back off, you fascist bastards!" he shrieked

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hysterically. "I'll kill him! I'll..." Brown went down on one knee and wrestled with his

attacker, grabbing at the pistol, which went off. He managed to throw the FATPO off

him, slamming him against the staff car, freeing himself. Bells leaned over the hood of

the car from the sidewalk and his arm shot out like a striking cobra, the .45 Colt

blasting one, two, three times, a column of flame roaring from the muzzle, bright

golden cartridge casings soaring high and clattering onto the windshield. Josephson

seemed almost to turn a back flip and collapsed in a heap onto the asphalt. Bells ran

around and kicked the corpse again and again, shouting enraged obscenities.

Farmer Brown leaned against the car. His left sleeve was already a mass of

bubbling scarlet, and his left hand a bloody mass. Bells grasped him around the waist,

lifted Brown up bodily onto the hood, and laid him back, ripping off his shirt

to get rid

of the soaked sleeve. Emily and Cody already had their first aid packs out. “Gimme

your canteen!” Bells commanded them. He took Cody’s, opened it, and poured the

water all over Brown’s bloody left hand.

“It’s a Dick Tracy special, just brushed my shoulder,” moaned Brown.

“Your shoulder ain’t hit, it’s your hand, it’s just your whole arm that’s goin’ numb.

You’re gonna be okay,” said Bells. But he wasn’t going to be okay. The gaping wound

was more than a brush; it had gone clear through his palm. The hole was pumping

blood. Bells took both sterile gauze pads from their kits and pressed down on from

both sides, making the wounded man groan. “Cody! Each of you have a small bottle of

alcohol in your first aid kits. Take out your canteen cup, pass it around to everybody,

and fill it up with alcohol to the brim. Donnie, this is going to hurt like the very fires of

hell, but we have to stop that bleeding long enough to get you to a doctor. I’m gonna

have to sterilize and plug you up long enough to get you help.”

“I know the drill, Bob,” gasped Brown. “Get on with it.”

“Gimme another gauze pad,” called Bells. Someone gave him one. He stuck it

between the injured man’s teeth. “Bite down on this so you don’t bite off your own

tongue. Now hold him down.” Cody, Emily, and one of the cops grasped Brown’s arms

and legs. Bells took the alcohol. “Here it comes, Donnie.” Slowly he poured it into the

bloody mess. Brown jerked and groaned but did not scream.

“I should have been paying better attention. Like I told you once, Cody,” he said

groggily. “This things we do is like driving on the freeway. A single moment of

inattention, and you get hurt.”

“Okay, now we got to get you to a doctor,” said Bells.

“Where’s Mary Beth?” asked Jack, referring to the nurse who served as A Company’s medic.

“She’s back at the house in Medina and she’s set up, but this is going to be a bit

beyond her,” said Bells. “That’s major trauma. Somebody’s going to have to X-ray it

and check the damage and he’ll probably need some kind of cauterizing, and then that

whole mess had to be packed. He needs an honest to God doctor who knows what to

sew up and how, and he's going to need a blood transfusion. Mary Beth may or may

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not have whole blood in Farmer's type. We have to get him to a hospital, but that

means we have to move in on one in force, take over the joint, and stay there guarding

him while he's treated, which is going to take a while. It also means we have to

abandon all this Fattie gear."

"That's just asking for trouble, Bells," said one of the cops. "All the hospitals and

clinics in Seattle are already running at full clip tonight with all this fighting going on,

and there's gonna be FATPO and cops all over them, on the lookout for people with

unexplained gunshot wounds. Plus if the Fatties hear you guys have forced your way

into some emergency room, they're going to come after you in force, and this time you

won't be so lucky. You'll have a pitched battle in a hospital with all kinds of sick and

injured people getting in the way, which won't look very good for you people propaganda-wise, and you won't have the element of surprise this time. You

won't

get off with just one wounded man if you do that. I thought you guys had secret

hospitals in Canada?"

"He needs help now, and he's going to get it," said Bells.

Cody Brock spoke up. "Hey, do you guys know if the freeway bridge to Mercer

Island is open?" he asked the policeman.

"So far as I know, yeah," said the cop. "Why?"

Cody turned to Bobby Bells. "Sir, you and the unit go ahead and get these vehicles

and weapons secured. The NVA need them. Give Farmer to me, and let me take Jack

and Nightshade and the Cadillac. We'll get him help. I know where there's a doctor."

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V.

"Just because I was born in a sty, that doesn't make me a pig." - Cody Brock

Jumping Jack Flash brought the Cadillac around to the front of the mall. One of

the Volunteers had gone into a drugstore in the mall and gotten bandages and more

alcohol, and liberated some oxycodone tablets from the pharmacy, so the wound was

bound up and Brown's pain was somewhat alleviated. Then they gently loaded

Farmer Brown into the back seat. He was conscious and coherent.

Bells was speaking to someone on his cell phone, and once Brown was in the car

he closed the phone. "You keep in touch and you let me know what's going on," he

told Cody. "Use my 2387 number. It will have to be in the clear, but fuck it. I just got

off the phone with Brigade. There are running battles going on now all across Seattle

between us and renegade Fatties. Lotta people hit on all sides, including bystanders.

The cop was right about the hospitals. They're madhouses, and there's been some

shooting in emergency rooms when both sides bring their wounded in." Even as they

spoke, Cody could hear the rattle of small arms and the occasional crump of a grenade

in the distance. "Oh, there's a password now. Ragnarok. That should get you past any

of our people you come across who want to know why you're riding around with guns.

If they've been told about the password, that is. Now move out!" He leaned

into the

car. “Donnie, we got a job to do for the cause, or you know I’d take you myself. But

these great kids of ours are gonna take care of you.”

“Don’t worry about me,” grated Brown. “Get your ass back out there and rip those

ZOG bastards a new one!”

“Let me drive, I know the way,” said Cody. “Jack you ride shotgun. Nightshade,

you stay in the back with Farmer and let me know if anything happens, if he starts

bleeding again. Let’s go.”

“Where exactly are we going?” asked Emily as they pulled out of the mall.

“Kelly Shipman’s house,” said Cody. “Her father’s a doctor. A pretty good one,

apparently. The problem is, they live on Mercer Island, and there isn’t any way to get

over there from here except on I-90, which is where we’re most likely to run into

Fatties. I’m going the most direct route, since time is of the essence here. Get ready to

hold Farmer steady in case I have to try and outrun or bust through something. Jack,

you get ready to fire in case we have to bop our way out of a situation.”

“Got it,” said the Englishman, who had folded in the stock of his AK-74. Cody

drove down five blocks and got onto Highway 908, the Mercer Slough Park on his left,

and then up an entrance ramp onto I-90. Right at the top of the ramp they passed a

burning FATPO truck and an overturned Humvee, with several uniformed Federal

bodies lying on the asphalt. There was no sign of any of the NVA or SS who might

have been responsible for the attack. Traffic was very light and they made it to Mercer

Island with no mishaps, and down onto East Mercer Way.

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“What if the doctor isn’t in?” asked Farmer.

“Then we go find him and bring him back,” said Cody with determination. “This is

actually better for you than some emergency room, Farmer. Doctor Shipman’s got

part of his house in the front set up as an office and a kind of a little clinic for his

private patients. I saw it when Kelly had her pool party, that time I told you about

when I ended up tossing that asshole Crabtree in the pool. It’s got an

examining room

and all kinds of medical equipment, an X-ray machine, drugs and supplies, the whole

nine yards. Kelly told me that he sees a lot of celebrities and politicians privately,

treating their AIDS or other loathsome diseases, drug ODs, that kind of thing. Kind of

a physician to the hoi poloi, so you'll be getting the best." They pulled up to the large

wrought-iron gate which led into the Shipmans' exclusive housing community. Cody

reached out to the automatic control panel, punched in a code, and then when a

mechanical voice asked for verbal confirmation, he stuck his head out the window and

said "Kelly Shipman, guest. All the world's a stage." The gates rumbled and began to

swing open.

"My, my, we're cozy enough with the homecoming queen to have her entry code to

the palace, are we?" said Nightshade waspishly. "Done this before?"

"No, she gave it to Craig Crabtree, and he couldn't resist bragging about it in gym,"

explained Cody. "That and their little get-togethers in the Shipmans' pool house," he

added with a sigh.

“Did you ever do Miss Shipman the courtesy of telling her about the bounder’s

unconscionable conduct?” asked Jack curiously.

“The Arabs have a proverb: ‘There is danger to him who snatcheth the tiger’s cub,

but more to him who snatcheth delusion from a woman.’” answered Cody.

“Point taken,” said Jack.

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” asked Emily archly from the back seat.

“No disrespect, comrade, but women do have a nasty habit of shooting the messenger,” said Jack.

“Do you really want to day that to a girl sitting behind you with an M-16?” asked

Nightshade.

“We need to keep an eye out as we drive through here,” said Cody. “I think they’ve

got some kind of private security guards who patrol the area to keep riffraff like us

out.”

“I wonder if these rich people who are so loyal to America ever notice how much

time and effort they have to spend in protecting themselves from America?” said

Brown.

“How you feeling, Farmer?” asked Cody.

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“Not so bad with that dope you gave me,” replied Brown. “This hole in my hand

just feels like a bad sprain right now.”

“We’ve got more if you need it, sir,” said Jack.

“Naw, I don’t wanna end up getting hooked on painkillers,” replied Brown.

“Is there a house in here that goes for under two million?” sniffed Nightshade.

“Uh, you live in a neighborhood that’s just as ritzy,” pointed out Cody. “And your

house is just as plush as Kelly’s.”

“Yeah, but my dad was a criminal. What’s her excuse?”

A minute later they pulled up in the Shipmans’ driveway. The house lights were on

and all three vehicles were in the open carport, including Kelly’s new Explorer. “Okay,

I’ll go first,” said Cody. “You two follow along and bring Farmer.”

“If the quack has drugs in there, won’t he have some kind of security system, closed-circuit television monitors?” asked Jack. “If only to prevent break-ins by

addicts, that sort of lark?”

“There is an alarm system, yes, and a panic room inside the house, but no cameras,” said Cody. “Kelly and Kelly’s mom didn’t like the Big Brother feeling of

being constantly spied on by cameras. I asked about that when I was checking the

place out in case we ever needed it for something like this.”

“Oh, is that what you were checking out?” asked Nightshade skeptically. “Not

Kelly in a bathing suit? Now that’s dedication.”

Cody ignored her. “I’ve been here a few times, and Kelly’s folks know me. They’ll open

the door for me.”

“You can tell them you and Kelly have a date to go and watch the revolution,” said

Nightshade.

Cody got out of the Cadillac, reached back in and pulled the Makarov out of the

holster of his web belt, and stuck it into his belt behind his back. “One of you bring my

belt, will you? I don’t want whoever answers the door to see me wearing it if they look

out first.” He took his AK from Jack and went up the front walk to the door. He leaned

his rifle against the corner of the door frame, out of sight. Then he rang the doorbell.

After a short delay Doctor Ed Shipman opened the door, dressed casually in shorts

and a knit shirt and sandals. He looked distracted.

“Oh, hello, Cody,” he said. “I didn’t know you were coming over. If you had a date

or something with Kelly, she forgot to mention it. Look, I don’t mean to be rude, but

this isn’t a good time. Not only is there apparently all kinds of rioting and shooting

going on all over town, but we’ve got a bit of a family crisis on our hands, and I...”

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“I’m not here to see Kelly, Doctor Shipman,” Cody said politely. “I’m here to see

you.”

“Me?”

“Yes, I’m afraid we need your help. Medical help.”

“Who’s we?” asked Kelly’s father. Suddenly Shipman looked up as the three other

Volunteers appeared behind Cody. The bare-chested Brown was able to stumble

along, but he was leaning on Jack, and the bandages his hand were starting to drip

red. Nightshade stood beside them with the M-16 on her hip, Cody's web belt over her

shoulder, rolled balaclava on her head, looking very revolutionary and determined.

Cody reached down and took up his own Kalashnikov. He didn't point it. "Our friend

has been shot. He needs your help," he told the flabbergasted Shipman.

"Oh my God," he breathed. "You're one of them?"

"So I've been told."

"But you've been a guest in my house!" babbled Shipman in a daze. "You've been

out with my daughter! You..."

"We need to come in, sir," said Cody politely but firmly. "If we're seen standing

out here and one of your neighbors makes a phone call, then you might end up having

some visitors who are even more unwelcome than we are." As if to give point to his

remarks, there was another sudden burst of machinegun fire, spluttering rifles, and

several explosions possibly a half a mile away.

"What are you going to do if I refuse, son?" demanded Shipman. "Are you going to

shoot me?”

Cody ignored the question. “We’re wasting time, Doctor Shipman,” he said.

“Oh, Christ!” sighed Shipman, accepting the inevitable. “The whole damned world

has gone insane! Bring him in!” They half-carried Brown into the house, down a

hallway, and into Doctor Shipman’s medical office. Shipman opened a folding

partition into a room glass cabinets and a paper-covered examination table. “Lie

down there, Mister... what’s your name anyway? Or do I really want to know?”

“They call me Farmer Brown.”

“What happened?” asked Shipman.

“What the hell do you think happened?” growled Brown. “A political gangster with

a Federal badge shot me.”

“That’s his job!” snapped Shipman. “Shooting political gangsters without badges.”

“Yeah, well, this is the last job he’ll ever do,” said Brown. Shipman turned pale.

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H. A. Covington

“Dear God, we see this on television, and sometimes we forget it’s all real,”

he

moaned. He turned to Cody. “What the hell have you been doing tonight?
Are you

people trying to take over the city or something? Why all this shooting and
bombing?”

“Uh, you didn’t see the President on TV tonight, sir?” asked Cody.

“No, I was going to watch but something came up, a family matter, and, why,
what

did she say?”

“Well, I don’t quite know how to tell you this, Doctor Shipman, but the
Americans

have surrendered,” said Cody. “We’re going to get our Republic, and you’re
standing

in the middle of it.”

“What?” shouted Shipman. “What the hell do you mean the Americans have
surrendered? You’re an American yourself!”

“Just because I was born in a sty, that doesn’t make me a pig,” replied Cody
evenly.

Shipman shuddered. “Okay, look, I’m not even going to try to wrap my mind
around what you just said. I’ll do what I can for this man and then it would be
nice if

all of you would leave, and it would be even nicer if you’d leave without
murdering

anyone in this house.”

He went to a drawer, drew out some stainless steel scissors, and cut the bandages

away. “What did you do to him thus far?” he demanded, studying the wound.

“Sterilized it with alcohol,” said Brown.

“He’s had two oxycodones,” spoke up Emily.

“That’s good, because otherwise he’d be screaming in agony and going into shock,” said Shipman. “I suppose a hospital is out of the question? Silly me.”
He

examined the wound with a probe light on an odoscope. “Good clean wound, at least.

Okay, the alcohol was a good move. It partially cauterized the injury and hopefully

stopped any immediate infection. You had a stroke of luck in that it was through and

through, and also that it seems to have missed the bone, although I’m going to have to

X-ray it and make sure. There are no major arteries in the palm, although there’s sure

to be nerve damage and I can’t promise you that you’ll have much use of the hand, not

yet. I am going to apply a local anesthetic, do the X-ray, and then depending on what I

see there I’ll pack it with antibiotic foam and put on a better dressing. I’ll give you an

antibiotic as well. The packing will hurt like hell but we can't leave that hole open. The

oxycodone will do for a while, but they're addictive as the devil. You need to take it

down to Darvon or something lighter as soon as you can. Do you know your blood

type?"

"A-negative," said Brown.

"You're sure? I'll need to top you up and I don't want you going into shock."

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"I'm sure."

"Believe it or not, you're not the first person to come in here with a gunshot

wound they want treated with discretion, although usually it's some eminent person

who doesn't want the world to know what games he's been playing with sex and drugs

and rock and roll." He took a phial out of the drug cabinet and tore open the paper

wrapping of a syringe.

"Ed, what's going on?" spoke up his wife Marty fearfully from the doorway.

"Who

are these people? Cody?"

“Hey, Mrs. Shipman,” said Cody. “I’m really sorry about this, but we need your

husband’s help. We don’t want to be here any more than you want us here, and we’ll

be gone as soon as our friend has been seen to.”

“Guns!” she said, shrinking. “Oh, Cody, I always thought you were one of the good

and decent ones!”

“He is, ma’am,” said Brown from the table. “That’s why he’s carrying a gun tonight.”

“I don’t understand. Which side are you on?” asked Marty, confused and upset.

“Oh, they’ve got us working for the other side tonight, marm,” Jack Flash told her

cheerily.

Shipman injected the wounded area several times, making Brown wince. “Lie

back. We’ll give that a minute or so to take effect.” He pulled a big wad of gauze off a roll

and cut it with the scissors, then folded it up in a smaller roll. “All right, one of you

needs to put down your weapon, come here and hold this down into the hand, while I

set up the X-ray machine. Don’t worry, none of us will snatch up your gun and do a

Bruce Willis. None of us would know what to do with one anyway.”

“I never would allow guns in my house,” said Marty.

“I’ll do it, Dad,” said Kelly Shipman, calmly walking into the room. She was barefoot and wearing gym shorts and a sweat shirt, and her long blonde hair was

down her back and wet, as if she had just stepped out of the shower, which she had.

She had been in the shower for almost two hours and finally accepted that she would

nevr again be clean.

“Kelly, I think you need to go back upstairs,” said Ed. “I’ll take care of this.”

“I’ve helped you before, and I don’t think any of our guests has had the hospital

CNA course I went through,” said Kelly. She did not look at Cody. “I’m not afraid. I’m

not afraid of anything anymore.” She walked to the head of the table and took the roll

of gauze from her father, and molded it gently and firmly into Farmer Brown’s

gunshot wound to absorb the oozing blood and lymphatic fluid.

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H. A. Covington

Shipman went to his cabinet and began pulling out X-ray plates. Then she finally

looked up, at Jack Flash. “I know Cody and Emily, but you I’ve never seen before,” she

said. “You don’t go to Hillside High, do you?”

“No, I got my A levels some time ago, in the U. K.,” said Jack.

“We call him Jumping Jack Flash,” said Cody. “The man you’re working on is

Farmer Brown. I know you won’t believe this of any of us, but he’s a good man and

worthy of your help.”

“I’m glad. I could do with meeting a good man today,” she said quietly.

“You know, in view of this evening’s developments, it strikes me that we really

have no further need for a *nom de guerre*,” said Jack.

“My name is Nigel Moore, and I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss

Shipman.”

“That’s your real name?” asked Nightshade.

“It’s the name I’m wanted under in Britain, yes,” said Jack with a David Niven-ish

smile.

“What did you do in Britain?” asked Marty fearfully. “Did you kill someone?”

“Actually, I was a columnist for a student newspaper at Oxford, and one night after

a bit of a fracas with a West Indian policeman I came back to the Quad quite bottled,

got onto my laptop, and wrote an article which carried ten years' penal servitude

under the Race Relations Act. I hit send, and staggered into bed to sleep it off. I was

awakened the next morning by the Special Branch dragging me out of bed and kicking

me with steel-toed shoes. In view of the fact that my copybook was now permanently

blotted, I decided to come to this country where the racial resistance has taken on a

more robust form."

"He drinks tea, too!" Emily informed them. "With his pinky extended!"

"You couldn't murder black people in your own country so you came here to do

it?" snapped Doctor Shipman. "Is that it? So you can take over and lord it over us here

in Washington?"

Moore replied with cool courtesy, "In point of fact, doctor, my reason for joining

the NVA and helping to establish the Republic here is rather similar to the

motivations of most foreign Volunteers. We want help to go back to our own countries

and fight against the same kind of Zionist regimes as those which broke my

ribs with

those steel-toed boots, and put the bullet in that man on your table.”

“And what about you?” Kelly asked Emily. “I thought you were kidnapped and

brutalized by these gentry a few weeks ago? You must have one hell of a case of

Stockholm syndrome.”

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“Yeah, that’s it,” said Emily. “My code name is Patty Hearst. Death to the Zionist

insect!”

“Well, congratulations are in order, I suppose,” said Kelly with a faint smile. “I

had the TV on when I was upstairs drying off. Everybody’s going batshit over the

President’s speech tonight. Looks like we’re going to be living in the Fourth Reich

soon, Dad. Better start learning how to click your heels, and I suppose I’d better quit

calling you guys spuckies.”

“That’s Mister Spucky from now on!” said Cody.

“What? You were serious?” said Shipman, staring incredulously. “The President

and the Congress are actually going to hand us over to—you people?”

“It’s not that simple, and there’s a lot that has to happen still, but the process has

begun, yes,” said Brown. “That’s what all the street fighting is about tonight. There are

those who can’t handle the idea and they’re refusing to go along.”

“Then you can still be stopped!” said Shipman desperately.

“Check the news from Eastgate Mall,” said Brown. “That was where I got this. It

was we who stopped them tonight. Barely armed kids and blue collar rednecks like

me, the people you rich guys have spent your whole lives looking through like we

didn’t exist, until you needed us to fix your cars and your air conditioners and your

toys. Out- numbered three to one, and we beat the best America could put up. We

wiped them out. We’ll stop them again tomorrow, and as long as we have to, until

every American soldier leaves our land and that goddamned red, white, and blue

Masonic dishrag comes down forever in the Northwest.”

“As Victor Hugo said, ‘Mightier than the tread of marching armies is the power of

an idea whose time has come.’“ put in Jack

“We’ll leave,” muttered Shipman. “We’ll get the hell out. We’ll all go to California

with Kelly.”

“I hope not, sir,” said Cody. “The Republic is going to need you. All of you.”

Shipman sighed. “Now’s not the time or the place.” He turned on the overhead

light. “Right, let’s get you under that X-ray machine over there.”

It took almost an hour for Shipman to perform the best repair job he could on

Farmer Brown’s bullet wound and transfuse him with a pint of whole blood and a pint

of saline. “As reluctant as I am to entertain you people in my home for any longer than

necessary, he needs to rest for a couple of hours so I can monitor his condition, make

sure he doesn’t go into shock, and he can recover some of his strength. After that you

can move him, but I really would recommend he get to a legitimate hospital as soon as

he can, if that’s possible. God knows what will be possible after tonight.”

Cody had spent the past fifteen minutes talking with Joe Dortmunder on his cell.

“It may be more possible than you think, Doctor Shipman,” he said after hanging up.

H. A. Covington

“What the hell’s happening out there?” demanded Farmer Brown, lying on the

table in his still wet cast.

“There’s still a lot of fighting going on, and there have been a lot of casualties,

including some of ours,” Cody told him soberly. “But the FATPO seem to be pulling in

their horns, and they’re scuttling back to their barracks. Apparently they honestly

never expected we’d come out and face them, like that bunch tonight at the mall.

Brigade is waiting on orders from the Army Council as to whether we start dropping

mortar rounds and rockets on the barracks and stations, or whether that would be too

much of a ceasefire violation. Anyway, after we left to come here, the captain got an

idea. Instead of taking those Fattie guns and vehicles off somewhere, he went back in

and more or less took over Eastgate Mall himself, and one of our guys who knows

electronics was able to fix that WKPR-FM radio hookup so that it could broadcast

again. He called the station and said if they didn’t transmit what he was saying they’d

be getting a visit from the NVA, and they got the message and put Bells on the air. He

told the audience who were listening who he was, and where he was, and what

happened earlier tonight to those Fatties who'd been ranting and raving on the air,

and he said 'We got a lot of guns down here and those Fatties ain't gonna need 'em

any more, so anyone who wants to join the NVA, come on down to Eastgate Mall.'

And guess what? Already we've signed on a hundred new Volunteers, even if it is

almost midnight. We always had to recruit in secret before, but now that people know

where to find us, looks like we'll have more than enough Volunteers to create a

genuine national army."

"Civil war instead of mere terrorism," moaned Shipman. "Beautiful! I suppose you

have some justification for all this, something about not being able to make an

omelette without breaking eggs? What's the term you Brits came up with? I used to

see it all the time on all the war monuments when I went to England. Dulcy

something Latin?"

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,” corrected Jack Flash. “How sweet and

good it is to die for your country, which of course is a load of bollocks. Death is never

sweet or good. And yes, with regard to those two pointless and stupid wars against our

racial cousins in Germany, it was the old school lie. But sometimes, doctor,

worthwhile things can come of death. I happen to believe that this is worthwhile,

because I have seen what came of listening to the lies of the people who have sent

Englishmen to die everywhere from the Somme to Anzio to Basra, always for the

benefit of same alien race of thieves and liars. This time we are killing and dying for

our own blood and a Homeland for all of us, sir. To me, that makes a difference, and I

am willing.”

“God, I love that accent,” said Kelly with a smile.

“You should hear me emote Shakespeare, Miss Shipman. ‘How now, you black

and midnight hags, what is’t you do?’”

“Look, I suppose I might as well make us all some supper,” said Marty wanly. “I

promise none of us will run away or try to call the police. God knows I don’t

want this

fighting to come to our house.”

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A Mighty Fortress

“I’ll stay with Mr. Brown,” said Shipman. “You three go on and have something to

eat, and Marty, could you bring in some soup for our patient? Kelly?” he said turning

to his daughter.

“I’m all right, Dad, as all right as I’ll ever be,” she told him. “Actually this has been a

therapeutic distraction for me. Besides, it can’t hurt to get in good with the new

regime.”

“You have, you know,” said Cody. “You too, Doctor Shipman. We won’t forget this.

I really do hope you’ll reconsider leaving the Republic. It’s to be a home for all of us,

like Jack, er, Nigel said.”

After they left the surgery Shipman stared after them. “My God, they’re just

children! Even that English kid! He ought to be out sculling on the Serpentine or in

some pub drinking warm beer and talking drunken undergraduate bullshit, not

coming to a foreign country to commit murder, and maybe die when he runs into

someone who's a better shot than the one who plugged you. As to the others —high

school? How can you lead boys like Cody to their death?" demanded Shipman

roughly. "Or that skinny little girl who thinks she's Patty Hearst and it's all some kind

of giggly game? How can you live with yourself, knowing that you're destroying the

lives of children? White children, since I know you don't care about black or brown

ones."

Brown sighed. "I got nothing against black or brown children, any more than I

have anything against rabbits or mice. But you can't let rabbits or mice run loose in

your fields, or they'll destroy your crops and devour your grain while giving nothing in

return, and then nobody eats. And Cody isn't a boy. He became a man the day he

stood up and took on a man's work in life by striking a blow at the enemies who

destroyed his family, no matter what you think of his choice. There's nothing wrong

with becoming a man at sixteen. That's the way it used to be for many

thousands of

years before we got so damned civilized, and that's the way it needs to be again. But

if you think we just use kids like Cody and Emily for cannon fodder, well, you're

wrong. I'm not going to argue with you, but you're wrong." He was quiet for a time.

"They call me Farmer Brown because I used to have a farm once, seven hundred acres

of prime wheat and sorghum and soybean in Latah, just outside Spokane. I had a son,

too."

"What happened?" asked Shipman.

"The bank took my farm and Iraq took my boy. And yeah, every day I collect a

little on that debt from the pigs in human form who did that to me, and I enjoy every

minute of it. That pleasure's the only one I've got left in life. I could get the farm back

after we win the Republic, but what would be the point? No one to leave it to. But it's

not just revenge. Revenge all on its own is nothing but a black hole you can never fill

up, and I'm not so dumb or full of hate that I don't understand that. I'm a Volunteer to

make sure it never happens again. Do you think for one minute that after having

buried my own son, I would ever lead Cody or anyone else into danger of death by

gunfire unless there was no other way to make things right with the world? I tried

your way. I even ran for office before 10/22. None of the local television stations or

newspapers would take my advertising, my campaign manager was beaten by hired

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goons, I was arrested on a phony charge of embezzling campaign funds, and I still

won, so my opponent simply went scuttling to a Jewish Federal judge and

had the result thrown out. We use bullets now, not ballots. Bullets work. Ballots don't,

unless you count 'em yourself."

"You can't order the future all nice and neat with a gun!" said Shipman.

"Yeah, I know that too. But I can try. I can do what little I can, and if enough of us

just do what little we can, well, maybe we can't make sure everybody gets a winning

hand a hundred and two hundred years from now, but at least we can re-shuffle the

deck.”

Shipman sighed and slumped into a chair. After a while Brown said, “By the way,

thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” said Shipman.

Mrs. Shipman managed to whip up a passable meal of microwave bean casserole,

hot dogs, and salad, which the Volunteers wolfed down. Kelly declined to eat anything

and went into the den where she turned on the TV and watched the raging news

commentary and reports of violence around Seattle. After Cody had finished eating

Marty tapped him on the arm. “Cody, may I speak to you privately? It’s about Kelly.”

They went into the living room and sat down in a corner on a sofa, Cody

uncomfortably lugging his Kalashnikov along. “I apologize for the shooting iron, Mrs.

Shipman, but I might need it quick,” he said. To his surprise, Marty buried her face in

her hands and started to weep. “Oh, jeez, look, ma’am, I’m damned sorry about this!

It’s just that we had to have your husband’s help for Farmer. I hope you understand

that we wouldn’t really have hurt you. You’re Kelly’s parents, and I really

like Kelly a

lot...”

“I hope so,” she whispered. “Dear lord, I hope so, Cody. I hope you like her enough

to do something for Kelly that in this horrible world, it seems that only you can do, or

will do.”

“Huh?” asked Cody.

“Dear God, forgive me for what I am about to do! Cody, ever since I saw you and

your friends with those guns and I knew who you were—well, don’t be embarrassed

about putting that machine gun or assault rifle or whatever it is on my coffee table. I’d

like to kiss it, actually.”

“Uh.”

Marty laughed. “No, that’s not me being kinky. Cody, normally I wouldn’t ask you

something embarrassing like this, but do you more than like my daughter? Do you

love her?”

“Yes,” he told her simply.

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Marty looked at him with all the despair in the world in her eyes. “Then
avenge

her!” she cried in agony.

A few minutes later he went into the den where Kelly was staring at the
flickering

screen in the dark. She had the sound muted. He sat down on the leather
couch beside

her and carefully leaned the AK against one corner of it, muzzle pointing
away, and

then spoke to her.

“Hi,” he said.

“I think I always knew,” said Kelly softly. “There was always something
different

about you. You were always so gentle and polite with me. You spoke to me
like a man,

not just a high school kid with half his mind in my pants and the other half
still on his

skateboard and his computer games. It was a subtle thing, but I noticed. I
could tell

that you were a lot deeper than you let on to be, and I admit, it fascinated me.
I just

never knew how to say anything to you about it. I kept hoping that you would
decide

to tell me what was going on with you. I know you love me.”

“I damned sure never said anything about that,” he replied, not bothering to deny

it.

“No, dear, but I picked up on the signs,” she said with a little smile. “I knew you

wanted me, like all the others, but you never came on to me. I think you’re the only

guy I’ve ever met over the age of fifteen who never did. Why didn’t you try? You might

have been surprised by the result. Heck, I might have been surprised by the result.”

“I wasn’t just looking for an hour with you in the back of that Explorer, Kel,” he

told her with a shrug. “What I want from you is something I can never have, and most

likely never from anybody else. There was no point in my starting something I

couldn’t finish. Yes, I like you. I won’t say I love you because that word simply isn’t

appropriate to anything to do with the world I live in. If things were different I would

have made an effort to win you, somehow, but they weren’t. I am who I am and you

are who you are.” He was silent for a while. “Your mom told me what happened to you

today at school. Ironically, it was only this afternoon that Nightshade and me

got

permission from our captain to kill Newman. We were too late, and I will go to my

grave regretting that. But it will be taken care of, for what it's worth. Soon."

"Nightshade?" asked Kelly.

"That's Emily's Volunteer name. Not Patty Hearst. That was a joke."

"Yes, dear, I got that. And what's yours?" she asked.

"Just Cody Brock. I never had a Volunteer handle."

"Why not?" she asked curiously. "Emily is Nightshade and Nigel is Jumping Jack

Flash, and I really don't think Farmer Brown's first name is Farmer, and I heard you

call your captain Bobby Bells. Sounds to me like you guys pass out the neat nicknames

along with your secret decoder rings, if you have them."

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"I was an It Takes A Village kid," he told her. "They took my name once, my father's name and his father's before him. When I ran away I decided I would never

let them take my name again"

"Well, it's sweet of you to want to avenge my honor, as our ancestors would have

said, but it isn't worth you getting killed over," she said.

"I disagree. I risk getting killed every day," said Cody. "And never with better reason."

"Are you with Emily now?" asked Kelly. "I mean, what do you two do together

when you're not going to church or shooting up shopping malls? And what the hell

was the story on that kidnapping deal in June?"

Cody chuckled. "Oh, that was just a glitch in a minor operation that kind of developed a life of its own. Long story. You mean do we pass our nights in wild

abandoned passion, in between manning the revolutionary barricades and shooting

people? No. Believe me, we have other things to occupy our time. The closest we've

ever come to getting physical is when she tried to stab me once."

"Huh?"

"Part of that long story I mentioned. No, we're not together like you mean, but in a

way we are. We're comrades and we face the same enemy, the same death if we're

caught, and every day our lives depend on one another. In that way, yeah, we're

together in a far closer way than anyone can ever be after a little backstage snogging

with Craig Crabtree.”

“Ooh, touché,” she said. “Cody, really, this thing with Newman... it’s very odd, but

right now I honestly don’t care if he lives or dies. I just feel... dead inside. I can’t think

about the future, I can’t think about acting, I don’t even think I’ll dream any more for

a while. Everything seems to be shut off inside me right now.”

“That’s the worst part of it,” said Cody, nodding. “It feels like a vampire attacked

you and sucked your soul away.”

“Well, that’s not a bad description, but with all due respect, dear, how the hell

would you know?” Kelly inquired.

“I know. Kelly, I’m going to tell you something I’ve never told anybody. Something

I never thought I would ever discuss with another human being.” He took a deep

breath. “I told you I was an It Takes A Village kid. I was eight years old. They sent my

dad to prison and they took my sister away to wherever the hell they took her, and

then they sold me. To Jews, down in San Francisco. Now you know why I

don't exactly

have any love for the Chosen Ones. My stepfather was a Jew with a capital J who gave

me these constant bombastic lectures on Jewish ethics and moral duties and yadda

yadda yadda, my stepmother was a very nice Gentile broad with a great body and a

room temperature IQ. Plus, I had two stepsisters. Karen was two years older than me,

and Leah was five years older, so when I was eleven they would have been thirteen

and sixteen respectively.

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“That’s when it started, when I was eleven. Both of them came to my room one

night after everyone was in bed, and they told me they wanted to play some special

games with me. I wasn’t a naïve kid, I’d had sex education even in the yeshiva school,

and so I understood what games they wanted to play. They made it clear that if I

didn’t go along they would claim to my stepparents and the police that I had been the

one coming to their room with the games in mind. So we played, only it

wasn't normal

sex. I think I can count on my fingers the times anything normal figured in these little

sessions that sometimes went on until dawn. I won't get into any more detail. Most of

it makes me want to vomit, even now, years later. Okay, I know the male-on-female

rape dynamic is different, and I know what happened to you was more violent and

terrible, but in my case it went on for years, regularly, until Leah was in college and

engaged to be married, yet still she came with Karen to my room. Until I ran away. So

I just want you to know, Kelly, that yes, I have some idea of how you feel. As much as a

man can have, I suppose."

"Didn't you ever even try to tell your stepfather or stepmother the truth?" asked

Kelly, fascinated.

"You still don't know everything," said Cody softly. "Early on, when it started

happening, I decided to tell Larry, and if those two bitches lied about it and accused

me then so be it, but something happened. Nights are usually foggy in San José, but

one night, soon after the games began, there was a very bright moon outside.
I was

lying on my back on the bed while the girls—did what they were doing, when
I heard

the door to my room creak a little. I turned my head to the left and in the
moonlight I

saw my stepfather's face protruding around the edge of the door frame,
looking into

the room, watching us. Thick coke-bottle glasses, nose and frizzy hair and all.
It

looked like those old World War Two Kilroy Was Here cartoons, but it
wasn't funny.

It was ghastly, because you see, his face as he watched us around the door
was down

on the floor, like some hideous ball that was about to roll into my room. He
must have

been lying full length on the hall floor outside, and occasionally I got a
glimpse of

what appeared to be his shoulders, and they were bare. I don't know if he was
actually

naked, but he wasn't wearing a shirt, anyway."

"You're really creeping me out, Cody," whispered Kelly in horror.

"It was suddenly obvious that it was Larry who had set the whole thing up,"
Cody

said. "He must have. The girls surely knew he was there. Their eyesight was
as good as

mine.”

“Why?” asked Kelly. “What kind of perv would do that?”

“We never spoke about it. He knew I saw him that night. He was watching us close

enough, and he must have known that he’d been seen. But he never said anything,

ever. What would go on in a man’s mind to make him do something like that I don’t

know, but I quickly decided that as bad as things were, any attempt on my part to

force it into the open would make it ten times worse. Now I’m sure it had something

to do with my being a Gentile and the son of a man who had gone to prison for

hatecrime and was classified as a Nazi.”

“What did you do?” asked Kelly, fascinated.

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“I looked away and the games went on, that night and other nights. But I never

looked at the door again. No matter what the girls and I were doing, I always made

sure I never faced the door to my room while we did it. One more thing. From little

things that Karen and Leah let slip over the years, I knew that on certain nights they

weren't in my room, they were in Larry's room with him and Gina. Doing a foursome

with variations. Those two didn't sleep in their own beds much. So don't tell me that

Newman's death won't make you feel better, Kelly. Because I know. I promise you, it

will be taken care of." He stood up. "I'll go see how Farmer's doing. We need to be

gone from here. I don't want the Fatties to catch us in your house, or they'll kill all of

you too once they realize your dad has helped a wounded Volunteer."

Shipman agreed that Farmer Brown could be released. He even lent Brown a shirt

against the night chill. "Thank you again, Doctor," said Cody. "And you, Kelly, and

Mrs. Shipman for the supper and for your patience. Again, I apologize for this

intrusion. Doctor Shipman, as soon as we have some kind of open offices in the city,

please feel free to send the NVA a bill. I promise you, it will be paid. Now, I'd like to

ask you one more favor. I'd like to ask if you would say nothing at all to anyone about

our being here tonight. There's no good purpose to be served by speaking of

this

incident. If you call the FBI or Homeland Security, you'll get on the wrong side of the

Feds for having helped us, even at gunpoint, and although we ourselves would never

repay your kindness with harm, there are some in the NVA who would consider it

informing, and you don't want that. Kelly, I am assuming that drama school will

continue, although I don't know who's going to want to see those stupid one-acts with

a revolution going on in the streets outside. But I ask that you keep our little secret

when we get back in class, Kelly. You know why. There's something we need to take

care of."

"And that would be?" asked Doctor Shipman.

"I think you know, sir," said Cody, looking at him steadily.

Shipman looked away. "Yes, I know. And to my shame, I have to admit that I want

it to happen. We won't say anything about your visit here tonight. I suppose that when

it comes right down to my own family, my veneer of civilization is no thicker than

yours and all I want is vengeance against the monster who hurt my child. I'm

a savage

just like you.”

“Oh, no no no, that won’t do at all,” said Jack Flash. “Niggers are savages, Doctor.

We are barbarians. A much braver and more noble article.”

As they were driving away in the Cadillac, Emily asked him “What was that all

about? I noticed your little intine with Kelly in the den. What is it we have to take

care of at school?”

“Newman,” said Cody. “The son of a bitch raped Kelly this afternoon after class.”

“Bloody hell!” cursed Jack Flash.

“I’m sorry, Cody,” said Nightshade sincerely.

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“We’ll get him, son,” said Farmer. “If you don’t mind a hand on your first

independent hit, I’d like to be in on this one myself. I have at least one left to lend, and

this left isn’t as bad as it looks. Or feels.”

“Could we possibly make it a foursome?” asked Nigel Moore. “That is a lovely lady

indeed and I would consider it a privilege to assist in rendering this particular

sheeny

dead, dead, dead. Oh, I say, there's a thought! Any chance of a good old English

topping?"

"A what?" asked Brown.

"A hanging," explained Nigel enthusiastically. "The old Tyburn ticket. Make this

Red Sea pedestrian dance Danny Deever."

"A Jew lynching!" laughed Brown. "The old Leo Frank trick!"

"Precisely!" agreed Nigel.

Cody mulled it over. "Mmm, yeah, that catwalk in the auditorium ought to take

the weight of a body. I don't know if Bells will go for something that exotic, but we can

at least make a plan and run it by him. But there's a problem. Nightshade and I are

still on special intelligence assignment, unless they decide to call it off now, and going

to that stupid drama class and listening to that kike spout off about Stanislavsky and

The Method may be essential to maintaining our cover with those people at the

Assembly of God."

"Jesus, how long do you think the school can keep on with this summer

school gig

anyway, trying to pretend that nothing has changed?” asked Emily.

“Hopefully long enough for you to make your acting début as a duckbilled platypus,” said Cody.

“And I was so looking forward to your opening night,” said Farmer Brown from

the back seat. “I was going to play the proud parent and sit up front and applaud,” he

added wistfully.

Cody drove slowly, and along the way back to Medina they watched for signs of

the street fighting they had heard from all over the area. The bulk of it seemed to be

over. Here and there were burning vehicles, some FATPO and some civilian, and

shattered glass and debris filled the streets, but they didn’t see any more bodies. The

street lights were still on in most places, and the houses were all dark in that they had

their porch lights turned off and their window shades pulled down, but through the

shades could be seen the lambent glow of television screens. “Unbelievable. History is

happening right on their doorsteps, and these people are all inside watching it on

CNN,” growled Cody, shaking his head.

“It’s the American way,” said Jack Flash. “The white man has become almost completely passive. Life has become a spectator sport, when it’s not a video game.”

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“They’re all watching Fox News if they’re Republicans, and CNN if they’re Democrats,” said Emily. “All the Assembly of God people watch CBN and 700 Club

religiously, of course, no pun intended. We need to try and catch up on what Pastor

Renfield and Billy Benbow said on the tube tonight, Cody, so we can mention it in

church. We need to let them know we’re good Christians, and in a crisis a good

Christian always turns to the pastor to be told what to do.”

“A Judeo-Christian does, honey, yes,” said Brown. “A Christian-Christian turns to

the Bible.”

“I didn’t know you were religious, Farmer,” said Jack Flash.

“I’m not,” the wounded man replied. “My wife was.”

As they approached the NVA safe house in Medina through the empty

neighborhood, they came to a crude but bulky street barricade which had

been built

under a street light using what appeared to be a picnic table, lawn furniture from

nearby houses, garbage cans and plastic recycling tubs off the street, and part of a

chain link fence which had been ripped up from somewhere. Behind the barricade

was a large FATPO truck, but even as they pulled up they could see a man busy with

several cans of spray paint, covering over the Federal insignia and spraying onto the

doors a crude target-like rondel in green, white, and blue. A Northwest Tricolor flag

was rammed on its staff down into the junk on the home-made barrier. "Looks like

they're already making use of those Fattie vehicles we impounded at Eastgate," said

Cody. There was a crude sign spray-painted on plywood, barely readable in the dim

light: NVA - STOP OR BE SHOT.

Cody slowed the Cadillac and a Volunteer in civilian clothes he had never seen

before approached the car with his Kalashnikov at the ready. Another couple of

Volunteers covered him from the open roof of the truck with the M-60 machine gun

which up until that evening had been U. S. government property. Cody rolled down

the window. “We’re NVA!” he called out. “A Company, Number Three Seattle

Brigade.”

“Yeah? Got the password?” asked the armed man.

“Ragnarok,” said Cody.

“Okay,” said the rebel. “We’re with Slim Jim in E Company. You guys heading

back to the brigade HQ?”

“Yes, we have a wounded man.”

“Farmer Brown? Yeah, we heard. How ya doing, Farmer?” the man called into the

back seat.

“Still frosty, thanks to my personal posse here,” replied Farmer. “You’re Jason

Miller from the phone company, right? Yeah, I remember you. How’s Slim Jim

doing?”

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“He’s a captain now, like Bells,” said Miller. “I guess now we’re in an open war

we'll all get promotions. I wanna be an Übergruppenführer."

"Uh, what's that in American?" asked Farmer.

"No idea, it just sounds cool."

"We had a local quack I know patch Farmer up, but we still want Mary Beth to

look at him," said Cody. "How's it been going tonight? Any Fatties around?"

"Not for an hour or so," said Comrade Miller carelessly. "The Commandant told us

to set up these barricades to guard the approaches to the safe house, to make sure if

there's an attack on the headquarters they get some warning, but I don't think Fattie's

got the stones for it. They can dish it out, but they never could take it. Heard on the

news that they're flying in some Fattie general to try and get them to pull back and

establish the truce that bimbo Chelsea was talking about on TV tonight. I heard him

broadcasting a while ago, telling the Fatties they've made their point with their

so-called protest. Protest, my ass. They stuck out their arm and they got it chewed off,

is what. You drive careful going into HQ. Some of the guys are still a bit psyched on

adrenalin, and that Cadillac looks a little official."

“Anybody shoots it up, there will be hell to pay,” said Cody. “It belongs to Bobby

Bells. We’re all expendable, but so much as scratch the paint on this Caddy and you

sleep with the fishes.”

They arrived back at the safe house without further mishap. After the NVA field

medic Mary Beth checked out Farmer Brown, she said, “This Doctor Shipman knows

his stuff. Not much I can do for him that hasn’t already been done, and I’d say he’ll be

okay. I have been told that we are actually going to more or less move in and take over

one of the local hospitals, and use that for all our wounded, as soon

as things calm down enough and we can get the FATPOs back in their cages, so he’ll

be sent there for recovery whenever that happens. I’ll change his dressing before we

send him over, but he should be back on his feet in a couple of weeks.”

“Uh, I gather from the flag out front and the party-down atmosphere inside that

this safe house is no longer maintaining any pretence of secrecy,” commented Cody.

“Yeah, tonight we make like the queers and come out of the closet,” said Mary

Beth. Someone actually hung another sign cut from a cardboard box on the front door

of the mansion, written in magic marker, that read Northwest Volunteer Army, No. 3

Seattle Brigade HQ. Please Wipe Feet Before Entering. Someone else had gotten up

onto the roof, run up a Tricolor, and then turned one of the lawn spotlights shining

onto it so the rebel flag was visible in the night. The house was full of people now,

running around the rooms, sitting on all the available furniture and on the floor,

sleeping in all the beds, and gabbing with one another out on the floodlit lawn in total

disregard of the possibility of a sudden hail of bullets from the surrounding darkness.

There were weapons stacked in every available corner, and the garage had been

turned into a full-scale armory and auto body shop where several FATPO Humvees

were being re- sprayed with NVA rondels and insignia. There were people Cody had

never seen before sitting in corners banging on laptops, talking on cell phones, and

the big living room was occupied by officers who were poring over maps spread all

over the tables.

“Christ, I never realized there were so many of us!” said Cody to Emily, shaking his

head. Everyone who wasn’t talking seemed to be eating. There was food, paper plates

containing bits and pieces of food, and food containers everywhere, as well as what

seemed like hundreds of plastic soda bottles in various stages of consumption. There

were also big huge piles of McDonalds’ burgers and sandwiches and fries in the

kitchen, heaped up next to the microwaves, as well as Chinese and subs and pizza.

This would be a truly American revolution, fueled on junk food.

“That kid from Number Two Brigade, Ted, went back to the food court at Eastgate and

cleaned it out along with the other burger- flippers and counter hands, to feed the

NVA on this momentous night,” said Eddie Hagen.

“Is there any order in this chaos?” Cody asked Hagen. “Is anybody in charge?”

“Yeah, it’s bit more organized than it looks,” Hagen told them. “We got a rota

system, four hours out on the street, four hours back here or in another safe house

where they can catch up on shuteye, but nobody is sleeping. They're all watching it go

down on CNN. I think maybe some of the guys are hoping to fulfill the great American

ambition of seeing themselves on TV."

"How are we doing?" asked Emily. "Are we winning?"

Hagen laughed. "The sitch is still kind of fluid, but yeah, we've given the Feds a

good bitch-slap. Our crew at Eastgate turned in the best performance yet, but the

Fatties seem to have been caught by surprise at the level of resistance. I think we've

killed at least twenty of them besides that big bunch we whacked in the mall. There's

been another interesting development as well. In several cases that we know of, local

citizens who were being terrorized by FATPOs took matters into their own hands,

brought out whatever guns they had hidden away, and opened fire on their asses. Plus

there have been reports of some of the few remaining non-whites in Seattle getting

attacked and chased down the street by white gangs. Everybody heard the President's

speech and everybody understood. The word has gotten out that the times they are

a-changin'. Bells has got 'em lined up down at the mall wantin' to join the Volunteers,

and it's two in the morning! It will be really interesting to see how the white population reacts now that the lid is off and they can stand up and say nigger again."

The two teenagers went into the crowded den and watched TV for a while. It had

been hours since the President's speech, and yet the cable news network talking heads

were still screaming at the top of their lungs about it. The general tenor of the reaction

was sheer, utter incredulity. Commentators both liberal and neo-conservative were

literally spluttering and stuttering. Red Morehouse wandered in for one of his periodic visits to check up on what was going out via the media, and he chuckled with

delight. "Actually, this idea that the entire North American continent is some kind of

gigantic single political and social entity and destined to be ruled from Washington,

D.C. is a very old one, even pre-dating the destruction of the Constitution in 1861," he

explained. "Back in the nineteenth century it used to be called Manifest Destiny.

That's what the War of 1812 was really all about. It had nothing to do with Britain

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impressing American sailors, it was a straightforward land grab. The United States

wanted to conquer Canada. Fortunately for the Canadians, gross incompetence was

already an established feature of American government and military strategy.”

“Yeah, all these Amurrican yay-hoos can claim that the United States never lost a

war,” said Emily. “Bullshit. The U.S. lost at least a couple of times that I know about.

The Canadians and Brits kicked American ass in 1812 and burned the White House to

the ground. The Bolsheviks defeated American troops when they tried to invade

Russia in 1919. And I have never understood how any moron can claim that Vietnam

was an American victory.”

“It's pretty clear the United States is also going to be run out of the Middle East

eventually,” added Morehouse. “But this idea that the North American continent

always has to be in one piece politically speaking is almost a religion with these

people. The fact that a President of the United States is willing to sit down with

separatists of any kind is astounding to them. They can't wrap their minds around it."

"Every other continent on the face of the earth has more than one nation on it,"

said Cody. "Even northern Australia was handed to the gooks recently and became

South Irian. Why, exactly, should North America be any different?" After a while Cody

and Emily got bored with watching all the gibbering negroid and liberals and blow-

dried neo-cons on TV, and they went and found Commandant Dortmunder, who was

in the kitchen pouring out the last cup of coffee from the coffee maker. Several other

officers, new to Cody, were sitting around the table talking on cell phones or among

themselves. "Sir, do you have a minute?" he asked. "What do you want me and

Nightshade to do now? If it's all right we'd like to be put on one of those duty rosters

for street patrols, or else go back over to Eastgate Mall and re-join Captain DiBella's

team.”

“Hmm,” said Dortmunder, thinking while he pulled out a paper filter and made

another pot of coffee. “According to the news media all public school functions have

been canceled due to the unsettled conditions, as they put it, so you don’t have to go in

to that silly drama class tomorrow, or I suppose I should say this morning. Kind of

like a snow day, I guess.”

“That’s good,” said Nightshade. “Once you’ve been an urban guerrilla, it’s kind of

hard to go back to being a duckbilled platypus.”

“Should we report to Captain DiBella back at the Eastgate mall?” asked Cody again. “I hear he’s running a regular recruiting station for the NVA out there now.”

“Mmm, normally I’d say yes, but there’s still this church investigation thing you

two are involved with,” said Dortmunder. “You have to remember, Cody, that

organizationally speaking, Nightshade isn’t part of A Company, she’s Third Section,

and until I hear otherwise we don’t want her doing anything that might get her

recognized and blow her cover. Technically, you two shouldn’t even have

gone on that

expedition to Eastgate, you know. I didn't realize you were going when Bells put

together his crew, although I suppose even if I'd caught it in time I wouldn't have had

the heart to stop you. You're still young enough to think war is an adventure. Well,

that's spilt milk, but it's now more important than ever that we find out if ZOG is

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trying to set up some kind of counter-revolutionary movement through these Holy

Joes. So I want you and Nightshade to stick here and stay out of sight. Don't worry,

we'll find something for you to do, and then if they re-open the schools and start that

silly drama class up again, you'll have to try and resume your life as American

teenagers, although God knows how long that's going to be possible. I know it's hard

for you to go back to being ducks after a night like tonight."

"Duckbilled platypus," said Emily.

"Whatever. But this is important. If something is in fact moving in the shade at

these churches, then now is the time the government will spring it on us.”

“Are we staying here in this house, sir?” asked Cody.

Dortmunder shook his head. “No, this place is in the middle of a residential area,

and it would be hard to defend if we were attacked, plus there would be a lot of

civilian casualties. The NVA is coming out of hiding and we are actually going to set

up a proper brigade headquarters, in public. We haven’t decided where yet. Maybe

even in the mall you guys captured tonight. By the way, that’s getting a big play on the

media. Bells was able to get the radio equipment functioning again and we’ve already

got some guy from the Agitprop department of Third Section down there

broadcasting official NVA statements and some kind of music, even. Wagner, Hank

Williams, and old Skinhead rock CDs, I think. An odd combination of tunes by which

to bring a new world into being. Anyway, we’ll be moving our digs to somewhere, so I

suppose I should put you guys to packing up all the gear and getting it ready to move.

With any luck, this may be the last time we have to do a covert E & E.”

“Mmm, I suppose I better at least check in with my mom,” said Emily.

“She’ll be

going crazy wondering where I am and what I’m doing.”

“Tell her you got kidnapped again,” suggested Cody.

“I don’t mean to pry, comrade, but I just have to ask. Does your mother honestly

have no idea at all what you’re involved in?” inquired Dortmund curiously.
“I mean,

how is that possible?”

“My mom acquired a habit of not asking questions when she lived with my father,”

replied Emily carefully. “Look, don’t get me wrong, she’s not a bad person and I love

her in my own way, but she’s like a lot of Americans. She’s just kind of opted out. She

doesn’t want to know, about anything, because she’s come to understand that knowledge is frightening and it makes demands of her, demands she can’t handle, so

she deliberately avoids it. She knows I spend a lot of time away from home. But then

so does she, when she checks into a motel for a week and wallows in wine and, well,

other stuff. In a way, what she does is just as potentially dangerous as what I do. I’m

likely to get shot or arrested and tortured, and she’s likely to crash her Lexus on the

freeway while she's smashed, or get strangled with a belt or a pillowcase by some

freak she picks up in a bar or a truck stop. I guess you could say we both name our

poison. Then she comes home again and wallows in Jesus down at the Assembly of

God for a couple of months, before she does it again. At some point we seem to have

worked out an unspoken arrangement. We just don't ask."

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"How utterly American," said Dortmunder, shaking his head.

"Sir, in the American dysfunctional stakes you know I got that beat," said Cody

grimly. "Is there any white kid born in my generation who does not have some kind of

horrible, sick and twisted family history? There's simply no such thing as normal any

more. The Brady Bunch are dead, if they ever were real at all. Did an America like that

ever really exist?"

"And the actor who played Mr. Brady was a faggot who died of AIDS," Emily

reminded him.

Red Morehouse had come into the kitchen just in time to overhear the latter part

of the conversation. “Oh, yes, there was once goodness and health in America,” he

assured them. “So long ago that no one remembers, but yes, there was once a world

where Tom and Huck played pirates on the river and Penrod and Sam played detective. And yes, it is possible to go back. Human beings can do anything they want

to, if the will is strong enough. You two kids grew up in hell, but your children won’t

have to. What you’re doing tonight is making sure of that. Make no mistake, guys.

This is the good fight we’re fighting here. Joe, I need to talk to you about something.

We’re going to be setting up a kind of district command for the Seattle area which will

serve as a pilot project for the rest of the Homeland, and...”

“I’ll call Mom and leave a message,” said Emily to Cody, dialing on her cell phone.

“She probably got into the Beaujolais before I left for school this morning, and most

likely she’s been drunk all day. She may even have missed the whole thing.”

Frank Barrow came into the kitchen. “Right,” he said, “Looks like all the renegade

FATPOs are now back in their barracks or have been helicoptered out of the city.”

“Congratulations on the Republic’s first open military victory, General,” said Morehouse with a smile.

“Hey, don’t congratulate me,” said Barrow admiringly. “Bells and his boys gave a

bravura performance at Eastgate mall, no question, but Carter Wingfield and the new

Special Service were the ones who really shone tonight. They not only drove the

Fatties off the streets, but the Redmond police station is now in our hands as well as

the FATPO barracks in Renton. We have captured a mammoth shitload of weapons

and ammunition at both places, and also freed over a hundred white prisoners, most

of whom were arrested and dragged in just tonight. Some of them had already been

subjected to various kinds of abuse. All of it legally impeccable under the Patriot Act,

of course.” Barrow’s face assumed a scowl. “The SS also found their interrogation

room in Renton, and we’ve got a nice little selection of instruments of torture we can

display for the media. Electric prods, dentists’ drills, special pliers for ripping off

fingernails and toenails, slow strangulation collars, and a steel chair with a thing like

a vise-grip built recessed into the seat, and a crank on the back of the chair that

tightens it. They call it the ball-crusher. ‘Nuff said. I might add that all of these

charming artifacts still have their Israeli manufacturer’s marks stamped into them.”

“Hey, when it comes to torture and human degradation, you can’t beat Israeli expertise,” said Morehouse dryly. “That’s another thing we need to do, draw up a list

of those media personnel who seem to be the least biased against us and start building

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a relationship with them by giving them the juiciest stories. This one would be a good

start.”

“Uh, sure, Mom,” said Emily over in her corner. “Uh, yeah, he’s here with me. No,

Mom, we’re not committing carnal sin! It’s just that Cody was scared I might get hurt

on the streets if he let me come home, and so we’re over here at this other guy’s house.

What’s his name? Simpson. Bart Simpson. You remember, he’s this kid from

school

we know. I told you about him.”

“She drunk?” asked Cody sympathetically, suppressing the urge to laugh.
“And we

go to school with Bart Simpson now?”

“She’s so worried that we might be screwing that it never occurred to her that we

might be killing people,” Emily replied in a whisper, her hand over the phone. Then

she turned back to it. “Huh? Who wants to...? Uh, uh, okay.” She put her hand over

the receiver again, then said quickly and urgently to Morehouse, “Sir! That army

Captain Regenthal, from the church, the one we’re supposed to be watching! He’s

been looking for Cody! He called my house trying to find him.”

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VI.

“Everyone in the new Republic is free to worship as they please. They are not free

to commit treason and then hide behind religion to escape the consequences.”

- Gen. Frank Barrow

Morehouse held up his hand for silence in the room. “Quiet, everyone! Did Regenthal say why?” he demanded.

“Uh, Mom, did Jesse say why he wanted Cody?” asked Nightshade into the phone.

“Uh, okay.” She grabbed up a felt-tipped pen from the table and wrote a number

on her hand. “Okay, I’ll get him to call. Right now? Mom, it’s three o’clock in the

morning! Oh, okay. Yeah, I’ll have Cody call him. Yeah, I know, there’s no summer

school tomorrow, I heard on TV. Cody will bring me home once it’s daylight out and

the TV says it’s safe and there’s no more crazy Nazis shooting up the streets. Yes,

Mom, I know. Don’t worry, we’ll be praying for peace too, and we won’t be doing any

sins of the flesh, I promise. Okay, see you soon. Praise the Lord.” She hung up.

“Did Regenthal give any indication of what’s going on?” repeated Morehouse.

“No, but he left a cell number and he says it’s urgent that Cody call him right away,

no matter what time it is,” said Nightshade. She handed him the phone. “Here, Cody,

use mine in case he’s got some kind of caller ID. He’ll be expecting you to call from my

number.”

“Everybody keep it down in here,” ordered Morehouse. “Go ahead, Volunteer

Brock.” Emily held up her hand and Cody dialed the number on it. Morehouse and

Nightshade both leaned over close to listen. Regenthal’s voice answered, deep and

hearty. “Praise Jesus!” he boomed. “Is this Miss Pastras?”

“So he is using caller ID,” muttered Dortmunder.

“Uh, hello, Brother Jesse,” said Cody, going into Beaver Cleaver mode,

modulating his voice to seem a bit younger than he was as best he could do so. “It’s

me, Cody Brock from Sunday school. Emily’s mother told her you wanted me to call

you.”

“Sure did, young man! We’re worried about you and Emily down at the church,

Cody,” said Regenthal. “You know there’s been a lot of trouble going on tonight, and

she wasn’t sure where her daughter was, or you.”

“Yeah, well, things got kind of hairy last night, sir,” said Cody. “I was going to take

Emily roller-skating, but then the President came on TV. We watched her in the snack

bar at the roller rink, and that kind of messed up the evening. Then I got a call from

the hospital and they told me my dad got shot at work by some of those damned, oh,

sorry for cussing, Lord, I mean, by some of those blasted Nazis. A nurse patched my

Dad up in the emergency room, but there were all kinds of guys with guns running

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around, right in the ER and out on the street, and we ended up taking him over to Mr.

Simpson's house, because it was closer. He's gonna be all right, but I didn't want to

take Emily home until it got daylight and the police were able to chase the Nazis away.

I just don't know what's happening, captain sir, it sounded like the President is going

to give the state of Washington away to the Nazis and we'll all have to start goose-stepping or something."

"Well, that's what I'm calling you about," said Regenthal. "Cody, sounds to me like

you understand that our country is now in the greatest danger it's ever been in. For

some reason which surpasses rational belief, the President of the United

States is

apparently considering actually going into negotiations with those Natsie bastards,

and I'm not going to apologize to the Lord for swearing because that's just what they

are. Now, there are a lot of red-blooded Amurricans who just ain't gone put up with

that kind of betrayal, President or not, and I'm one of 'em. Give part of this fair land of

liberty to those evil Satan-worshipping Natsies, them as have laid their bloody hands

on the Apple of God's Eye? No, sir! As much as I hate to say it, it looks like we decent

Christian men are going to have to take matters into our own hands."

"Uh, what do you mean, take things into our own hands, captain sir?" asked Cody.

"That's what I'd like to talk to you about, son," said Regenthal. "But for reasons

which will become obvious, I can't do it on the phone. You never know who's

listening, and since we've been betrayed by our own President, good men and true no

longer know whom we can trust. Can you come over to the church at nine o'clock this

morning? There will be some of us getting together here and I'll fill all of you in then."

“Sure, Brother Jesse,” said Cody. Meanwhile, Nightshade was making frantic gestures, pointing to herself and silently mouthing “Me! Me!” Cody shook his head,

until Morehouse tapped his shoulder, pointed to Nightshade, and gave a firm and

definitive nod. “Uh, Brother Jesse, I think I got an idea what you may be talking

about, and if I’m right, then I’m your man for sure. But can Emily come, too? I know

that she hates those Nazis ever since they kidnapped her and did, well, what they did

to her. Whatever you’ve got in mind, I know she’ll want to be in on it.”

“Are you sure about that?” asked Regenthal. “She’s a girl, after all.”

“So was Judith, and yet she slew Israel’s great enemy the Assyrian king in his tent,” argued Cody. “And the woman Rahab prepared the way for the hosts of the

Children of Israel into the promised land, when she received Joshua’s spies into her

house. Women can serve Christ and America today as well. Emily is really strong in

the Spirit.”

“I don’t suppose I can argue with Scripture,” said Regenthal with a chuckle. “And

we made need a feminine touch on some things before we’re through. Do you

seriously think she'd make a good undercover operative?"

"Well, I don't know if she'd be any good as a spy, captain sir," said Cody

judiciously. "Emily's such a very shy and gentle person. But she can always bake

cookies or something." Nightshade extended her middle finger and held it up in front

of his face.

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"Well, I'll talk to her when you get here," said Regenthal.

"We'll be there at nine, sir."

"Praise His Name!" said Regenthal, and hung up.

"Well, whatever they're up to, I guess we'll find out today," said Morehouse.

"I presume you want us to infiltrate up as high as we can get into this Christian

militia or whatever they're planning, sir?" asked Nightshade crisply. "This meeting

this morning will be just one of the many tips of the iceberg. I imagine you'll find little

groups like this getting together surreptitiously in fundamentalist churches all across

the Northwest today. Whatever the master plan is, looks like they're putting it into

action, and I doubt if that redneck fool Regenthal is the big cheese behind it all. With

the peace negotiations about to begin, I'd say it's almost as important for us to find

out who's pulling these people's strings from D. C. as it is for us to assess the situation on a military threat basis."

"Yes, you're right," said Morehouse, drumming his fingers on the kitchen counter.

"A very perceptive analysis, comrade. I'm glad the NVA has found employment for

your talents other than baking cookies." Cody had the good grace to look sheepish.

"So what do we do, sir?" asked Dortmunder. "Just send them into the church? I

have a bad feeling about that. Pandora Clinton opened the box last night, and the

demons have escaped. There's no longer any telling what's going to happen out there

from day to day. Why did Regenthal come looking for Cody specifically? That bothers

me. This may be some kind of trap. And if these people even suspect the kids are

Volunteers, they'll probably kill them right on the spot. What if somebody from this

holly roller church recognized them out at Eastgate mall last night? I know this has to

be done, but I want these kids covered somehow.”

“Commandant, suppose you send Nightshade and me in strapped?” asked Cody.

“We can tell Regenthal that we figured out what he wanted to talk to us about, that we

knew we were going to be called upon to fight for God’s Chosen People and so we

came prepared. Give us some civilian style pieces, like an old .357 Magnum police

service revolver or a deer rifle for me and maybe a .38 snub or something like that for

Nightshade, the kind of thing most people still have lying around their houses. At

least that way we can try shooting our way out if it breaks bad.”

“That’s one possibility, but I’m a little more concerned with the big picture,” said

Morehouse. “Comrade Nightshade was right. We have to look at this in the context of

the upcoming conference at Longview. That’s the sun our universe will be revolving

around for the next few months until it ends, one way or another. This whole idea of

using evangelicals as a kind of fifth column against the Party and the Republic smacks

of long-term planning, the kind of thing some neo-con think tank came up with. They

love playing out scenarios like this. Someone in the power structure anticipated that

at some point things would reach the negotiation stage. What would be the purpose

of such a formation from their point of view?”

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“Obviously, to cause disruption and harass and hinder the new Republic and its

government in every conceivable way, sir,” replied Dortmunder. “A counter-revolutionary force. Frankly, if these fanatics decide to organize some sort of underground strike force, there is little we could do to stop them and there won’t be

for some time. We’re not even in partial control on the ground yet. Hell, these people

established the most powerful tyranny in human history, and even after a century in

power they couldn’t stop us from organizing against them, once the white man

recovered his testicular folliculation. I think Comrade Nightshade is right. We need to

find out how high this goes and that means they’re going to have to work their way up

through the chain of command, from Regenthal to his handler, so forth and so on.”

“Dammit, we don’t have time for that, Joe!” insisted Barrow. “In a couple of weeks

I’m going to have to go down there to Longview, and I’m going to have to find some

way to bluff and browbeat and sweet-talk these monsters into giving us back some

little portion of what’s ours. I have to go in there to that table holding as strong a hand

as possible. That means that their hand has to be correspondingly weaker, and I don’t

want them to have some kind of Christian death-squad card as a hold-out they can

suddenly deploy to change the situation on the ground if things start going against

them at the talks. That’s one option we need to strike off their menu. We need to roll

this crap up now, nip it in the bud before it even begins.”

“I agree,” said Morehouse. “Back a few months ago when we were still

underground, or a few months from now once we’re established as a government, I

would say we go ahead and take our time and do this right, get you two on the inside

with these yay-hoos, work your way up and see where the drain flows into the sewer.

But this is a crucial cusp time, and we can’t afford to make any mistakes, nor can we

afford to go in ignorance of a possible budding threat to our independence. It's

possible that this evangelical insurgency thing may be the foundation, the linch-pin of

the United States government's whole plan for these peace talks. They finally sit down

at the table with us, and then all of a sudden there's this big patriotic uprising in red,

white, and blue as the great silent majority of true-blue Amurricans of the Northwest

step up for Mom and God and apple pie, and brave little Israel, and the Great Jumping JEEEE-ZUS. That kind of horse shit. No, comrades. Oh no, no, no, no, no.

Not happening. We're going to stomp on this nonsense. Now. Today. We'll send you

two into that church, strapped and wired for sound if we can, and once you can get as

much info as possible out of these ignorant bastards, preferably on tape, we're going

to move in and smush them. The one sticky point is that this redneck moron

Regenthal has to be taken alive. He has the information we want and we'll get it from

him. Frank, you're a former cop, you've worked with wired informants before, right?"

"Yup," said Barrow.

“Where is that Doctor Doom kid, Joe?” asked Morehouse. “Can he rig one or both

of these comrades up either with a covert recorder or better yet some kind of broadcast bug?”

“He’s out at Eastgate mall looting the Radio Shack,” replied Dortmunder. “I’ll call

him in.”

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“Don’t use the phone. Send somebody reliable out there to find him and explain

what we want, so he can get what equipment he needs, then bring him here,” said

Morehouse. “That will take a while, I’m sure. I suggest that you two comrades use the

intervening time to find a dark corner and catch a couple of hours of sleep.”

“And none of that carnal sin stuff,” Dortmunder reminded them with a chortle.

“Get thee behind me, Satan!” said Cody, shaking his finger sternly at Emily, and

getting another elevated middle finger from her in return. The mansion was a large

home built back in the late part of the last century, intended for wealthy cyber-

yuppies, and it actually had servants' quarters which had no doubt hosted a long

series of illegal alien maids and gardeners and pool boys. Cody and Emily were able to

find a spare bedroom with two twin beds in it tucked off to one side on the top floor.

They lay down in their clothes on the separate beds, Cody set a travel alarm clock he

carried in his gear, and turned out the lights. "Tell me a story," demanded Emily.

"Once there were three bears who tore up and ate a little girl who wouldn't let

them sleep," said Cody. "Tell me the one about why you didn't want me to go with you

into that meeting at church today," she said.

"Do we really need to be talking about this now?" he asked.

"Not if you don't want to," she said with a shrug he could feel if not see in the dark.

Cody sighed. "Look, we both know that you can do anything a man can do in this line

of work, and you do it damned well, as good as me or better," he said. "No argument.

And no, my macho isn't offended by you personally. It's not about you as such, it's a

deeper thing, and I think it's the natural way for a man to feel. Just because women

can do these violent and military things, some of them anyway that don't require as

much physical strength and endurance as others, that doesn't mean that they should

be doing them. Okay, I accept the world as it is, I know we need female comrades and

we'd be stupid and probably lose the war if we didn't use all the available talent and

intelligence and courage that women bring to our racial struggle. Girls like you are a

necessary evil, if you'll pardon the expression, with emphasis on the necessary. Again,

no argument from me. And if you feel you've got something to prove by being here,

take my word for it, you've proved it to every man jack of us. I know we've got some

Neanderthals in the NVA who don't want women to vote under the Republic, who

want to shove you back into the kitchen and keep you barefoot and pregnant, and

that's crap. Women like you have earned the right to do whatever the hell you want in

our new country, for you and all your sisters and daughters, pardon the trite language.

When they start handing out medals you've earned every one of them and I want to

pin them on you myself. But God damn it, it just doesn't...." He ran down.

"It just doesn't feel right?" she concluded for him.

"No, it doesn't. I'm sure you've seen it on TV when some Army or National Guard

unit is leaving for Iraq or Saudi or Gaza, and they show some woman in camouflage

with an M-16 over her shoulder kissing her children good-bye and then handing them

to her husband, who is going to stay home and take care of the kids while Mommy

goes off to war, and those scum sucking liberal asshole news commentators think this

is just the greatest and most wonderful scene since sliced bread. I used to see those

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stories on the tube and I'd wonder, what kind of so-called man could do something

like that? How could he live with himself? How could he look himself in the mirror

every morning knowing what a cowardly turd he was?

"Emily, for Christ's sake don't think I'm dissing you in any way. I'm not, I swear.

But I shouldn't be fighting with you at my side. I should be fighting for you or—well,

for some woman, back in a home some place with a family and children that I am

trying to protect from these horrible tyrants. That's the way it's been down through

history. And you, I mean women, you've always been a civilizing and moderating

influence on men and their urge to fight one another. Kind of a brake that periodically

gets called into play to stop us boys from burning down the whole house with our

horseplay, so to speak. That's what your role should be in any kind of sane society,

stopping us guys from doing a lot of the stupid things we do. Making us grow up and

be responsible. But in America, a couple of generations ago, women decided they

wanted in on the menfolks' rat-race, and the menfolks' pointless brutal competition,

and the menfolks' politics, and the menfolks' wars, and when you did that, you

stopped being a civilizing influence and became part of the problem. We ended up

with power-mad bitches like Margaret Thatcher and Hillary Clinton sending the

troops out to slaughter just as easily as men ever did. Look, am I making any sense at

all, or am I just really pissing you off? Because if we're going to go into that den of

fools this morning and break bad on them, I don't need you pissed off at me."

She laughed, "No, no, not at all. All you're telling me is that you've got healthy

racial instincts, which I knew already. Look, Cody, you're spot on. It doesn't feel right

to me either, because it isn't right. It's completely against nature for me to be doing

what I'm doing, and I despise these Jewish feminists like Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer and Shulamith Firestone and Andrea Dworkin and the whole plug-ugly nickel-nosed crew. They started all this nutty man-hating crap, this idea

that men are enemies and competitors, so that now two generations later I have to

live like this. I should be wearing dresses every day, and really baking cookies for a

decent and honorable man who loves me and protects me and supports me, so I can

get on with my own job in life of raising as many children as I can bear, beg, borrow,

or steal. I need a man to be the head of the family while I am the heart. That's what

every female chromosome in my body demands that I do, but these damned Jews and

the lunatic world of toxic waste they've made won't let me do it. In the world that

they've forced me to live in, I have to spend every waking hour getting one up on every

man in sight, or else I'm a failure and a victim in society's eyes. I'll show them victim!

There are women who haven't been so badly damaged by feminism that they've lost

every genuinely feminine instinct. They know that something has gone badly wrong in

our lives. Most of us have some little corner in the back of our minds where we

understand what we've lost, kind of a genetic memory if you like. It hurts like hell, and

we want it back. And thank you for not wanting me to go in with you today, male

chauvinist that you are. Like all girls I'm a sucker for a romantic gesture. I think it's

really sweet."

"I'm a really sweet guy when I'm not shooting people," Cody assured her.

She laughed softly in the darkness. "So I've noticed. Look, there's something else,

and I suppose I might as well ask. Never mind my mother and never mind all these

carnal sin jokes, are we ever going to get it on? I don't mean now. We have to go back

on the job in a few hours. But is it ever going to happen? If you can tell me one way or

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the other, I'd like to know where I stand. For future reference, I'm interested and I'm

on the pill."

"Emily, I just don't know," he said with another sigh. "I know that's not what you

want to hear, but I just can't tell you now."

"Kelly?" she asked.

"No, not Kelly," he assured her. "Apparently I was pretty damned obvious, eh?"

"As an elephant in church, yeah," she agreed.

"That was just me taking a last gasping shot at having some kind of adolescence,

which is another thing those It Takes A Village snakes took from me. I think that's

why I talked Bells into letting me go back to high school for a year. I wanted one last

taste of what might have been. Kelly and me were never possible. We talked a little

about it at her house tonight, and we both understand that." That hadn't been exactly

the gist of the conversation earlier that evening, in the Shipman den by the light of the

flickering tube, but as young as he was, Cody understood that there were times,

especially where women were concerned, where honesty is not always the best policy.

Besides, it was true. There had never been any realistic chance for him and Kelly, so

he wasn't actually lying to Emily. "But suppose I did get involved with you?" he went

on, "And then tomorrow or the next day, or next month, or next year, we get in

another firefight with the Feds and you end up dying in my arms, or me in yours?

Although I doubt it would be that dramatic, just horrible. You see what I mean, Em? I

shouldn't even be having this discussion with a fellow soldier. None of this should

even be a consideration. It simply adds to the confusion of an already stressful and

confused situation. You shouldn't be here. But having said that, I'm glad you are. And

I know now that the one thing that I remember my father telling me about women is

true."

"And what's that?" asked Nightshade.

“They always want to have deep and heavy analytical talks about the relationship

at four o’clock in the morning, when you have to work next day and you’re trying to

sleep.”

* * *

“This was the best I could do on short notice,” said Doctor Doom a few hours later,

as he handed Nightshade her bugged Bible. He was a thin, blond young man with an

intense and ascetic look, but not the thick glasses usually associated with science

nerds. “I put this together from some of the bits and pieces I got from the Radio

Shack. The Feds have all kinds of homing devices and tiny little fiber optic

surveillance mikes and cameras the size of a pinhead, that you can wear in your hair

or your lapel or disguise as a dozen different things, and which will broadcast for a

two mile radius. Third Section has a little bit of that kind of exotic stuff that they’ve

used on our own covert ops, but the only person I know who would have access to it or

know how to use it would be Doctor Joe Cord, and he’s off on some kind of special

mission at the moment. So this will have to do. Basically, I pulled out the videophone

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micro-circuit board from a cell phone and slipped it into the spine of this Bible. It's

about the size of a small person's thumbnail, so it fits fairly snug. I glued it in with super-glue so it won't fall out at an embarrassing moment. This particular model

of chip has its own power cell, so it will work on its own without the rest of the phone.

There's no lens, since Commandant Dortmunder told me all you guys wanted for this

morning was audio. It's a small chip, and it nestles very snugly in the spine, and it's

black, so unless someone takes your book in hand and feels a bump in the spine, or

examines it closely, no one should see it. But it's a pretty clumsy job, and anyone who

actually handles the book may notice when they try to open it that the spine is a bit

stiff, and get curious. So be careful and try not to let anyone else handle it.

Before I pulled out the chip I dialed the number of a laptop with telephony that the

Commandant gave me, and so you've got a wireless connection to that device

that will

transmit through the local cell sites. Let's just hope they don't space out on us or we

don't have a sunspot surge. Try to hold the top of the Bible in the direction of whoever

is speaking, almost like a mike, but don't make it too obvious. Your conversation will

be recorded as an MP3 file on this laptop, so we'll have a permanent record of

whatever goes down."

"Give me those highlighters," requested Emily, pointing to a set of the felt-tipped

pens on the table which the officers had been using to mark maps. She hadn't come to

the safe house dressed for church on the previous afternoon, so she was now wearing

a hastily assembled Christian-like female costume which included the skirt and the

shoes from her NVA uniform which she has been trying on only the evening before,

and she'd had to borrow a cross on a chain from one of the Christian Volunteers at the

headquarters. Emily took the Bible and began going through it quickly, highlighting

various passages in color. "In a fundie church everybody has their own Bible,

and if I show up with a new one that's unmarked, someone might notice.
Ever since

these things were invented, a really devout Christian's Bible always has a
psychedelic

look. As to the bug, I presume we're going to have other things going on to
distract

everybody's attention. Is this thing broadcasting now?"

"Yes, it's on," said Dortmunder. "General Barrow, myself and Eddie and
several

other Volunteers will be in our vehicles, circling the neighborhood of the
church.

Bobby Bells wanted to do it when he heard what was going down, but he's
got his

hands full running our new public recruiting and broadcasting station at the
Eastgate

mall. He thinks a lot of you two, apparently. I will be monitoring you on this
laptop

that the Doc here has programmed to receive your audio feed. I won't be able
to see

anything of what's going on, but I will have the laptop and I will be able to
hear you

and whatever goes on at this unusual prayer meeting."

"What did you decide about sending us in strapped?" asked Cody.

"That's going to be up to you two, since you know the ground and the people,
but I

would be more comfortable if you went in with some kind of armament, even if it's

concealed," said Dortmunder. "This set-up still makes my antennae quiver."

"What do you think?" Cody asked Nightshade.

"Suppose they search us going in?" she replied.

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"You think they'll be that security-conscious?" asked Dortmunder anxiously.

"My guess is, not," said Cody. "I think this is just going to be a preliminary

meeting for Regenthal to call down the spirit and see who's with him on this little

vigilante venture. I don't think they're going to try to go out and attack anyone. Who

would they attack? We're not out in the open yet, except at a few places like Eastgate.

He'll be praising the Lord but not passing the ammunition, at least not today."

"You guys willing to bet your life on it?" asked Dortmunder.

"The thing is, we have to stay in character," said Nightshade firmly. "They think

we're a couple of brain-dead high school kids who are into Jesus and each other.

Would a couple of kids like that show up at a secret meeting to do the Lord's work

carrying guns, when we have never before shown any indication of even knowing

what a piece looks like? I'm sure we could come up with some kind of excuse, but it

would be out of character. Yeah, I'd be more comfortable myself with a holdout in my

purse or in an ankle holster for Cody, but suppose we're searched? Maybe we could

explain them away, but again, it would be a variation in pattern and it would make

them curious. I'm not even going to be carrying my blade, because good Christian

girls don't go around tooled up in that manner. I'm none too happy about going in

with this bugged Bible, even. Suppose they run a metal detector over us?"

"It shouldn't pick anything up," replied Doctor Doom cheerfully. "Once I removed

the lens and the other components the chip is largely plastic, and the micro-circuits

are mostly silicate compound, even the conductive elements. Latest thing from China.

We've really let the gooks get ahead of us in technology."

"Again, do you want to bet their lives on it?" repeated Dortmunder, looking at

Doom.

“What exactly is the plan, anyway?” asked Cody. “What are you comrades on the

outside going to do? Just listen in?”

Red Morehouse sighed. “No, we’re going to nip this in the bud, like I said earlier,

but we need to be a little circumspect about it, and we need you two in there first to

scope out the sitch. Because this event is taking place in a church, we don’t want just

to raid the place and take everybody into custody, with or without gunfire. I cannot

over- emphasize how utterly vital it is that the NVA and hence the Northwest

Republic not be perceived as being anti-Christian in any way, especially at this crucial

phase of events. We don’t want to bust in there and find it’s nothing but a prayer

meeting calling down the Great Jumping Jesus to smite all us Nazi sinners, so forth

and so on. The enemy media would be all over something like that, and they’d squeeze

every ounce of propaganda value out of it. We have to get some kind of proof that

something untoward is going on. This Regenthal character has to actually say

something in our hearing that indicates that they’re planning some kind of

un-Christian paramilitary or terrorist attack against the Republic. Terrorist

attack—damn, that sounds odd for someone on our side to be saying! Once we hear

that, we're going to bust in the doors and grab them, especially Regenthal. We'll get

what we need from him. Be interesting to see how long he lasts in his own ball-

busting chair we captured in Renton. But we need you to provide us with the

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necessary final ingredient of proof, and also we need you wired so you can give us

some kind of information about what the setup is inside the building, how many of

them there are, what weapons if any, whether or not Regenthal has sentries posted,

etcetera. He wouldn't be much of an army officer if he didn't. We do not want to end

up staging a massacre on church grounds that the enemy propaganda can turn

against us. I'm not comfortable in subordinating your lives to considerations of public

relations, but sometimes that's how it plays out."

"Nightshade is right," said Cody with a sigh. "This is a role we are playing, and we

have to stay in character. Take the bug, but no guns."

“I will be commanding your backup crew myself,” said Barrow. “Don’t worry, we

used to do this kind of thing all the time when I was a cop. We’ll be following you out

there, and owing to the potentially national-level sensitivity of this assignment, the

AC has decided there will be a special squad of reinforcements assigned to this case,

to make sure we bag them fast and alive. You’ll get to meet your first SS men, Cody.

They’re going to be an hour or so getting there, but once they’re in place around the

church and we have the information we need, we’re busting in and we’re grabbing

Brother Jesse’s sanctified OD green ass, and that preacher as well, plus anyone else

who’s there gets dragged into the net. I don’t know what we’ll do with them exactly,

but we not only need to find out what they know, we need to let the rest of the

evangelical community know that the jig is up, we’re onto them, and we’re not going

to tolerate any counterrevolutionary shenanigans. Everyone in the new Republic is

free to worship as they please. They are not free to commit treason and then hide

behind religion to escape the consequences. This morning, you guys will have to play

along with whatever they say until we move, and be ready to take cover or whatever

you need to do when it goes down. Don't worry, we won't leave you comrades

dangling in the wind for too long. Now, like I said, we'll be listening on Doctor Doom's

laptop. If at any time you feel threatened and you think you need immediate

extraction, your SOS is 'That Old Rugged Cross'. Kind of an inside joke there. That's

the gospel song they used to play at Klan cross-lightings. Think you can work that into

a conversation?" he concluded with a chuckle.

"If necessary I could work the lyrics to a nigger rap song into the conversation,"

said Cody.

Nightshade and Cody drove to the Assembly of God together in the old Nissan,

followed by two carloads of armed NVA Volunteers. They pulled over at a corner two

blocks down from the church building. They ran quick test on the audio from the

bugged Bible and it worked. "Okay, scope the place carefully before you go in,"

Barrow told them. “Remember the distress code, ‘Rugged Cross.’ Good luck.”

The two of them drove into the church’s gravel parking lot, which had about two

dozen cars and trucks and Christian bumper sticker-bearing SUVs in it, unusual for

that time of the morning on a weekday. “I’m assuming that you can hear us okay,

comrades,” said Nightshade into her Bible. “There’s Regenthal and Sheldon at the

door of the fellowship hall.” She waved at them. “They’re wearing civilian clothes. So

far no visible weapons other than Regenthal’s usual sidearm, or any danger signs.

We’re going in.” They got out of the car and walked across the parking lot, Emily with

the Bible under her arm. Cody was carrying a battered and annotated paperback

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copy of Hal Lindsey’s *The Late Great Planet Earth*, which was held in almost as much

reverence as the Bible itself in evangelical circles.

“How’s your father doing, Cody?” asked Pastor Leonard as they came up to the

door of the fellowship hall. “Brother Jesse told me he was hurt by the Antichrists last

night.”

“He’s laid up, and it will be a while before he can go back to work, but he’ll make

it, praise God,” Cody told them.

“Praise Him! Where did he get shot?” asked Regenthal.

“In his left hand,” said Cody.

“No, I mean where did it happen?” pressed Regenthal.

“He was in Eastgate Mall in the Drug Hut getting some things, and there were

some Federal anti-terrorist cops there who were doing some kind of radio telethon

about the President’s speech. He stopped to listen, and before he knew it the Nazis

came out of nowhere and starting firing into the crowd,” said Cody, shaking his head

as if in disbelief. “He got hit in a crossfire. I didn’t catch all the details, but I

understand it was a bloody mess. A good Samaritan got Dad out of there and got him

to the hospital.” Cody hoped they wouldn’t ask for any further details, since quick

casual lying wasn’t his forté, but they seemed satisfied.

“We will add him to our prayer list for the sick,” said Sheldon.

“Thank you, pastor,” said Cody. “Dad hasn’t found the Lord yet, but I’m sure he’ll

appreciate the gesture.”

“Well, my young brother in Christ, are you ready to help us get the dirty Natsie

bastards who did it?” asked Regenthal, laying a serious hand on Cody’s shoulder.

“Yes, sir!” replied Cody immediately. Regenthal responded by giving him a crushing bear hug.

“And how about you, Emily?” he asked, turning to the girl. “You know that this

might turn out to be a very dangerous witness for Christ indeed.” She rolled up her

arm and showed one of the scars from her self-inflicted cigar burns.

“What do you think, captain sir?” she replied.

“Good girl! May Jesus bless and keep you both!” boomed Regenthal, giving Emily

a slightly less crushing and more dignified embrace.

“Come inside, kids. We have a lot to talk about.”

“How did that hug feel to you?” whispered Cody as they entered.

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“He was feeling me up, but not like Sheldon would have done,” she returned

sotto

voce. “He was feeling for a wire.”

“Yeah, me too,” said Cody. “He’s not as dumb as he looks.”

“Nobody could be as dumb as he looks,” whispered back Nightshade. They went

into the long and spacious fellowship hall where the church held all their bake sales,

dinners, meetings, and some of their revivals. It was a high-ceilinged building lit by

bright fluorescent lights, and with a well-buffed linoleum floor. There were large

murals and paintings of Biblical scenes along the walls, and a large crucifix hung over

a small stage or platform at one end of the hall, with a speaker’s podium in the center.

There were long rows of folding chairs facing the stage; the place could comfortably

seat at least three hundred people. A group of about thirty other men, mostly

middle-aged, from the church’s congregation were waiting for them, clustered in the

front row. Cody knew from careful listening during his several weeks of attendance

that almost all of them had some kind of military experience in Iraq or Saudi Arabia

or other parts of the American oil empire. Emily was the only woman

present.

Another man whom Cody had never seen before, who had a distinctly military

haircut and bearing, was sitting in a chair beside the door and seemed to be acting as

doorman, and Cody noticed he had what looked like a 9-millimeter in a holster on his

belt. At the rear door to the hall sat yet another newcomer, similarly armed. Cody

immediately noticed some suspiciously long, unmarked OD green cases that were

stacked at the side of the stage, and he nudged Emily and nodded in their direction.

“Uh, gee, captain sir, what’s in those long boxes?” yawped Cody for the benefit of

the bug in the Bible.

Regenthal grinned and strode over to the stack of boxes. “How are you on the Psalms, Cody?” he asked.

“Uh, sir? Which one?”

Regenthal raised his voice so all could hear. “Our young brother here has asked

me what is in these boxes which I’ve brought from Fort Lewis, and I recommended he

look in the Psalms. So say I to you all, my brothers, and sister. It’s true that these

receptacles contain something that you may find unusual in a house of God,
but these

end times are strange, and ye shall see many wonders, which we must not
fear. You

know that the Bible is replete with men who were both strong in war and
strong in the

Holy Spirit. In Psalm Number Two we find: Why do the heathen rage, and
the people

imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers
take

counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, Let us
break

their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. My friends, last night
I was

deeply saddened to learn that the President of the United States became one
of those

princes and powers of the earth who imagines the vain thing. This weak
woman of

little faith has set herself up against the Lord and the Lord's Chosen, the
Jewish

people who are the Apple of His Eye, and she has traduced the unfolding of
God's

revelation in the holy land of Israel that is the fulfillment of Biblical
prophecy. She

goes now to treat with the servants of damnation, and she's doing it right here
in this

green and pleasant land where by right the peace of Amurrica and the grace of God

should reign! Last night was a terrible night for us all, a terrible night for Amurrica

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and for those who believe in His promise of redemption in Zion! But when we seek

further in the Psalms we find, in verses eight and nine: I shall give thee the heathen

for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou

shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's

vessel." Regenthal threw back the top of one of the crates and lifted out a new,

military-issue M-16, which he held aloft. "Behold the rod of iron with which we shall

fight the battle of the Lord! Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges

of the earth! Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling."

"Praise Jesus!" several of the men shouted aloud. "To hell with Hitler!" another

one yelled. No one seemed overly surprised at Captain Regenthal flourishing the

weapon aloft in a church. Cody understood that Regenthal had been working on them

and psychologically prepping them for some time.

“Where’d you get those guns, captain sir?” he asked as Emily clutched her Bible

high in both hands, apparently in religious fervor, but in actuality to make sure the

hidden transmitter picked it all up. “Golly, you got six boxes, why that must be sixty

M-16s! But I only see about thirty of us here, including me and Emmy!” he said,

hugging Emily around her shoulder and pulling her and the Bible close, so he could

speak over it. He hoped that Regenthal couldn’t catch on to what he was doing, which

was carefully describing to the listening Volunteers what was going on in the hall.

“There will be more,” Regenthal told him confidently. “The Lord God has friends

in all kinds of places, Cody, including the United States military. Let’s just say that

when His hosts arise to break asunder the foes of His Chosen, we won’t be lacking for

rods of iron to do it with. These weapons will never be missed from any arms room,

and they’re untraceable. The Lord does indeed provide. Now brothers, if we

might all

have a seat, I'd like to get serious for a bit." They all trooped to the folding chairs and

sat down while Regenthal ascended the podium. "My friends and brothers in Christ,"

began Regenthal solemnly, "There are some of you who already know why we are

gathered here today in the shadow of apostasy and despair, but some of you other

folks including our younger comrades are new to our little group, and so an

explanation is required. I don't have to tell you what has been happening in this part

of our beloved nation for the past five years. Satan has been unleashed upon the earth

in an orgy of murder and racial hatred and terrorism, and revilement of God's

Chosen, as the sacred Scriptures predicted would happen in the end times, when the

Great Enemy shall be given dominion over the earth for a period so that the Lord may

come to know his own, and the Great Tribulation begin, as was written. The Pacific

Northwest has become yet another of the many battlegrounds upon which Amurrica

must fight the War on Terror, which as we all know is really the Biblical war against

the Anti-Christ who has manifested himself among men as Gog and Magog, in the

equally devilish twin forms of Islam and Nazi fascism. These are but two heads upon

the Great Beast upon whose back rideth the Whore of Babylon.”

“What the hell is Nazi fascism?” whispered Cody to Nightshade. “The two are

completely different world views! Doesn’t this asshole have a clue what the hell he’s

talking about?”

“Shut up!” she whispered back urgently. “Smile, dammit! You’re in church, Jesus

loves you, and I’m gonna kick you in the balls if you don’t act like it!” Both of their

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faces assumed the slack-jawed, slightly eager lobotomy grin which was customary for

evangelical services.

Regenthal went on with his rant. “Now our country’s crisis has come to a head.

The Bible also tells that in the end times there shall be false prophets, and that those

who are saved in His Only Son must face betrayal and rejection from their loved ones,

from their leaders, and from all the world,” he told them. “This we know already. But

just as this development was predicted in prophecy, I have to tell all of you that it has

not been unforeseen in the halls of power in Washington, D. C., either. I will be honest

with you folks. My presence in this congregation is not an accident, and the presence

of military and law enforcement men of faith in certain other congregations today

all around the Pacific Northwest is no accident either. All across Washington, and

Oregon, and Idaho, and beneath the big sky of Montana, small meetings such as this

between determined people of faith are taking place this morning. We knew that this

day would come. It was known some time ago that there are certain weak and ill-

intentioned elements in the United States government who have been pressing for

negotiations with these Nazi devils. Negotiations that would violate the territorial

integrity of the United States of Amurrica, and which would violate every single

principle on which this country was founded and every basis of our faith and our

Amurrican way of life! Unfortunately, these treasonous elements appear to have

prevailed, for at least the short run. The President's shameful speech of yesterday

evening comes as no surprise to some of us, because we are already involved in the

preparations which have been made to defeat this evil purpose, on many fronts.

Today we are here to open up one such line of resistance to the powers of darkness

and hatred that seek to engulf us. I am going to have to ask you all to take on a

significant degree of personal risk for the greater glory of Christ and God's Chosen

People, and some of us may assume the crown of martyrdom, but I want you to know

that we are not alone. There are still powerful forces in our nation's capital that stand

for truth, justice, and the Amurrican way."

"Can they leap tall buildings at a single bound?" whispered Cody. Emily kicked

him in the ankle.

Regenthal was warming to his task. "Throughout this mighty nation of ours there

are those who will be behind us all the way, and who will give us all the support we

need in our battle against evil. These rifles and the ammunition behind me are just

one small sample of the kind of support we will receive as we gird our loins and go

forth to fight the battle of the Lord. Strong in His faith and courage, we intend to

make sure that the Pacific Northwest remains a part of the United States of America

as it always has been, and that these evil people who have shed the blood of the

anointed are punished for their wickedness.”

“We gonna whup some Nazi ass!” cried one of the audience.

“We gone slice ‘em and dice ‘em!” agreed Regenthal. “We will give ‘em a dose of

their own medicine! In essence, brothers, we are going to do to them what they have

been doing to the United States over the past five years. Despite the weakness of our

President and those around her, we are going to wage guerrilla partisan warfare

against this so-called Northwest Republic, and make it impossible for the fascists to

establish any kind of stable society or all-white racist abomination of a government

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here. Whatever ticky-tacky regime these Natsie bastards set up, we will knock it down

and prevent it from functioning. President Clinton will not be able to negotiate away

our statehood and our American citizenship, because we will create such chaos and

such upheaval that the United States will be forced to step back in, reassert its rightful

authority and restore order. They can't negotiate with a gang that can't control its own

turf and can't deliver on any agreement. Once the Natsies have been forced out from

under their rocks and out into the open, where we can see them

and we have visible targets, then they can be destroyed!"

The men were all staring at Regenthal dumbly, eyes glazed and lips grinning

absent-mindedly. Cody raised his hand. "Uh, captain sir, I think I understand what

you're saying. You know I'm with you. I'm going into the army anyway in September

to fight against the Ay-rabs who hate us because we're free and they're trying to

destroy our Bible, and I'm sure ready to fight against the Nazis here in our own

country as well, but what can we do if the President of the United States is

against us?

I mean, who in the government would be on our side and willing to stand up to the

President and defy her if she says she wants to talk to the NVA?"

"Yeah, how can we go against the President?" asked one of the other men in the

group. "And how can you? You're in the army, and she's the commander in chief!"

Regenthal smiled unctuously. "Boys, let's be honest. A lot of times in politics,

things ain't exactly what they seem. The President... well, now, she's a sweet lady

personally, but you know, in real life she doesn't exactly run things in this country."

"Bet this negotiate with Natsies business comes from her momma," speculated

another one of the men. "I always figgered Hillary for the real Whore of Babylon."

"Mmm, well, yes and no," said Regenthal. "Okay, this gets into some really

complex politics. Yes, Hillary does still call a lot of the shots, and she is working some

kind of plan to get back into the White House even though she's already had her two

terms as specified by the Constitution. But it's not that simple. Like that vision seen

by the prophet Ezekiel, there's wheels within wheels. The fact is that there's a faction,

or a party, within the United States government that wants to surrender and give up

the Northwest over simple dollars and cents, but there are others who want to do it

for what is Biblically a pretty good and sound reason, if that's possible.

"I can't tell you everything, because it's classified, but a lot of it has to do with

Israel, and of course anything to do with Israel has to do with the fulfillment of

Biblical prophecy. And then there's another faction within the Federal government

who are dead set against any negotiations of any kind with the Natsies, for any reason,

and the problem is that they're all good Amurricans too. As you can imagine, a lot of

this group that believes in no surrender are Jewish people, so you can bet they love

Israel. They just understand that we can't save Israel by carving up Amurrica. Ain't

nobody in the government who really loves these evil Natsies or wants to negotiate

with them, it's just that some think it has to be done for Israel's sake. I'm all for Israel,

as any Christian man has to be, because Israel is the key to salvation. When

in doubt,

we need to listen to what the Jewish people tell us.”

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“Uh, I thought the saving grace of Jesus Christ was the key to salvation,”

questioned one of the men, his brow furrowed.

“Well now, you can’t follow Christ’s teachings without honoring and exalting the

State of Israel, now can you?” explained Regenthal patiently. “Haven’t you seen

Pastor Sheldon’s videotapes and read *The Late, Great Planet Earth*? But me and my

teammates on this mission don’t believe we should be throwing out the baby with the

bath water. We don’t believe that we can’t find a way to serve Israel without giving up

part of the United States.”

Several of the men started speaking at once, and Nightshade took the opportunity

to whisper under the cover of their voices, “That’s it!” She held the Bible up to her face

to try and conceal her moving lips. “That’s the secret reason the America government

has cracked, and they’re talking to the NVA! Israel is in trouble!”

“Must be really big trouble,” added Cody.

“And we will find that way, Brother Jesse,” said Pastor Leonard Sheldon, stepping

firmly up to the podium. “All we need to know is that the Lord has called, and we must

answer. Gentlemen, you all know me. I have served as your pastor for many years. I

have known about the true nature of Brother Jesse’s mission within this tabernacle

for some time, and I am proud and honored to be part of it. It is time for us to return

to the good old days, brothers. Surely many of you recall how it was only a few short

years ago, when we could share our worship in this church with people of many skin

colors and national origins? You remember the wonderful and spirit-filled members

of our congregation from Korea and the Philippines and Nigeria, who would

sometimes fill our gospel hall to the point where the church was full to bursting? How

long has it been since any of you have seen a full church?”

“Or a full collection plate?” wondered Cody below his breath. Nightshade kicked

him again.

“You will also remember the overseas missions and the programs that our

denomination and our church supported throughout the Third World, before
The

Trouble started and all of our friends of color were so badly terrorized and
frightened

away,” Sheldon went on.

“Especially those wonderful Save A Child missions, where your
contributions

helped to bring thousands of beautiful little black and brown babies here to

Amurrica? Those days will come again, my brothers!” Sheldon raised his
arms in

benediction. “Yea, shall they come again! We, the Lord’s anointed, will arise
in

defense of Amurrica and of holy Israel, and we will be joined by our brethren
from all

of the evangelical churches of the Northwest! Again let me speak from the
Psalms:

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord!”

Then the bugged Bible beeped.

There was a sudden silence. The Bible beeped again.

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“What the hell is that?” asked Sheldon, startled into momentarily forgetting

himself. But Cody’s eyes were on Regenthal, who was standing next to the
pastor on

the stage. He was convinced that the army captain suspected something about himself

and Emily, or was at least on his guard about them, and when he saw Brother Jesse's

hand go for his gun, Cody didn't hesitate. With a smooth motion he was up on the

platform in a single leap, the folding chair in his hands, bellowing "Behold the Old

Rugged Cross!" which was apropos of nothing and sounded ridiculous, but was the

only thing he could think of to say that would let the NVA backup team know they

were in trouble.

He swung the chair at Regenthal and managed to knock the 9- millimeter aside

before it fired, then swung again. Regenthal was fast. He grabbed the chair out of

Cody's hand and hurled it aside; the fight was looking more and more like a pro

wrestling ham-it-up. He was two inches taller and a good forty pounds heavier than

Cody, all of it muscle, he still had the pistol in his hand, and Cody knew he had one

chance consisting of a fraction of a second, which he took without hesitation. He

hurtled himself forward and head-butted Regenthal right in the groin with

such force

that they both went flying off the stage and onto the hard lino floor, Cody coming

down on top of Brother Jesse, whose massive frame somewhat cushioned his fall.

Cody knew better than to try and grab for the pistol and wrestle for it. The American

was stronger than he was, and he would lose any such contest. Instead he leaped up

and as Regenthal himself rolled up to his feet, Cody came down onto his back from

the rear and gripped him in the wrestling hold known as the full Nelson, arms around

his opponent's chest and hands locked behind his neck, pressing forward on the

spinal vertebrae. The hold allowed Cody to exercise a little bit of control as the two of

them slipped and skittered over the highly polished floor. He was able to bash

Regenthal's head squarely into a concrete support pillar, which made him bellow with

rage and fire off a wild shot from the pistol.

Then Cody felt a series of blows on his own head as the soldier who had been guarding the rear door attacked him from behind, beating him brutally with the barrel

of his automatic. Cody hung on grimly and tried to pull the struggling captain

around

and use him as a shield. As the three of them whirled around the floor, knocking the

folding chairs aside, Cody saw that several of the men were trying to subdue

Nightshade as well, without much success, as she seemed to have her teeth firmly

together in the ear of one of her fellow congregants, who was screaming hysterically.

There were spatters of blood flying onto the floor.

The gun crashed into his skull and Cody blacked out for a moment. When he came

to he was lying on the floor on his back, and Regenthal was jamming the muzzle of the

nine-millimeter into his neck. Emily was being held up by her arms by two of the men,

bleeding from her nose and mouth, while several others attempted to stop the flow of

blood from the mangled ear of the one who had tackled her. Leonard Sheldon had

Nightshade's Bible, and he had clawed out the black circuit chip. "What kind of

blasphemy is this, woman?" he was shouting at Emily. "Have you brought the devil's

works into this house of worship?" In response Nightshade put her full weight onto

the shoulders of the men holding her, pulled both feet off the ground and kicked

Sheldon in the face, crushing his nose.

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“Christ’s bleeding balls!” the preacher screamed as he staggered back into one of

the chairs, holding his spurting visage.

“Like it says in Scripture, ‘Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice

to deceive!’” Regenthal snarled at Cody.

“That’s Sir Walter Scott, you idiot!” mumbled Cody through his aching jaw.

Regenthal lashed the barrel of the gun across Cody’s face.

“Now, son, do you really want to appear before your Maker with silly mockery on

your lips?” he asked gently. Sheldon was back up on his feet now, and he was

knocking Emily’s head back and forth again and again with his right hand, while

trying to stop the blood from his nose with a handkerchief held in his left. As he beat

her he ranted and raved in a scattered pastiche of mismatched verses from Genesis:

“And the Lord said unto the woman, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, because thou

hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field;

upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life!”

Suddenly there was a crash and a shout, and a single shot rang out from the doorway of the fellowship hall, followed by a man’s voice as strong and as Southern as

a rebel yell. “NVA! You gone quote the Word, quote it right, you hog-jawed doodoo

bird!” roared the newcomer. “How’s this? And all the churches shall know that I am

He who searcheth the reins and hearts: and I shall give unto every one of you according to your works! Now every damned one of you blaspheming sons of bitches

get down on your knees and get your hands in the air!”

There were some more shots and a short burst of automatic weapons fire, and Regenthal looked up from where he crouched over Cody, distracted just long enough

for Cody to grab the nine-millimeter with his right hand and shove the muzzle away,

and with his left fist clenched, hook an extended middle knuckle up into Regenthal’s

left eyeball. Brother Jesse screamed in sudden agony and Cody brought his knees up

to try and knock him over, twisting the pistol away with his right hand, mindful of

how Farmer Brown had been shot in similar circumstances the night before. There

was another brief tussle between them, then a shadow fell over the two of them and

something slammed into Regenthal and sent him flying into the air. It was a boot, and

Cody looked up and saw a lean man in late middle age wearing a billed green cap with

an eagle and swastika emblem on it and a tiger-striped camouflaged fatigue shirt,

rolled up to the biceps and displaying the prison-tattooed cross on one forearm and

Confederate flag on the other. He was leveling a Heckler and Koch submachine gun at

Regenthal. "Take him alive!" he shouted to someone Cody couldn't see. The man

reached down and pulled Cody to his feet with a strong arm. The black tabs on his

collar read "NDF" on the right and on the left were two matching Germanic runes. SS.

It had been a swift and brutally efficient operation which would have done Otto

Skorzeny proud. Two more SS men with AK-74s were now standing over Regenthal

who lay on the floor. One of them had a boot on his gun hand and was leaning on it

while Regenthal shrieked. Nearby lay the dead body of the soldier who had been on

guard at the rear of the fellowship hall, slumped against the side of

the speaker's platform, staring into space, his gun lying by his side. Cody looked

across the hall and saw the second sentry lying still on the floor, a pool of blood

beneath his head. The NVA troops had cleared a space and had all of the would-be

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vigilantes lying flat on the floor, their hands behind their back. In addition to the

Volunteers from Cody's own brigade, there were a dozen SS men in the

fellowship hall, every one of whom seemed to be of gigantic stature and bearded, and

many of whom had arms covered with tattoos. They all wore the camouflage jacket

and the heavy engineer's boots, and most had the Alpine ski caps, but some were still

wearing jeans and there were other sartorial discrepancies. Apparently there hadn't

been a complete uniform issue yet even among the Party's élite

corps. Cody saw the eagle and swastika patches over each right shirt pocket and he

was thrilled to the very core of his being. At last! He thought joyously to himself. We

are BACK, Jewboys!

General Frank Barrow strode over to him. "Are you all right, Volunteer Brock?" he

asked urgently.

"I'm fine, sir," he said, although his head hurt terribly and his ears were ringing.

"You don't look fine to me," said Barrow. "They split the back of your head open."

"We have a medic with us. Smith!" shouted the SS officer. The SS corpsman came

forward with a canvas bag on a strap that bore a red cross.

"Check out Nightshade first," said Cody. "That bastard preacher beat her!"

Barrow looked over to where Pastor Sheldon had been forced down onto his knees

on the floor, his hands cuffed behind his back and his broken nose bleeding.

Nightshade was behind him, cursing him and kicking him repeatedly in the seat of

his pants. "I think she's okay. Is this one Regenthal?"

"Yes, sir," replied Cody. "Sir, were you receiving our transmission? Did you hear

what he was saying about there being two factions in the U. S. government and this

whole thing being an argument over something to do with Israel?”

“Yes, I heard,” said Barrow. “He’s all yours, Colonel Wingfield.”

Standing by Carter Wingfield was a Volunteer in civilian clothes that Cody had

never seen before, a lean and mean-looking sandy-haired young man in jeans and a

brown work shirt and a denim jacket and an incongruous tweed pork-pie cap on his

head. He was holding a revolver of beautiful, deadly and archaic lines. As the SS

medic sat Cody down in a chair and started swabbing his head with alcohol pads, to

distract himself from the pain he asked, “What’s that you’re packing there, comrade?”

“British Webley Mark Six,” replied the young man proudly. “.455 caliber, guaranteed

to knock down a charging Zulu at fifty yards. This piece is World War One officer’s

issue. A hundred years old and it’s still in as good a firing condition as the day it went

into battle at the Somme. It was a present from Carter after a good tickle we had down

in Dundee a few years ago. Goes well with the hat, huh? I call this my Michael Collins

outfit.”

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Regenthal had by now been handcuffed and dragged to one of the chairs and he

stared around him wild-eyed. The SS officer stepped up to him and looked him up

and down contemptuously.

“Let me guess,” Carter Wingfield said. “Oklahoma? Georgia?”

“Bessemer City, Alabama,” muttered Regenthal.

“Yeah, that sounded like Alabama ignorance I heard. Nice and thick. I’m from

Roper’s Crossroads, South Carolina, down in the Low Country. We’re both

Southerners, I’m ashamed to say, but I’m glad to say that’s all we have in common.”

“True,” snarled Regenthal, “I am saved, and you are in the devil’s darkness.”

Without a word the young man raised the Webley and fired a single shot into

Regenthal’s right kneecap. He screamed like an animal. It seemed to Cody that he

heard the bone snap.

“For the love of God, why did you shoot me?” Regenthal howled.

“Because I don’t like you,” replied the Volunteer.

“Shane just got out of Auburn a little while ago, where he spent some time

enjoying your Zionist hospitality,” explained Wingfield coldly. “He’s a little crabby.

Although truth to tell, I don’t like you very much either. You’re a ridge-running bush

ape with nothing but pork fat between your ears. You’re a disgrace to the South. You

personify everything people find stupid and arrogant and ignorant in us. And you

don’t know your Scriptures worth a damn, or you would know that Christ said Think

not that I am come to bring peace upon the earth. I came not to bring peace but a

sword. And you know those Jews you love so much? In John 8:44 Jesus said of them,

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. I kind of doubt

He would have spoken thus about any group of people his Daddy had chosen for His

own. It was Caiphas and the Jews in the Sanhedrin who demanded Christ’s death,

even after Pontius Pilate said I find no evil in this man, and it was the Jews in the

Jerusalem mob who cried Give us Barabbas, and it was Ahasuerus the Jew who

struck Christ and spat on Him and reviled Him as he walked to Calvary bearing His

cross, thereby bringing the curse of God upon all of his tribe and condemning them to

wander the earth in shame and revulsion forever. I am really, really getting tired of

bird-brained morons like you and that half-assed preacher over there defiling the

Christian faith and teaching these Jew lies in place of the genuine Word. Theologically

speaking, you don't know shit from shinola. You're just pigs slopping at the trough of

the Jews."

"For God's sake, I need a doctor for my leg!" screamed Regenthal wildly.

"What you need is about nine feet of good strong rope, but before you settle up

your bill you and me are going off somewhere and we're going to have a quiet word of

prayer about some things you've been doing which you hadn't oughta," said

Wingfield. "And Shane will come too. We found a chair of yours down in Renton he

wants you to sit down in for a spell. But right now, you're going to give me and the

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General here a name. I want to know who is behind this evangelical death squad idea

you were babbling about in here just now, and I don't want to hear any bushwah

about factions in government. Who sent you here? Who is behind this?"

"Regenthal, Jesse C, Captain, United States Army, 270-135-0987," moaned the

man in the chair.

"Take the other knee, Shane." The young man cocked back the hammer on the

Webley.

"Weintraub! It was Howard Weintraub!" howled Regenthal in terror.

"The Secretary of Homeland Security, and slated to be one of the lead Federal

negotiators at the Longview conference," said Barrow. "Yeah, that sounds about right.

I wonder if Walter Stanhope knows his partner at the table is doing everything he can

to undercut his position?"

"I'm sure you can find the time to inform him of the fact once you get down there,

General," laughed Wingfield. He gestured to his two men. "Get his ass out of here.

We're going to our new house in Renton. Wrap a towel around that leg or something

so he doesn't bleed to death." They dragged the blubbering Regenthal away. "That

preacher too,” Wingfield called out. “I think he needs some dental work. Hold the rest

of these turkeys aside. I’ll talk to them myself and try and sort the fools from the

rogues.”

The medic was shaving away most of the blood-soaked hair on the back of Cody’s

head with a disposable razor. “A few stitches, but it’s not as bad as it looks, troop,” he

told Cody cheerfully. “Most of the blows seem to have been glancing ones, more on

your neck and the lower part of the skull. Nothing seems to be fractured, from what I

can feel. I guess you were moving around while you were being hit, right? Scalp

wounds bleed like stuck pigs, but as long as there’s no concussion you should be okay.

You don’t feel sleepy or about to pass out, do you?”

“No,” replied Cody. “Just like somebody peeled my head like an onion.”

“You’ll need a few stitches, but you’ll live.” Nightshade came over to Cody and laid

her hand on his shoulder. “Miss, you need to stay with him for a while. If he shows

any signs of grogginess, staggering, anything like that, you get him to a proper doctor

and hospital ASAP.”

“Cody’s personal physician lives over on Mercer Island,” she said. “I’m sure he’d

relish another house call.”

“And how are you doing?” the medic asked her. “Looks like you went a few rounds

yourself.”

“My spiritual adviser knocked one of my teeth out, but I’ll make it,” she said with a

shrug.

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“Bullshit. You’re hurt. Sit down. As soon as I finish sewing him up, I want to look

at you,” said Comrade Smith. “Is that an ice machine over there in the corner?

Outstanding. Hey, Chris, could you find a bowl or a bucket or something and bring me

some of that ice?”

“What the hell made that chip in the Bible start beeping, sir?” Emily asked

Barrow. “Do you know?”

“Yes. It was Movement Three Stooges time again. You remember Doc Doom said

he got that little circuit out of a videophone at the Radio Shack?" Barrow reminded

her.

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, apparently that phone was already activated and had a number assigned to

it," said Barrow in some exasperation. "We were listening to Captain America hoot

and holler on the laptop in the van, and I was about to order the group to move in

anyway, when all of a sudden the damned phone in the laptop rings twice, which must

have been the beep you heard on your chip, and then it gets call-forwarded to the

computer's speaker. It was a telemarketer for a new drug to enhance my male organ,

as he put it."

"You're lucky you're a general now, sir, or she'd have all kinds of fun with that

one," said Cody.

"Both of you did a fine job," said Barrow seriously. "I can see now why Bobby Bells

thinks the world of you."

"Well, on the upside, I think we can safely say that school days are over for the

both of you,” said Joe Dortmund. “At this point it’s pretty clear that both of you are

now so compromised that it wouldn’t be a good idea to put you on any more cloak and

dagger stuff. There are simply too many people now who know you’re with the NVA.”

“As much as I’d hate to leave A Company, sir, I’m not known in other parts of the

Homeland and I can still work for Threesecc in Portland or Spokane or someplace,”

pointed out Nightshade. Cody was pleased to hear a note of genuine regret in her

voice.

“You could,” agreed Barrow, “But, and I hope you won’t take offense at this, comrade, I have to admit that I have some qualms about that. I always worried about

you. My god, you’re what? Only seventeen?”

“Uh, seventeen next month, sir,” she said.

“Sixteen years old. Great. We’ve gotten you beaten up and kidnapped and endangered enough, Emily. The nature of the struggle is changing now and we can

afford to start being a little bit less cruelly expedient, I think.”

“But sir,” protested Cody, “We still have one thing we’d like to take care of regarding our summer school class. The Mitchell Newman project.”

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“Sounds like a rock group. Give it to Bells,” said Barrow. “Don’t worry, guys, we

still need your talents. You’re a couple of sharp kids, and I’m going to need every

brain cell I can get on my side down there at that circus of a peace conference. Plus we

can use a little more diversity on our team, pardon the expression. I want to take at

least five or six female comrades to show the public that the Republic isn’t going to be

a boys-only club. I’ll clear it with Third Section so that Comrade Nightshade goes to

Longview with us.”

“Make sure you take your duckbilled platypus costume,” Cody told her. “You can

do your song and dance on worldwide TV.”

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VII.

“Life is a bitch, and then you die.” - Mitchell Newman

In point of fact, the one-act plays were never performed, nor did the young

summer school actors at Hillside High ever get an opportunity to put on Arsenic and

Old Lace. The drama class turned out to be missing its teacher. Mitch Newman might

have been depraved, but he wasn't stupid. He saw President Clinton's speech on

television and he read the handwriting on the wall, loud and clear. The high school

was closed for the next few days due to the unstable situation, and Newman used that

time to turn in his resignation, collect his last paycheck, and clean out his office while

there was no one else around except one of the janitors.

"Can't say as I blame you for getting out, Mr. Newman," said the custodian in

overalls who had kindly offered to help Mitch pack his computer and his personal

belongings. "Looks like things are really gonna be going to hell in a handbasket up

here now. I wonder if I'm gonna have to learn how to speak German? Where ya

headed anyway, Mr. N?"

"California," Newman told him as he shuffled through several manila folders of

documents, feeding them into the shredder one by one.

“Careful with the computer! Put it in the box really easy. I don’t want the hard

drive damaged, it’s got a lot of important stuff on it. I’m hoping things will have

cooled off for me in Hollywood enough now so I can get a studio job again,

screenwriting, maybe even some more acting. I suppose I can always go back to

teaching down there. Beverly Hills High School wouldn’t be too bad a place to end up.

I just can’t understand how the President could do something like this!” he moaned,

still near hysteria over what he saw as the final betrayal of his people by the hated

goyim. “I can’t understand why this horror won’t die! When I was growing up we

thought we had won! We thought we were done with all this Nazi crap, that it all

ended in 1945! That swastika, that godawful little man with that silly moustache, why

won’t they stay dead? They just keep coming back, always on our trail hunting us

down like some demon Hound of the Baskervilles! Two thousand years we’ve been

suffering!”

“As a great philosopher once said, life is a bitch,” commented the janitor as he

eased the computer into the Styrofoam-packed heavy cardboard box.

“Yeah,” responded Newman distractedly. “Life is a bitch, and then you die.”

“And then you die,” agreed the janitor.

The noose of nylon cord floated lazily over Mitchell Newman’s head and looped

down around his neck, then tightened and bit. For several long minutes Newman

gagged and gurgled, kicking and flopping like a fish hauled out of water on the end of

a hook and line, clawing at his neck while the close-hugging killer in the janitor’s

coveralls strangled him gentle and artistic, kicking and knocking over the chair and

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the wastebasket and the paper shredder. Newman’s bowels and bladder relaxed in

death and emptied into his jeans, and filled the small cinderblock office with a

nauseous stench. After the convulsions stopped and he slumped still and lifeless for

several minutes, Bobby Bells released the garotte and let the corpse flop to the floor

where it lay in a shit-stained heap. He put the garotte in his overall pocket. “Good

night, sweet prince,” he said.

A minute later Bells strolled into the high school parking lot and got into a nondescript Toyota Camry. Eddie Hagen started the car and they left at a sedate pace.

“Any problems?” asked Hagen.

“Nah.” As they pulled onto Interstate 5, Bells lit a White Owl and sighed. “You

know, Eddie, it occurs to me that what with this peace conference and all, this may

well be the last good old-fashioned NVA tickle you and me ever go on. I mean, it’s

pretty obvious there’s going to be more fighting before we win the Republic, but it will

be out in the open, more like a regular civil war type campaign. We’ll be wearing

uniforms and everyone will know who we are and where we are. This may well be the

last time you and me go out on a covert mission like this, wearing civilian disguises,

hitting ‘em and then we disappear back into the underground.”

“Hey, Bob, it’s progress,” replied Hagen. “Things don’t always stay the same, they

change. We move on in life, you know? We been waiting to make this move up for a

long time. But I know what you mean. Today will be kind of a nostalgia thing

we'll sit

around and remember when we're old farts." They were silent for a moment, and then

suddenly and spontaneously, both men burst out into a melody. They rolled down the

interstate singing at the top of their voices and passably in tune, Bells flourishing his

cigar out the window.

"Thooooose... weeeere... the... days, my friend! We thought they'd never end! We'd sing

and dance, forever and a day! We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and never lose!

Those were the days, oh yes, those were the days!"

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VIII.

"It's the Oxford accent, old girl. It makes me sound intelligent and James Bondish.

Up for a spot of the old cloak and dagger, eh what?"

- Nigel Moore

The Northwest Volunteer Army established what amounted to a provisional capital in the Lewis County bandit country, in the twin cities of Chehalis and Centralia, Cody's old home town. It wasn't much of a homecoming for him,

since

nothing of his childhood really remained there. Two days after the President's speech,

around six hundred Volunteers quietly deployed from trucks and buses that rumbled

into town in the pre-dawn hours and took over the local government offices, the

police stations, and the major utilities to make sure that the water still flowed and the

power stayed on. The local FATPO barracks out by the old steam plant was evacuated

by helicopter, after John Corbett Morgan and Patrick Brennan moved a pair of

108-mm field artillery pieces that had fallen off a truck at Fort Lewis up to the gate,

and made it clear that their presence was no longer required.

Later that afternoon Cody took a detour in a Humvee newly repainted with NVA

insignia, and pulled over to the curb at a small house on a back street off Harrison

Avenue. It had been the last place he had ever seen his sister Gwen, on the morning It

Takes A Village came for them. The house was smaller than he remembered, and

unpainted. There were children's toys on the small lawn and a battered pickup truck

in the driveway. It looked like another poor white family was renting the house from

whatever landlord owned it now. A tired-looking woman peeped timidly out of the

front window, clearly afraid of the young man across the street in the camouflaged

vehicle with the Kalashnikov on the seat beside him. Cody sighed, smiled and the

woman and gave her a wave, and drove on.

Other FATPOs around the Homeland did not go quietly, and every day there was

skirmishing between Fatties and Federal troops and the growing number of

Northwest Volunteers. The Federal cops had won themselves an evil reputation, and

now that the lid was off it was time to settle accounts. Hidden guns were being

brought out from hiding, by ordinary white citizens who had nothing to do with the

NVA, and a lot of sniping and ambushes went on. In some areas there were already

reports coming in of white men and women who had been involved in interracial

marriages or relationships ending up dead in the night, and local officials who had

been a bit too zealously pro-American during the revolt woke up to find their homes

burning over their heads. Cody heard rumors of something being organized called

Force 101 which was to clean up the Homeland on a more methodical basis, but right

now most of this activity appeared to be spontaneous, not carried out by the NVA as

such, but by local people who had just plain had enough. It was astounding what the

white man was proving capable of once he re-acquired that element of social approval, or at least absence of social disapproval, that appeared to be essential to his

psychological makeup.

The Army Council members and other major Party formations remained

dispersed across the Homeland, to make sure that a single attack could not wipe out

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the entire rebellion's command structure, but several major arms of a new administration were established in Chehalis, including the beginning of what amounted to an embryonic civil service. The new bodies included a media group

which was already calling itself the Northwest Broadcasting Authority, that took over

a local cable and UHF station and began broadcasting the rebels' version of

news and

events along with anything else white they could find. Cody was amused to turn on

the tube one day and find a Brady Bunch re-run. The rural areas of the new Homeland

were not difficult for the rebels to take over. The Pacific Northwest was a huge place,

impossible even for a mighty empire like the United States to saturate with soldiers,

and it was this size that had given the NVA the vital maneuvering room and had taken

the place of the foreign bases which had always been considered necessary for the

success of any guerrilla insurgency.

“Long ago there were some people who wanted to try and establish a Homeland in

New England, or set up little enclaves in the Midwest,” Morehouse said once in Cody’s

hearing. “That never would have worked. All other considerations aside, we had to

pick a large area like the Northwest to give us scrapping room. In any smaller the Feds

could have concentrated their forces a lot tighter.” During the independence struggle,

the Federal forces had always been scattered very thinly over the territory which lay

outside the main population centers and the interstate highways that connected

them. The rebellion had developed into a classic colonial war pattern. The cities and

the daytime were under Federal control, but the countryside and the night belonged

to the guerrillas. Within a matter of days after Chelsea Clinton's speech, as the writing

on the wall was read and understood, large swathes of rural Washington,

Oregon, Idaho and western Montana had seen an exodus of American military and

paramilitary forces, American law enforcement, and American authority in the form

of government officials and bureaucrats. They all seemed suddenly to take sabbaticals

to Seattle or Portland or Spokane, anywhere they could get back under the shelter of

Federal guns, or else they just left the Homeland altogether.

The NVA didn't have enough troops as yet actually to occupy most of this expanse

of wilderness and small towns either, but it turned out that it wasn't overly necessary.

Once local government and local law enforcement was freed of the Federal monkey on

their backs and white people could once again stand up and speak their minds, most

rural counties displayed a remarkable degree of sympathy for the coming new regime.

Tricolor flags were being raised on flagpoles in front of post offices and municipal

buildings, and what remained of the Northwest's non-White population outside the

big cities quickly decided that the pastures were definitely greener elsewhere. Within

a time so short as to leave everyone gaping in wonder, the fifty-year trend of "the

browning of America" was halted and reversed everywhere but in a few metropolitan

areas. Even those were now almost lily white in their population after five years of

rebellion and bloody attacks against Third Worlders who didn't get the message.

The large cities and military bases were a different kettle of fish as far as the

assumption of state power went. Significant armed Federal presence and

administration remained firmly ensconced in Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Spokane,

Boise, and a few of the secondary metropolises such as Eugene and Medford and Yakima

in the fruit country with its heavy remaining Hispanic population. There were also

such large American military bases as Fort Lewis, Washington which were poised like

a knife at the NVA's throat. Their removal was one of the things which would have to

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be negotiated at the Longview conference. In those last days of July, there were

repeated clashes across the Homeland between NVA and Federal authorities, as well

as sporadic fighting between NVA and loyalist militias or gangs of various kinds.

Thanks to the prompt action taken in Bellevue at the Assembly of God, and the

groveling and repentant public confession of Captain Jesse Regenthal which was

broadcast on television, the wind was pretty much taken out of the sails of the evangelical death squad idea, but there were still some occasional outbreaks of

pro-Zionist fervor among fundamentalists. Many of these clashes were moderated

and defused by the teams of UN observers who were flown into the area. At the Party's

insistence, these teams consisted only of White personnel, especially from Eastern

Europe, Russia and Hungary and Romania and Poland. "Places where they know

what a Jew is,” commented Frank Barrow. With a delicious sense of irony, the NVA

Army Council had asked the UN for Serbs and Germans as peacekeepers, but the

international body was never strong on humor.

The NVA peace conference delegation’s working headquarters was a former antique mall on Pearl Street in Centralia. The large and stately Edwardian building

had been found to be owned by Jews in Florida via several holding companies, and

accordingly it had been impounded by the rebels. The small shops and display rooms

had been cleared out, and a series of elegant little offices and conference rooms and

barracks accommodation furnished from the inventory of antiques. The town of

Centralia east of Interstate 5 had been declared off limits to American news media,

and reporters who occasionally slipped into town and were apprehended were gently

but firmly hauled out to the west side of the interstate and booted back into the media

colony which had sprung up in the cluster of truckers’ motels there. “No rough stuff,

as obnoxious as they are,” ordered Barrow. “We need to try and cut the hostility level

with these people as much as possible.”

“They’re calling Centralia the Forbidden City now,” laughed Emily as she and

Cody stood by the TV which had been mounted in the conference room, watching the

endless round of cable news. “We’re barricaded here in our secret bunker, hatching all

kinds of nefarious Nazi plots!”

“Well, we are,” said Cody reasonably.

Cody’s head injury was healing up nicely, the stitches came out well, and he had

hopes that his hair would be sufficiently grown back by the time of the conference so

it wouldn’t be so noticeable. The upstairs lofts in the former antique emporium were

converted to a dormitory for male personnel where Cody and others slept, and a

smaller ladies’ country where Nightshade and several other female Volunteers had

their bunks. The preparations for the beginning of the conference proceeded apace, as

did the emergence of the NVA into public view. They learned that the site agreed upon

for the conference was the spacious five-star Lewis and Clark Hotel, a resort spa

about three miles outside the town of Longview itself. Set on twenty acres of landscaped grounds and built with a luxuriously timbered, hunting-lodge Northwest

interior motif, the hotel had once been a watering hole for the west coast's liberal and

corporate élite, and it had everything from hot tubs in the suites and four restaurants

and pubs to an Olympic-length indoor pool and an eighteen-hole tournament golf

course. ("Secretary Weintraub and I can get in a few holes before breakfast,"

commented Barrow.) Each delegation would be assigned a wing of the hotel, whence

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officially they were not allowed to cross over into their opponents' territory, while a

third wing would be assigned to a contingent of UN peacekeepers from Sweden and

American military police from the Presidential guard detail, who would provide a few

black faces for the television cameras. The fourth wing would be for specially vetted

staff and a selected group of media personalities, raffled off in a kind of lottery to

major networks.

“Regarding those MPs, I didn’t like the idea of having any niggers around at all,

but it’s one of those things the Council finally decided not to make an issue out of so

we could keep things moving forward,” Morehouse told the growing NVA delegation

with some concern. “Yeah, I know, we can be sure that at least a few of the MPs are

going to be FBI or spooks of various kinds, as well as about half of everyone else there,

the staff, you name it. Just be polite to them and keep contact to a minimum. They

shouldn’t be in our part of the hotel, anyway. But always bear in mind that you will be

surrounded by enemies.”

There was an ongoing discussion via the intermediation of the UN and Red Cross

committee as to whether or not the NVA delegation would be allowed to come in

armed. “Okay, it’s obviously not a friendly gesture to show up with fully automatic

weapons and ammo belts criss-crossing our chests,” Morehouse reported. “But there’s

no way in hell we’re asking our people to go into the presence of their deadly enemies

without at least sidearms. I’ll let you know how this one goes.” Access in and

out

would be by an unmarked Russian military helicopter, flown by a crew of Russians

who were officially private contractors but were unofficially known to be military. The

copter would be on standby and in theory, the NVA delegation could call for it and

leave at any time. “If they let you and don’t start shooting as you try to leave,” added

Morehouse.

At their daily meetings, Cody and Nightshade and the rest of the growing

delegation received regular briefings on the political situation. Carter Wingfield came

down to Chehalis to give them one, and he brought along with him none other than

newly-made Lieutenant Nigel Moore, who had been known as Jumping Jack Flash in

his Alpha Company days. Moore was now a military intelligence officer. “How did you

end up in intelligence?” asked Nightshade.

“It’s the Oxford accent, old girl,” Moore explained. “It makes me sound intelligent

and James Bondish. Up for a spot of the old cloak and dagger, eh what?” Moore was

also sporting SS tabs on his collar now, which Cody envied. “Oh, by the way,

Cody, I

need to mention that before I left Seattle I called on Miss Shipman.”

“How’s she doing?” asked Cody.

“As well as could be expected. I just wanted to let her know that she hadn’t been

forgotten in all the sound and fury surrounding recent events.”

“And does Kelly think your accent sounds intelligent?” asked Nightshade with a

malicious grin.

“Actually, she’s a very sharp and self-possessed young lady, she’s born up well

indeed after her terrible encounter with diversity, and I’m quite impressed with her,”

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replied Moore. “I think what’s happened has served as what you Yanks refer to as a

wake-up call for the entire family. They were most impressed with our expeditious

handling of the Mitchell Newman situation. I believe I was at least able to dissuade

her family from immediately fleeing the country, and yes, I suppose my accent did go

some way towards convincing the Shipmans that we’re not all Daryl and his

other

brother Daryl from the tall timber.”

Wingfield and Moore handled the briefing together. “We were able to wring that

character Regenthal dry,” Wingfield told the group. “For those of you who don’t know,

that’s the American army officer that Lieutenants Brock and Nightshade helped us

catch getting up to no good at a church in Bellevue a week or so back. We also arrested

a half-assed preacher named Sheldon, and took them down to the old FATPO facility

in Renton. Neither of them liked the available seating arrangements, and they spilled

their guts. Literally. They puked in terror, but after that they couldn’t tell us

everything they knew fast enough. Sheldon was just a common or garden variety

American dumb-ass, but Regenthal turned out to be a mine of information, and

putting it all together with what we know from the media and from other sources,

here’s the scoop. It turns out that Comrade Nightshade was spot on that day when she

said that Israel is in trouble. Big trouble. I’ll let Lieutenant Moore give you the

background, since he's the one with the degree in political science."

"My degree course in the ivied groves of academe was interrupted by Special Branch, actually," said Moore diffidently as he got up at the head of the table. "But in

order for us to understand just what is going on in the upper echelons of power, I

need to go over some recent history. I'm sure that you all know this, but bear with me.

It's relevant. On September 11th, 2001, someone hijacked four passenger aircraft and

crashed two of them into the World Trade Center in New York, and one into the

Pentagon in Washington. The fourth one crashed in mid-flight, and no one knows for

certain what the target was. Muslim extremists were immediately blamed, of course,

and it is known that there were nineteen young Muslim men from Egypt and Saudi

Arabia on board who appear to have known one another and who might have had

something to do with it. And that, comrades, is to this very day all that is known for

certain about what happened on September 11th, 2001, or at least all we have been

allowed to know. There were indications at the time that the Israeli Mossad may have

been guilty of prior knowledge, at the very least. There were a number of little bits and

pieces of the puzzle that didn't fit, such as the four Israelis who were arrested on top

of a nearby building videotaping the fall of the twin towers and laughing about it.

There were also some peculiar attempts by so-called Israeli art students to get into top

secret American military installations during the months immediately prior to the

attack, and other things. All of this information was immediately suppressed by the

Bush government, of course. To this very day, most Americans swallow the idea that

9/11 was some kind of Muslim terrorist thing, because they have never been told the

full story, and it is by now entirely clear that the United States government does not

intend that the full story shall ever be told. You can actually go to prison these days if

you suggest any Israeli involvement in 9/11. It's now a specifically prohibited

hatecrime.

"Jug-Ears used 9/11 as an excuse to invade Afghanistan. Of course it was pure

coincidence that Bush's oil cronies wanted to run an oil pipeline through

Afghanistan

from Soviet central Asia to tanker ports on the Indian Ocean, and the previous

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Taliban government was balking, or at least asking too high a price. The Americans

installed their puppet Karzai, and of course immediately got their pipeline. Then

came the invasion of Iraq in March of 2003, which had no foundation whatsoever in

anything in the real world, and everything to do with grabbing the largest oil fields in

the world outside of Saudi Arabia itself. Now, all of this is actually pretty common

knowledge. By now most Americans pretty much accept that this ghastly debacle in

the Middle East involves the seizure of the world's major petroleum reserves by the

American oil company cartels. That is of course true as far as it goes, but like so much

else in geopolitics, there is an even more sinister sub rosa layer to it all. The Middle

East mess operates on a number of levels, and of these the Israel level is probably the

most important. Another reason that America embarked on this asinine idea of

conquering the Middle East was in order to terminate native rule in that part of the

world, and impose Western-style democracy by force, as Chelsea Clinton admitted in

her speech recently.”

“Read install American puppet régimes,” put in Wingfield.

“Precisely,” agreed Moore. “The object being not only to secure the oil reserves for

American petrochemical multinationals, but to preserve the existence of the state of

Israel. Originally this was a hidden agenda, but eventually the United States

government found that they didn’t have to hide it. The fact is that Americans are so

bloody stupid that they will swallow pretty much anything that the television tells

them to swallow, and when you add this peculiar Protestant evangelical religious cult

that worships the Jews as God’s Chosen People into the mix, then you have a solid

base of popular support for pretty much any atrocity that America wishes to commit

in the name of Israel, oil, or bringing on the Rapture. Over the years, United States

foreign policy has pretty much been reduced to two simple points: seize every drop of

raw petroleum on earth, and at all costs protect the state of Israel from the

consequences of its own behavior. The original strategy involved taking out all of

Israel's hostile neighbors, beginning with Iraq, and then with Lebanon and Iran

and Syria, and then Saudi Arabia and Egypt. The object was first of all to swathe Israel

in a protective cocoon of pliable and friendly Zionist puppet states, but secondly to

secure the co-operation of the American-installed puppet regimes in those countries

for the mass deportation of the indigenous Muslim inhabitants of Palestine, or transfer as it was called. The idea was to load around five million Palestinians onto

buses and trucks and cattle cars, take them out into the Jordanian and Iraqi desert,

and dump them all, thus creating the so-called Greater Israel. The resistance to this

idea turned out to be so fierce, both by the Palestinians themselves and also by the

nations of Europe such as France and Germany who suddenly seemed to locate a pair

of testicles, that the transfer was only partially successful. But even so, the hundreds

of thousands of Palestinians who ended up deported to the refugee camps only added

to the problem.

“You see, the central difficulty with the whole Zionist experiment has always been

that Israel was never viable as an independent country. The Jews of the twentieth

century simply didn’t belong there anymore, and never had anyway, since the Jews of

today aren’t the Israelites of the Bible at all. I’m not Christian Identity myself, but I

have to concede that this one element of their theology is entirely correct. The idea of

trying to turn back the clock two thousand years was such an absurd pipe dream that I

am still amazed to this day that anyone ever took it seriously. Palestine is a tiny patch

of barren desert, with no natural resources of any kind, not like our own rich and wide

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Homeland which can be quite easily made economically and demographically viable.

In addition, the Zionists were never the true pioneers they were made out to be. They

weren't even very good farmers on their kibbutzes. To this day, they can't even feed

themselves. Throughout the entire history of its existence, Israel has always imported

food. Israel has always existed on massive subsidies from the United States and

various Jewish communities and Jewish-controlled governments around the world.

And it's not just a matter of economics. Mentally and spiritually, Jews cannot exist in

an environment all on their own. Parasites can't feed off of other parasites. They must

have a host."

"I've been there," spoke up Cody Brock. "Israel is like one big open-air insane

asylum. Those people literally run around in the streets screaming and waving their

hands in the air, and ramming one another with their cars. They hate each other as

badly as they hate the Arabs. It's like locking up five million sewer rats into a basement. They go insane and start chewing on their own tails and eating each other.

They have to have the Arabs there. Somebody has to wash their dishes, haul their

garbage, dig their ditches and do all the hot work out in the sun while the Jews lounge

by their swimming pools. Jews won't do that stuff for themselves. They honestly

believe that they are a master race, and that all the goyim in the world were put here

to be their slaves.”

Moore nodded. “Yes, they more or less admitted that by failing to follow through

on the transfer. While the Palestinian population was somewhat reduced by the

deportations into the desert that did take place, enough cheap Arab labor remained

behind to create a potentially dangerous fifth column. Now we're getting closer to the

relevance of all this to our own situation today, here in the Northwest. There's an old

saying that if you shoot a tiger, you had better be ready to finish the job. For the past

generation, Israel and America have maimed and wounded and tortured the Muslim

tiger to the point of madness, but they never quite managed to finish him off. Down

through the years, slowly but surely, the United States has been forced to withdraw

from most of its Middle Eastern conquests due to a campaign of unremitting guerrilla

warfare. The American military were forced out of Lebanon and Syria last

year, and

earlier this year American rule in Iran finally collapsed. The mullahs are back and

they are screaming for Jewish blood. The American forces in Egypt and Saudi are

beleaguered and can just barely hang on in the major cities, and the American puppet

régimes are on very shaky ground indeed. Iraq is just as bloody and chaotic as it ever

was, and some of you may have noticed the military coup in Jordan which overthrew

their last little Hashemite king and finally installed a pro-Palestinian government in

Amman after generations of toadying to Washington and Tel Aviv.”

“Their chickens are finally coming home to roost,” said Carter Wingfield. “After

the events at the Bellevue Assembly of God, once we knew what to look for, we made

an effort to reach out to some of our sources, through our friends in Russia and

elsewhere who have contact within the Arab world. What we have learned is that the

Muslims are preparing a major onslaught. Within the next year there is going to be

the mightiest military offensive in world history, backed with men and money by

every Muslim nation in the world, and especially by those who have recently managed

to throw the American monkey off their back and restore native rule to their

countries. The goal of this offensive will be to liberate the remaining Muslim lands

which are occupied by the United States, and to erase the state of Israel from the map.

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This will involve millions of troops and jihad guerrillas, and it will have the covert

backing at least of the Europeans and the Russians and the Chinese. The U. S. A. and

Israel have finally worn out their welcome. The rest of the world has had it with

American and Jewish bullshit. They're tired of this mess. They have decided that

Israel is a luxury humanity can dispense with, and it's time that American troops

came home, one way or the other."

"The Americans and the Israelis are of course perfectly well aware of what is going

to happen," said Moore with a smile. "It's impossible to keep something like this a

complete secret. And the fact is that there is not one bloody thing they can do

about it.

They've exhausted all their options. What are they going to do? Drop bombs on

defenseless Muslims? They've been slaughtering Muslims by the lorry load for a

whole generation now, and all it's done is raise the anger and the hatred to the level of

pure madness. Invade everybody in sight again? With what? America has invaded

over twenty nations in the past twenty years and the country is exhausted, draft

evasion is at an all-time high, the people are sick of this perpetual war, war, war with

no end in sight, and with a little bit of help from Operations Applesmash and Pigkill,

the United States is now bankrupt. It's finally going to happen. The Beast is about to

bleed to death from the million and one little wounds that have been inflicted on it.

Well done, lads and lassies!"

There was a sudden outburst of cheers and applause from the Volunteers

gathered around the mahogany conference table. "They are going to have to throw

every available soldier, every available weapon and every available dollar into one last

attempt to pull Israel's chestnuts out of the fire and save the oil empire," said

Wingfield. "They're so short on troops and supplies that the Feds had to make a

choice. They can either continue fighting an endless civil insurgency here in the

Pacific Northwest, or else they can shore up the crumbling empire and create a kind of

Fortress Israel to save the Light Unto the Nations. They can't do both, not any more.

They chose to save Israel instead of their own country. And the icing on the cake is,

most likely even that ain't gonna work. It looks to me like the Jews have finally bought

it this time. They've been treating those Palestinian people like dogs for a hundred

years, and they're going to find out that dogs can bite."

"So that's why they are negotiating now?" asked Barrow. "These bastards are actually willing to let a part of the territory of the United States go in order to save

Israel?"

"You got it," said Wingfield. "It's like the old right-wing conspiracy theorists used

to tell us in the grubby little tabloid newspapers most of us got our start on. They

really are Israel-Firsters. Of course, there are some people in the U. S

government

who are fighting tooth and nail against it, headed by Howard Weintraub. He's the

hebe who was behind this little attempt to use evangelical yay-hoos as vigilantes

to sabotage the Republic before it gets off the ground. You need to keep an eye on the

scum sucking kike when you get down to Longview, Frank. He's smart and he's

treacherous and he wants all of us dead."

The meeting moved on to other matters. The Political Bureau of the Party put together a basic presentation or statement of intention for the negotiations. "It's not

exactly the Declaration of Independence, but it will do," said Morehouse, passing out

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copies. "We're handing these out by the bushel to the reporters, and for the first time

these points are actually being broadcast and printed and discussed in public. There

was a period of fifty years where you couldn't even force the most basic of racial

concepts past the wall of media silence."

“That’s because of these, sir,” said Cody, hefting his Kalashnikov where he had

leaned against one of the walls of the conference room. “We have guns in our hands

now, and people listen to other people with guns in their hands.”

“Anyway, we call these the Twelve Points,” said Morehouse. “Cribbed that one

from Woodrow Wilson.”

Political Bureau of the Northwest Volunteer Army

The Moral and Political Basis for Northwest Independence

1. The United States of America, in its original form as envisioned by the Founding

Fathers, was a political entity created by and for white people. The white race made

America what it is today. American law and the United States Constitution are

derived from Anglo-Saxon common law, going back to the Magna Carta. Such

concepts as democracy itself and the rule of law are based upon European thought,

not African or Asiatic.

2. The United States of America as it exists today has only the most remote and

tenuous historical connection with the country and the system of government which

was originally established and envisioned by the Founding Fathers. The United States

was never intended by the Founding Fathers to be multi-racial, or multi-cultural, or

diverse. It was intended to be a national expression of what was viewed at the time as

the Manifest Destiny of the white race. This is made abundantly clear by

contemporary documents from the time of the Founding Fathers, in the writings of

men such as Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin. Indeed,

the only references to non-whites in the Declaration of Independence and the

Constitution were in passing, where Indians are referred to as enemies of the

colonists and where for census and apportionment purposes, blacks were considered

to be three-fifths of a man.

3. The present government of the United States of America has become irredeemably

corrupt, and its continuation in power is antithetical to the pursuit of life, liberty, and

the pursuit of happiness. The United States has become tyrannical, poisonous, and

deeply repulsive to every concept of human decency. America today is riddled with

crime, corruption, poverty, sexual perversion, unemployment, ill health,

mistreatment of the elderly, the destruction of the national infrastructure, a dysfunctional educational system, and national malaise and demoralization. America

today has been bankrupted and morally poisoned by a series of foreign wars fought

on behalf of the Jewish people which are in fact counter to America's interests, wars

which have been as pointless as they were immoral. These problems simply did not

exist to any significant degree in the past, when the white man was in charge.

4. It is clear beyond any debate, that modifying the racial composition of America

away from the dominant white society that it was as it rose to power, towards a mixed,

racially diverse society, has been catastrophic, an unmitigated disaster. Diversity does

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not impart strength; it creates weakness, division, chaos, corruption, and deep social

sickness. Diversity has ruined America. Even if all races were exactly the same, if

there were no differences whatsoever, the fact that whites created America as we

know it today means that we now have the right to demand that at least a

portion of

what we have created be set aside for our exclusive use. We did not create this great

and wealthy country just to hand it over to an endless flow of mud-colored

immigrants who have done nothing to earn what we have made, and who do not

belong here at all.

5. For the past century, all peaceful attempts to alter and reverse the racial and social

policies of the United States have failed. Petitions have been ignored. The electoral

and political process has been undermined and corrupted, and turned into a weapon

of genocide against America's white inhabitants. The judiciary has become an

instrument of racial and social tyranny. The United States has persistently refused to

respond to all peaceful and legal efforts at reform. All peaceful and legal avenues of

redress having failed or been closed off, it is therefore not only the moral right, but the

profound duty, of all Americans of European descent to take up arms against the

United States and apply such force and coercion as may be necessary to compel the

government of the United States to change its wicked and destructive behavior, and to

punish those who are responsible for such behavior.

6. Based upon the extensive history of the black and mestizo races, it is clear that

they are not capable of creating or maintaining an advanced society. It was not

Africans who invented such things as the wheel and gunpowder, forged steel, domesticated the horse, sailed the world on voyages of exploration and conquest,

invented aviation and charted the mysteries of the human body. It was Europeans.

Third World immigration eventually means a Third World country. Racial integration

and diversity is like mixing horse manure and ice cream. It does wonders for the

manure, but it doesn't do much at all for the ice cream.

7. The loathsome perversion of homosexuality is absolutely unacceptable in any

civilized society. It must be exterminated with fire and sword. This is not something

that is subject to debate or argument. It is something that decent men simply do.

8. The unspeakable practice of infanticide by abortion is absolutely unacceptable in

any civilized society. It must be brought to a halt immediately, and those who are

guilty of trafficking in or profiting by this horror must be tried and punished for

premeditated murder. This is not something that is subject to debate or argument. It

is something that decent men simply do.

9. The moral perversion known as feminism is destructive of the family, which is the

basic building block of society, because it teaches the false idea that men and women

are somehow competitors and enemies, and that the bearing and rearing of white

children is somehow shameful. No more pernicious, poisonous and humanly

destructive lie can be imagined. There must be an immediate return to sanity and the

nuclear family headed by a married couple, husband and wife, as the basic building

block of society.

10. There must be a final solution to the Jewish question.

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11. The number of whites, as a percentage of world population, is now down into the

single digits and falling fast. There can be no doubt that the white race is in danger of

literal, physical extinction. All of the White nations on earth are now accepting large

numbers of nonwhite immigrants. The only one of the three major races of earth that

is in real danger of extinction is the white race. It is absolutely essential that the white

race acquire a Homeland of its own, some place on earth where white children can be

born and raised in physical and spiritual safety, and where our numbers may be

restored and the threat of racial extinction overcome.

12. History, economics, demographics, geography, and moral justice dictate that this

worldwide Homeland for all the Aryan peoples of the world be established in the

Pacific Northwest, the land which is hallowed with the blood of martyrs such as Sam

and Vicky Weaver, Bob Mathews, Pastor Richard Butler, the Singer family, and now

all of the comrades of the Northwest Volunteer Army who have perished during the

past five years of armed struggle. While the Northwest Volunteer Army recognizes

that we lack the power to overthrow that government completely and to take

back our

country in its entirety, for the sake of not only our own race but all of humanity, it is

essential that the United States and the ruling élite which now controls the United

States be clearly defeated in the eyes of the world, and that at least some portion of

the North American continent be detached from Federal control and returned to the

original white people who created the world as we know it. The coming conference at

Longview will have one of two results, either the establishment of the Northwest

Republic, or else a return to combat operations against the United States government

on the part of the NVA. There is no third alternative.

“Jesus, you’re really trying to scare the bastards to death, aren’t you, Red?” asked

Barrow, looking over the document.

“It ought to give them something to think about,” said Morehouse. “We are

making it as clear as we possibly can through our own media campaign that this

conference is going to produce results, period, end of story.”

Another facility which was established at Chehalis was the first basic training

depot for new recruits. The NVA commandeered a local high school and turned it into

a barracks, and every day Cody saw more and more young people drilling and

learning small arms on the athletic fields. It turned out the Bobby Bells's

establishment of a recruiting stand at Eastgate Mall had been prophetic. Anywhere in

the Homeland where the NVA opened any kind of station or offices, they were

immediately swamped with hundreds and then thousands of white men of all ages,

and many women as well, who wanted to join the new Republic's military wing. Time

and time again the Volunteers heard the same story: "I always wanted to join up with

you guys and fight these bastards, I just never knew where to find you." Now that the

NVA was making the transition from an underground guerrilla group to an open

standing army, there were more volunteers of the small "v" nature than they knew

what to do with. Thanks to the generosity of the Russians and the increasing aptitude

of the NVA for relieving departing Federal troops and FATPOs of their weapons, there

were enough rifles to go around, and Cody grew used to hearing outbursts of

shooting

from the athletic field at Chehalis High School, which had been turned into a firing

range for the boots.

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Uniforms and basic supplies were another thing. There was a lot of requisitioning

going on. Mindful of Che Guevara's dictum that the guerrilla fighter must never take

from the people so much as a button or a spool of thread that he does not pay for, the

NVA staged a couple of more or less robberies of banks and casinos, and the

Quartermasters were handed wads of cash every morning to buy what they needed

from the local Wal-Mart or Safeway or wherever. If Cody could believe the scuttlebutt

he heard around the headquarters, the QMs were an amazingly honest lot. As nearly

as could be determined by a harassed middle-aged CPA who was now the Republic's

official financial oversight officer, and who had an office in the new HQ, almost none

of the expropriated funds were unaccounted for.

More significant were the numbers of white U. S. military and even FATPOs who

were deserting to the side of the NVA, in some cases even bringing with them their

American tanks, helicopters, artillery, and other equipment. Many of the new recruits

of course already had extensive military experience in the killing fields of Iraq, Iran,

and Gaza. The NVA was very rapidly accumulating a hard core cadre of combat

veterans from both its own ranks and those with prior service in the imperial forces,

and that core was surrounded by a growing number of young and eager volunteers.

The makings of an army were definitely there, and if things on the American side were

really in as bad a shape as Carter Wingfield's briefing had claimed, then it was an

army that could win. Not that one would know the United States was on the ropes

from watching the media. In the remaining interval before the conference opened on

August 1st, America and the world seemed to go mad over the news from the Northwest. The television, the newspapers and all of the other media were filled with

a raging sound and fury the likes of which the country had never seen before,

almost

all of it directed with incredible venom at the hapless person of Chelsea Clinton.

Pundits screamed abuse at her as if she were Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun's long-lost

daughter. Editorials called for her resignation. Black preachers and leftist radicals

called for her assassination. Moves were set afoot in Congress for her impeachment.

The possibility was discussed at one of the pre-conference briefing sessions for the

NVA negotiating team. "Blessed are the peacemakers," commented Red Morehouse

dryly.

"Impeach, my ass," rumbled the gigantic John Morgan in disgust. "Hell, those

yea-saying leeches in Congress impeached her daddy and her mama both, but they

didn't have enough guts to kick their asses out of that White House. Not when her

daddy got caught stickin' it where he shouldn't, or when her mama got caught

ordering people murdered that she didn't like. Wonder if they'll remove Chelsea for

the horrible crime of saying our name on TV?"

“That will be an interesting world record for the Clinton family,” replied Frank

Barrow with a laugh. “Father, mother, and daughter all served as president, and all

three were unsuccessfully impeached.”

“But suppose Chelsea is impeached before she can sign off on whatever deal we

come up with at Longview, sir?” asked Cody worriedly.

“Wouldn’t that prevent the conference from going forward, or at least put it on

hold?”

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“Don’t worry. Whoever is pushing for this conference would have factored that

into consideration,” Morehouse assured him. “If the real power structure in the

United States didn’t want this conference to happen, the whole thing would never

have come up. She won’t be impeached.” Nor was she, although Chelsea did announce

several days after her speech that that as a concession to those who were opposed to

the whole Longview dog and pony show, she herself would remain aloof and dignified

from the entire distasteful proceeding, and she would not take part in the negotiations

herself.

“Of course, she was never going to be involved in direct negotiations anyway,”

remarked Major John McCausland as they watched this announcement on the tube.

“Mommy wouldn’t let her,” replied Barrow. “Afraid she might forget herself and

misspeak herself like she was actually president.”

McCausland, an Identity minister of some renown as well as an NVA combat officer, had arrived in Centralia during what was now coming to be referred to as the

July Days, the period of about a week after the President’s speech when there had

been sporadic outbreaks of fighting and mob violence across the Northwest, and the

FATPOs had been driven back into their barracks preparatory to their final departure

from the scene. He was a heavy-set, gray-haired man with a kind of ponderous dignity

about him, and he had elected voluntarily to eschew wearing a uniform for a simple

dark suit and tie. McCausland carried a Bible in his briefcase, but he only took it out

on breaks when he sat out on a bench in the park across the street, reading it on his

own, and he didn't lard his conversation with Scriptural verses, nor did he pass out

little Christian comic books or attempt to convert anyone to his own faith. The

contrast between him and someone like the flashy, florid and elegantly coiffed Pastor

Leonard Sheldon of the Bellevue church was noticeable.

Barrow was quietly keeping his eye on McCausland and the Odinist Captain

Robert Gair for any signs of conflict, but so far had detected none. Gair was a strapping blond man in his late twenties who smiled a lot, especially when he was

killing Jews. He wore the NVA uniform, and he looked good in it. He had a Mjolnir, a

Thor's Hammer, on a thin leather cord around his neck, but that was all the overt sign

of his religious beliefs that he manifested. When Barrow obliquely mentioned it, Gair

replied, "Asatru isn't something you preach. It's something you live." The religious

wars were being momentarily held in abeyance.

The reactions to the ceasefire and the coming negotiations from the world media

outside the United States were even more interesting, because they were far

more

restrained and balanced. Cody was amazed to see some television commentators from

the BBC, Deutsche Welle, and Russian television who could actually devote a few

minutes to serious analysis of the events of the past five years. At the beginning of

each briefing conference the team, which by now numbered around twenty

Volunteers, was shown videotaped film clips on the coverage from all over the globe.

“My God, they’re actually reading from one of our position papers on the BBC!”

exclaimed Cody.

“Yes, they can do that in Britain,” said Andrei Stepanov from the Political Bureau,

who had been included in the Longview delegation after some consideration. It was

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thought that his presence might remind the Americans that the current Russian

premier had interested himself in the Northwest situation, a diplomatic coup of the

first order which Stepanov had been instrumental in pulling off. Cody now learned

that representatives from the Political Bureau and the Army Council had actually

conducted a high-level, top secret meeting with members of the Russian government

in Vladivostok in May, which had resulted in the massive shipments of Russian small

arms and ammunition the NVA had recently received. Cody was further fascinated to

learn tangentially in some of the meetings that the bulk of the weapons had been paid

for with quietly donated Arab money, and the remainder with Jewish money extorted

from the Northwest “Indian” casinos. Stepanov went on, “In America the FCC still

forbids American television from direct broadcast of any words or comments or any

speech from any NVA person or other designated racist, or from an apologist for

terrorism, which is of course whatever the hell the Federal government says it is. That

rule is still in effect and we must attempt to negotiate it away or at least work our way

around it at Longview.”

“If I didn’t know that the European media was just as Jew-ridden as our own, I’d

almost say some of these foreign commentators actually liked us,” said

Emily.

“Mmmm, it’s not so much that they like us, it’s just that they enjoy seeing America

finally slip off the high wire,” Barrow said. “Let’s face it, since the reign of Bush the

First, the United States has been cutting a swagger and playing the bully all around

the world for a damned long time. America has needed taking down a peg or two for

years, and I’m hardly surprised that the world seems to be looking forward to it.

Remember, a lot of these countries in Europe have a tradition of nationalism and

awareness of the Jewish issue that Americans don’t. True, most of their governments

and their ruling élites are just as Jew-ridden as our own. But in Europe they at least

know what a Jew is, which Americans don’t. You might say that the Europeans are

just as sick as we are, but at least they know what disease they’ve got.”

“You guys will need to assign a couple of the team aides to monitoring the news all

the time,” Morehouse told them. “I know that seems an odd thing to send some of you

comrades to a epoch-making event like this just to sit in a hotel room and watch

television, but you will need to make comprehensive notes as to what is being said and

by whom, and you will need to keep the point negotiators who are actually at the table

abreast of all of it. These TV pundits and reporters will be speaking with their masters'

voices. We need to know what their masters' voices are saying."

The NVA delegation had been broken down into two groups. These were the points, who would conduct the actual major face-off negotiations as a side—Frank

Barrow, Corby Morgan, Andrei Stepanov, John McCausland, and Robert Gair. "Five

on five, kind of like two nigger basketball teams," joked Morgan. These would be

facing off against the five major enemy negotiators: Secretary of State Stanhope,

Homeland Security Secretary Weintraub, Senator Jeanette Galinsky, Air Force

General Charles Brubaker, and a last-minute addition whom the PB considered to be

a significant and major player, former United States UN representative and American

military governor of Iraq and Egypt, Oliver Cabot Lodge.

"There's your real power behind the throne," Morehouse told his point men.

"Lodge is the one to watch. Not just big, big money but old Anglo-Zionist

money. Yale

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man, Skull and Bones of course. Boston brahmin of the same kind that instigated the

Civil War, and got us into the Spanish American War and World War One when it

looked profitable. The same gang of high-nosed suits who could have stopped the

Jews from instigating World War Two if they'd wanted to, but who did not because

they saw immense profit to be made, and because they hated Adolf Hitler like the fires

of hell. Those were some of Lodge's immediate ancestors who did those things, by the

by. Works with and for Jews every day of his life, but he cut his eldest son off with a

mere paltry million when he married a Jewess. He'll do their hatchet work for them,

but his country club is still completely Gentile. Lodge currently holds over a hundred

board memberships and chairmanships with Fortune 500 companies. His forte in the

Middle East was structuring Arab puppet governments to maximize profits to

American business, through making sure that every dollar in those poor

benighted

countries went into American corporate pockets. He learned Arabic himself to do it.

The man is thorough. Lodge unquestionably caused more suffering and harm to

those wretched people than Brubaker did with his bombers. This guy is the original

buccaneer capitalist. In the seventeenth century he would have been a pirate, and he

would be knighted for his efforts. He has probably earned more money for his class

in his own quiet way than any other man in history. My guess is that Stanhope will do

most of their talking, Brubaker will bluster, and the Jews will do a lot of screaming

and yadda yadda. Listen to what Stanhope says and watch what Lodge does. He will

probably sit back and be quiet, mostly listening. When he opens his mouth, pay

attention to every word and nuance, because I guarantee you, he is the man with the

power.”

The rest of the NVA delegation, all promoted to officer rank if they weren’t officers

already, were officially classed for the record as aides of various kinds. Cody was now

a lieutenant who was on the list as aide de camp to General Barrow, giving him a sit-in

behind the general at most of the actual negotiating sessions, which was turning

Lieutenant Emily Pastras green with envy. She was an administrative aide to the

delegation's public relations officer, Captain Jane Chenault. "You get to watch history

being made, while I get to sit in a hotel room with a laptop computer and a printer

and print off press releases and send other people's e-mails," she grouched.

"Beautiful!"

But she was mollified when she was taken off to one side by Colonel Daniel

"Dangerous Dan" McGrew, who came down from Seattle to see her, and given a

special intelligence-related assignment. Cody politely forebore to ask her about it, and

she did not discuss it with him beyond telling him, "I'm supposed to seduce the

Secretary of State," a line Cody wisely decided to leave alone. Every aide had some

kind of unofficial left-hand job. Cody was the Yiddish-speaker, and he was to listen in

under any circumstances possible and see if he could catch the Jews in the enemy

delegation in what they thought was private nattering. Nightshade had her secret assignment. Lieutenant Olaf Olafsson was to liaise with the Swedish UN peacekeeping team who were theoretically there as guarantors of the peace, although being unarmed there wasn't much they could do should the United States decide to violate its pledged word, a by no means unknown event in history. Lieutenant Phil McMurrough was to keep an eye on all the enemy police and security details and troop presence, noting everything he could about their weapons, placement, movements, etc. in case the negotiations went really bad and there had to be a mass breakout and E & E. Lieutenant Lisa Napolitano was to keep an eye on the

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comings and goings of the hotel staff and try to make sure that no one was poisoned.

Even so, the delegation members were cautioned not to accept any suspicious special

gifts of food and eat only at common meals or things that were canned or seal-wrapped. Lieutenant Jack Cannon was to collect and collate all reports, gossip,

and information he could about the movements of the enemy delegation, who was

meeting with whom behind the main conference's back, who from the outside was

meeting with the American representatives. He would be assisted in this through the

electronic surveillance derring-do of Lieutenant Stanley Waters, aka Doctor Doom,

who would be smuggling in via the delegation's diplomatically protected baggage

enough electronic bugging, communications, and computer gear to open his own

Radio Shack. Doc Doom's job would be first off to bug everything he could, and

secondly to de-bug as much of the Federal surveillance gear as he could.

Emily's immediate ostensible superior was a statuesque and impeccably groomed,

late thirty-something blond woman who had been a fairly late addition to the NVA

delegation. She had arrived only on the morning of July 30th, in fact. At that day's

briefing Morehouse had called her before the group in the antique-bedecked

conference room and said, "Comrades, may I introduce Captain Jane Chenault?

Comrade Chenault will be acting as our public relations officer during the

negotiations, meaning that she stands up in front of the cameras and reads all our

official statements and all that kind of thing.” Cody had to admit privately that

Captain Chenault filled out the khaki uniform shirt much better than Emily. “That is

her official role. Unofficially and more importantly, she will be acting as our agitprop

and psychological warfare officer. She has a degree in psychology from McGill

University in Montreal, and a masters in marketing. She has been working with the

Third Section’s Agitprop department in one of our covert installations across the

border in B.C., and she’s the closest thing to a trained publicist we’ve got. Nor will I

deny that part of her presence here has to do with the fact that she’s probably the

most photogenic spokesperson we could find.”

“Yeah, you don’t want me giving a press conference and spitting tobacco in the

middle of it,” agreed John Morgan. “It kinder gets caught in my beard.”

“Well, Jane’s more than a pretty face, I promise you,” said Morehouse. “She is

responsible for most of our internet propaganda, and she’s why it looks so good and

says so much in a ten-second pop-up. You need to listen to her on anything regarding

image and presentation. I can't emphasize enough that you're not only going to be

negotiating with a team of enemy government officials, you're going to be trying to

convince an entire nation, and indeed the whole world, that this is the best thing that

could happen."

"Thank you, Colonel Morehouse," said Jane Chenault. "I'm sorry I'm getting here

so late, comrades, but since the President's speech the RCMP and Canadian military

have stepped up their security along the border of the Republic, and I had to walk

over near Oroville and then make the necessary connections. What I will be doing is

vetting the media image that the NVA delegation to the Longview conference presents

to the media. It's true that this isn't going to any kind of referendum or popular vote,

but whatever treaty or agreement is worked out will presumably have to be confirmed

by the United States Senate or perhaps by both houses of Congress, and so to some

extent we're playing to the members of Congress as an audience. As you

know,

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elections haven't meant much of anything in the United States for a very long time,

but the U. S. is still very much a poll-driven and PR-driven society, a marketing-based

society if you like, and the American negotiators are going to be responsive to the

public mood. That is to say, whatever mood the multi-national corporations who

control the media and the government decide to create for the public, eh? I know that

the media reaction has thus far been almost completely negative, but I will be very

interested to note what kind of spin the corporates put on things as the negotiations

progress. In other words, does the power structure in the U. S. A. really want this to

happen? If they do, they'll really be trying to sell it. If not, we should be able to tell

from analyzing the media coverage. Spin always comes from the top down.

"Now, all of you are going to be under intense pressure by the enemy media

representatives. They are going to try to peel you off from the main body of the

delegation, get you off alone somewhere, and they will flatter you and cajole you, try

to bribe you, try to trip you up. They want to get you to say things. It's going to be very

hard for you to avoid dropping offhand remarks, eh? Even just to tell the media

reptiles to piss off. But you have to resist that temptation, because you never know

when even a casual remark will be picked up, and misconstrued, and twisted into

something significant that could impact the negotiations. The slightest thing you say

could upset the whole apple cart. You must not do any independent media interviews,

and you must report all media contacts to me so we can analyze them and see who's

up to what, and how we can put our own spin on it. I'll confer with General Barrow

and we will have daily media briefings for the press contingent, and by that I mean

not just briefings for the media, but briefings within the team itself, bringing you

up to date on what the media is saying about us and how we need to present

ourselves. Most of you comrades have been in combat. I admit, I haven't, although I

have been shot at a few times including on my way down here, if that helps

you with

my bona fides. But I think most of you will understand that psychological warfare is

just as important as actual fighting, and I don't think it's too exaggerated to say that

this coming battle in Longview will be won largely on psychological grounds."

After the meeting Barrow called Captain Chenault aside into the broom closet with the Chippendale desk and the rotary fan that was serving as his office. "You're

Canadian, comrade?" asked Barrow.

"Yes, sir," the woman replied. "I was born and raised in Hull, which is in Ontario,

but my husband and I moved to British Columbia when the NVA began its campaign

there after 10/22. I knew some people who were involved in what was left of the old

Social Credit party, and they were able to steer us to the NVA. I'm actually wanted in

Canada for hatespeech and possession of hate literature."

"That carries life imprisonment in Kingston Prison, now, I believe. But you stayed

up there anyway with Agitprop?" asked Barrow.

"It needed doing, and it's not as if I would have been in any less danger down here,

eh?” she said with a shrug and a little laugh.

“You know that the Canadian government is not participating in the peace process?” asked Barrow.

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“Yes, sir, I know.”

“You also know that’s going to make it damned near impossible for us to take any

part of Canada with us into the Republic? I have to admit, I feel somewhat

uncomfortable and ashamed at having you along,” said Barrow. “All I can tell you is

that I will do my very level best to bring at least part of Canada with us into the

Northwest Republic.”

“Look, General, you have other things to worry about, eh?” she said. “Yes, I hope

that you can bring in at least part of Canada, but this whole thing is about the greater

good of the white race worldwide. I firmly believe that one day the spark we have lit

here in the Northwest will catch fire all over the white world, or what’s left of it, and

that someday not just the western provinces but all of my country will be free of

Zionist rule.”

“Do all of our Canadian comrades feel like that?”

“No sir,” she admitted. “A good many of them feel very bitter and betrayed.”

“And so they should,” replied Barrow with a heavy sigh. “You understand this

thing could get very rough? That the word of the United States isn’t worth a bucket of

warm spit, and if they don’t like the way things are going they could simply murder us

all out of pure malice?”

“Then I’ll die in my people’s Homeland, sir,” she replied calmly. “That border

exists only in people’s minds, and it has ceased to exist in mine.”

Morehouse must have seen Captain Chenault leave Barrow’s tiny office, because

when he knocked and came in he began by saying. “In case you’re curious, I don’t

know if she’s available, but Dan says she’s not with anyone.”

“Oh?” asked Barrow. “She mentioned her husband.”

“Widow. Her husband was Volunteer Marc Chenault. Killed early on, in an RCMP

ambush in some alley in Vancouver. Just thought I’d mention it. How are we shaping

up, do you think?” asked Morehouse, taking the seat recently vacated by

Jane.

“I’m still not sure I can pull this off, Red,” Barrow confessed. “It’s like I’m going

into the lion’s den. Up until now, we’ve been forcing them to play our game. Now

we’re going to have to beat them at their own.”

“Yeah, well, it’s not as if genuine statesmanship is something we have any

experience with,” said Morehouse glumly. “Back in the days before 10/22, or at least

before the Party finally made its appearance on what little political landscape we had,

white nationalists always had this terrible habit of running away from politics, I mean

the real deal, not those stupid dog and pony shows we had every four years.”

“All Americans had that habit,” Barrow reminded him. “Politics was so corrupt

that whole generations of Americans grew up deliberately avoiding it. We didn’t want

to think about it because we knew damned well there was nothing we could do.

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Government and the state was simply something you avoided as much as you possibly

could.”

“Yes, I know, and that was one of the biggest advantages ZOG had over us. Thank

God, we intend to establish a republic and not a democracy here in the Northwest.

Who was it who said that from democracy steps forth the cruelest of tyrants?”

“De Tocqueville, I think,” said Barrow.

“But there was no excuse for our refusal to become involved in serious politics. It

was just plain cowardice on our part, trying to get out of doing the heavy lifting. Plus I

think it was an almost ingrained disgust at the whole corrupting, sickening process of

democracy. My God, look at the kind of leaders all this wonderful democracy gave us

since Abraham Lincoln trashed the Founding Fathers’ old Constitution and butchered

half a million Americans to keep the Northern capitalists in power! Since 1865

America has always been led by criminals, incompetents, maniacs, mediocrities,

pathological liars and heartless mass murderers. Grant, Cleveland, that drunken

buffoon Teddy Roosevelt who was followed by that unspeakable hypocrite Woodrow

Wilson who was followed by the greasy thief Harding. That syphilitic monster FDR.

Kennedy the would-be Caesar, Jimmy Carter with his skull full of mush, the greedy

crazy Bushes and the vicious perverted Clintons. And that's just the presidents! Never

mind all the Aaron Burrs, Boss Tweeds, Boss Prendergasts and Daleys and Willie

Browns and Alger Hisses and Jesse Jacksons. How can anyone look at American

politics and not vomit?"

Andrei Stepanov walked in on Morehouse in mid-babble. "That was something

about Americans that Europeans never understood," he said. "To us, politics was life's

blood. In our own countries, the hate laws were so Draconian that most of us could be

arrested or sent to prison for even so much as mentioning immigration statistics or

raising our palms above shoulder height, or singing a proscribed song from our

country's past, or mentioning a prohibited name from among our forefathers. Any

serious participation in the political process was always denied to European

nationalists after 1945. The best we could do was to create pale imitations, quasi-

parties that merely hinted at the true agenda, which didn't fool anyone in authority,

and which were suppressed on a regular basis. Yet here in America, up until 10/22

white nationalists had legal status, at least technically. For decades you could actually

get up and say what you wanted to say even if you immediately lost your jobs, and the

system was rigged so that no one could hear you anyway. In Europe we would have

sold our soul for that kind of opportunity. I think that in Britain and in Germany at

least, and also in Eastern Europe, if nationalism had ever been given anything even

approaching a level playing field within the political process, without the threat of

Red terrorism and government retaliation, then we might not have had to pick up the

gun in this country. But Americans were so afraid of politics that they never made

anything like full use of legal status while they could. God alone knows what could

have been accomplished if everyone had just been willing to stand up, tell the world

that they were racists and proud of it, and engage in serious, adult political activity."

“But we didn’t,” said Barrow with a sigh. “Now none of us knows how to do it at all.”

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“We did everything but,” said Morehouse, nodding in agreement. “We took refuge

in conspiracy theories, or religion, obscure scholarly anti-Semitism, or survivalism, or

crackpot economics, and then when the internet came along we retreated into the cool

of our basement rec rooms and the warm glow of our computer monitors, where we

could sit hunched over a keyboard in safe anonymity, with a bowl of nachos and a cold

brewski by our side, and pretend that we were doing some kind of good. I remember

how many people flooded the internet in those days, with grandiose screen names like

“AryanWarrior@berserker.com” or stupid rubbish like that. Guys who were pretty clearly janitors or something of the kind in real life, who crapped in their pants in

terror that someone might actually find out who they were and come knocking on

their door. We leaped on any one of a dozen excuses to avoid the rough and tumble of

real politics, the agony of having to get out there, get right up close and personal into

the faces of our own people, talk to the people, argue with them, reason with them,

refute them, scuffle and fist-fight with them if we had to, and convince them that we

are right and the United States is wrong. Our skins were as thin as tissue paper, and

we were like neurotic children who couldn't handle rejection or contradiction without

going off into a corner and sulking. We were weaklings and crybabies. Our egos were

so fragile we couldn't stand for anyone to disagree with us and call us names. Now,

with the benefit of hindsight, I can understand why we did that. Nothing is more

frustrating than constantly having to work with stupid, sleeping people who don't

want to wake up. It's like trying to drag kids out of bed in the morning to make them

go to school, and when you live your whole life like that it can drive you bonkers.

"But the fact is, Frank, that we're facing the same problem now," Stepanov said.

"At some point in time the Northwest Migration movement must take the leap

from being a tiny revolutionary vanguard to being a mass movement.”

“That time is now,” said Morehouse. “We have to obtain the consent of the governed that has already been forfeited by the United States. That means we are

going to be forced to get out there, go to ordinary dumb-ass people, and convince

them that we are right. Not just beat them into submission. If we try that, then we’ll

lose in the long run. Yeah, I’ve heard Bobby Bells expound on his ideas about

baseball bats, and up to a point he’s right. We always have to have the baseball bat as

a backup if nothing else, because otherwise no one will listen to us at all, and because

there comes a time when the deliberate, willful refusal to understand can become

criminal in itself, when it threatens the race. But if we are going to create a new

society, gentlemen, here in the Northwest, then there is simply no substitute, no short

cut, no easy way out. We have to get down in there in the shithole of politics and start

shoveling.

“We can’t do this with the Party alone, create a whole new nation. The overwhelming majority of the people are going to have to buy what we’re

selling.

They're going to have to want us to rule them. They are going to have to voluntarily

participate in the creation of a new order and willingly put up with all the problems

and sacrifices that entails. Otherwise even if we do take over, they'll simply run away

back to the same old poisonous American way of life they've always known, like a

caged lion that escapes will return to his cage, or if he makes it back out into the wild,

then he'll just pace back and forth in a space the same size as his cage used to be. Like

a dog returning to his vomit, if you want to get Biblical about it. This is why it is so

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vitality important that we cannot, must not, dare not appear to be anti-Christian!

Whether we like it or not, facts are facts, and the fact is that the majority of people on

the North American continent grew up with a thousand and one Christian points of

reference in their daily lives which cannot be made to disappear in the twinkling of

an eye, or even with the flourish of a gun. Our people think in Christian terms, and

while any revolution must necessarily change the thinking of the people involved in it,

it simply is not possible to completely alter the outlook of a whole people and a whole

culture overnight.”

“So cutting through all the theoretical crap, Red, what the hell do I do when I get

down there?” asked Barrow helplessly.

“Look, you’re smart enough to understand the difference between what’s

important and what’s not. You know what we want, what our people must have,” said

Red. “You go down there and you don’t come back without it. Your road is straight

and clear. How hard can it be to just not step off it no matter what kind of distraction

you see over across the mud flats yonder? Every time they come at you demanding

that you take something less than white freedom and full independence in an

all-white nation of our own, you say no. And you do what no one else has ever been

able to do. You make these American bastards hear the word no, and take it for an

answer.”

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IX.

“You have dragged us here, kicking and screaming.

America will never be the same, whatever the result.”

- U. S. Secretary of State Walter Stanhope

On the morning of August 1st, they all donned their new uniforms, or in the case

of Pastor McCausland and several others, their suits. John Corbett Morgan had even

been persuaded to submit to the attentions of a barber, and so he would be attending

the conference sans his pony tail and with his sable beard trimmed neatly down to

where he no longer entirely resembled Rasputin the Mad Monk. They piled into a

large bus and drove out to the Chehalis airfield. While the gigantic, big-bellied copter

warmed up on the tarmac, for the first time the entire negotiation team finally came

together at the same time, assembled under one roof in an aircraft hangar, for a final

briefing. Red Morehouse, Carter Wingfield, “Dangerous Dan” McGrew of the Third

Section, and General Patrick Brennan were there to see them off.

“Here’s a little historical note for you, Cody,” said Morehouse as they walked towards the hangar across the airfield in the clear light of a summer morning. “In

1947 a man named Thomas Arnold was flying in a small private plane out of this

airfield, on a business trip up to Seattle. It was a clear day and over there near Mount

Rainier, he saw six or seven disc-shaped objects flying beside him in the sky, which he

duly reported. The media got hold of it, and thus was born the name flying saucers. It

was the beginning of the whole UFO phenomenon as we know it. It’s odd that this

same little airport in this out of the way little town in Washington state should be the

source of a flight that will change history, not once, but twice inside of a century.

That’s what metaphysics buffs call synchronicity.”

Several long folding tables had been pulled together at one corner of the hangar,

and sets of luggage had been laid out, each with a name on them. Each member of the

delegation went to his or her luggage and opened up the suitcase to do a final check,

finding everything from clean underwear to an extra complete NVA uniform

including boots, as well as extra ammunition for the sidearms which the delegates had

insisted clearly and forcefully they would carry. Inside each suitcase was a false lining

containing some of Doc Doom's electronic gear, which would be shuffled around as

necessary once they got into their wing of the Lewis and Clark Hotel. There were

also one briefcase per delegate, containing a full set of the official documents for the

conference, and two long plastic garment holders with each set of luggage, one that

contained a newly pressed civilian business suit of either male or female cut, and the

second that held a set of formal wear, including patent leather shoes, which hopefully

matched their measurements given to the new divisional quartermaster. "A tux!"

exclaimed Cody. "When am I ever going to wear this damned thing?"

"You can pretend you're 007 facing down Goldfinger at the casino," said

Morehouse. "Or Goldberger. Remember, it's shaken, not stirred."

Nightshade giggled with glee as she held up her own garment holder, with the

zipper open. "A formal gown?" she laughed. "Sequins? You're kidding! I've

never

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worn one of these things in my life! And I'd take three steps in these heels and fall flat

on my face!"

Barrow smiled at her. "Look, we're in the big leagues now, the beginning of a new

ruling élite even if we're not comfortable with that reality, and we need to start

acquiring the necessary social skills. You can bet that fat Jewess Galinsky is going to

show up at any formal events with some Dior creation that costs more than a tool and

die maker earns in a year. I hope you rebel ladies will show her up."

"Captain Chenault and Lieutenant Napolitano, maybe, sir," replied Emily ruefully.

"I'd just look like Olive Oyl."

"You could always show up dressed as a Ghoul Girl," suggested Cody. "Speaking of

cocktails, General, I presume the NVA General Order against alcohol consumption is

still in force?"

"We'll be surrounded by enemies who want to kill us, kill our entire race, and

do

us any imaginable harm they can,” replied Barrow, smiling thinly. “Do you think it’s a

good idea to drink around people like that?”

“Point taken, sir.”

“Ginger ale makes a good substitute prop for a drink, and a hotel like that will

probably have non-alcoholic beer,” put in Morehouse.

“Remember that if you have to mingle and be sociable. We need every edge we can

get, guys, and that means we stay sober while hopefully the enemy gets loaded.”

“Hmm, does that mean I cain’t take in my plastic milk jug of Harlan county white

liquor?” asked Morgan. “I was gone offer some to Howard Weintraub. It’ll knock his

ass into eclipse.”

Morehouse decided not to inquire as to whether Morgan was joking, and stepped

to a podium at one end of the hangar, gesturing them all to the folding chairs in front

of it. “All right, comrades, gather round. You are scheduled to land at the helipad at

the Lewis and Clark, built especially for us courtesy of the United States Army Corps

of Engineers, at ten o'clock sharp. It is now eight thirty and Captain Chernilov tells me

the helicopter flight will take about twenty minutes, so we've got about an hour to kill,

and I'm going to need all of it. I have been informed by our observers on the ground at

Longview that there is already quite a crowd assembled behind the ropes, waiting for

your arrival. There are also camera crews from just about every television network,

broadcast and cable, in the entire world. The whole world is watching, comrades.

Literally. I hope none of you are afflicted with stage fright."

"Well, sir, Nightshade and I have just come out of summer school drama class,"

pointed out Cody.

"Yeah, that's right," said Morehouse. "So how are you kids doing?"

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"I'm completely petrified," admitted Cody.

"I'll be okay once I get on the copter and can get hold of an airsick bag," said Emily.

"I think we're all about to turn green, comrades," said Barrow.

“Don’t any of you worry,” boomed out McCausland. “The Lord has brought you

through the fire to this point, and He won’t abandon you now. You’ll all do fine. Trust

me on this.”

“Well, the first day isn’t too hectic, anyway,” said Morehouse, looking over a paper

on a clipboard. “I have a copy of the agenda here. It looks pretty simple and straightforward. You land at ten o’clock where it says here you’re supposed to be

greeted by the American delegation in full, and get formally introduced by the

Honorable Seamus O’Connell, who is the Irish ambassador to the United Nations

and is acting as protocol officer for the conference, which I am informed in fact means

he’s a kind of glorified concierge and head waiter. He’s the guy you complain to if the

TV doesn’t work or there’s no mint on your pillow. My guess is at least some or

possibly all of the five major players on the American team will snub you by not

showing up. On day one at least, I strongly advise that you simply ignore the snubs,

get settled into your rooms, get unpacked and set up, and see how it plays out. This

afternoon at three there is supposed to be a joint opening press conference where you

will be baited like bears by the media, since this is the first chance they've had in five

years to sling their shit at us directly and not get shot. Don't shoot them, by the way.

That's a diplomatic no-no."

"Now, what exactly is the story on the guns, Red?" spoke up Corby Morgan. "They

do understand that I'm bringing my Devil's Right Hand? No offense, Reverend

McCausland." Morgan slammed the holstered .44 Magnum on his belt.

"We finally just told them that we were free men, that the mark of the free man is

to bear arms, and free men do not disarm in the presence of the enemy and the

oppressor," said Morehouse. "They grumbled and waffled and bitched, but they have

accepted the presence of sidearms. Each of you should have one piece and a back-up."

Cody had chosen a Smith and Wesson 1006, a 10-millimeter automatic loading a

9-shot magazine, with the Makarov as his holdout in his suitcase. Nightshade was

carrying a Heckler & Koch P9S and a .38 snub in her purse, plus her switchblade up

her sleeve in a wrist sheath she'd rigged up. "These weapons are symbolic, an important statement, and they're also for emergency defense in case it really breaks

bad and you have to sell your lives dearly. Leave them in the holsters otherwise. I

wasn't joking just now. Don't shoot smart-ass reporters or wave the iron around and

make the waiters dance, or anything like that. This is supposed to be a peace conference with all that implies. I know shooting people is a habit we've acquired over

the past five years, and indeed it's been none too soon that the white man has rediscovered the delights of shooting his enemies. But in this context, gunplay is

counterproductive. We insist that you have them not only in case you need them to

defend life and limb, but also as a political and philosophical statement of who we are.

This is the most important racial mission that any of you will ever be on in your lives.

Don't blow it."

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"Secure communications?" asked Barrow. "What did Third Section eventually

work out on that?”

Dan McGrew spoke up. “We have to assume that every one of you are going to be

under electronic and physical surveillance from the moment you step out of the

helicopter,” he said. “I hope you will be able to evade it and establish at least some

unmonitored communication with the Army Council, but we can’t count on that.

Since it is a given that your phone and internet conversations will be monitored, we’re

going to have to follow most of what’s going on via CNN like the rest of the world.

Before you leave I will give General Barrow, and General Barrow only, the name of

someone that Third Section has been able to get into the conference site in such

a position that they will have at least some access to you, or can obtain such access. It

could be anyone, a reporter, a staff member, an American soldier, a member of their

delegation, anyone. It goes without saying that if this person is discovered by ZOG,

they will be dead within an hour, and more importantly you will lose your only certain

link with command. The only reason I am mentioning this person’s existence

at all is

so that everyone in our own delegation understands the necessity of discretion in

every single thing that you do. We happen to know that the Federals are aware that

such an operative will be at the conference, so you might as well be aware of the

fact as well. It's not good when they know something you don't. They appear to have

no idea at all who it is, and the FBI is going insane trying to identify him or her. This

attempt of theirs to locate the covert agent will be a constant undercurrent running

through the entire conference. This means that every single interaction you comrades

have with anyone in that hotel, including with one another, will be monitored and

analyzed by the enemy. You will be living in a goldfish bowl. The strain of this will be

immense, and once the novelty wears off you're going to develop major league cabin

fever. Maybe some of you think it's going to be a fun vacation hanging out in a luxury

hotel, after the way most of us have been living for the past five years. Disabuse

yourselves of that notion. That luxury hotel is a jail and potentially a death

trap for

you. This is not only the most important mission you will ever undertake, it will be the

most stressful.”

“Comrades, I can only second what Colonel McGrew has said in the strongest

possible terms,” said Morehouse. “The walls will have ears and eyes, until such time

as Lieutenants Waters and Cannon can get the place reasonably de-bugged, and then

they’ll find some other way to watch you. That means you weigh every word you say,

and when in doubt, say nothing. Do nothing that might reflect adversely on us in the

media or provide the enemy with any information or any kind of an opening to do

harm. That means among other things that male and female comrades sleep in their

own rooms every night, alone.”

“Why are you looking at me and Comrade Nightshade when you say that, sir?”

asked Cody uneasily.

“Understood, sir,” Emily called out.

“What do you mean? There’s nothing to understand!” protested Cody. Emily

kicked him in the ankle. “Stop that! We’re not in church!”

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“Right now, I need to speak with the point negotiators privately, as well as Colonel

McGrew, Colonel Wingfield, and General Brennan,” said Morehouse. “The rest of you

hang loose and prepare to embark on the great roller coaster ride in half an hour or

so.”

The point negotiators and senior officers gathered in what had been the airport

manager’s office. Morehouse turned on the air conditioner more out of habit than

because he believed the place was bugged and got them all sat down around a conference table that filled one wall of the office. “We’ve got a problem,” said

Morehouse.

“I ain’t surprised. They don’t really want us to go down there. What are those Federal sons of bitches up to now?” demanded Morgan roughly.

“They’re not up to anything, at least no more so than usual,” Morehouse told him.

“It’s our own idiots who have decided they just can’t wait another day to bring back

that good old Movement horse shit like mom used to make.”

“What do you mean, Red?” asked Barrow.

“Religion,” said Morehouse.

Barrow stared at him for a moment in silence, and then buried his face in his hands. “They couldn’t even wait until we got down there?”

“Apparently not,” said Morehouse bitterly.

“Tell me.”

“A double whammy. First off, there was an unauthorized leaflet distribution in

Corvallis, Oregon yesterday. A big distribution, fifty thousand or so fliers dropped

over the city from an airplane, baiting the local evangelicals, Pentecostals and so on,

calling them names, daring them to come out and fight. In this leaflet Jesus Christ

was referred to as a dead Jew on a stick, and described as having a homosexual

relationship with his disciples.”

“Mother of God!” cried Barrow in horror. “This was an official NVA thing?”

“It was signed by a newly commissioned NVA lieutenant name Gregory

Fetterman, and done on his orders and on the Party dime, so yes in that sense it was

official, but needless to say it wasn’t authorized by the Army Council or

Agitprop,”

said McGrew, who was apparently in on the disturbing news. “Lieutenant Fetterman

is now Volunteer Fetterman once again, and he’s being transferred, no doubt to

nurture a sense of grievance as to how he is being persecuted by the NVA Bible-

thumpers and eventually to make more trouble. The hell of it is, he has a good combat

record and he’s not a complete fool, apparently. It was excess of zeal.”

“He has dog doo where his brains should be,” said Barrow flatly. “Oh, this is the

very way for the new government to win friends and influence people, and convince

poor and confused and frightened working class white folks whose churches are their

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lives that we mean them no harm and that things will be better with us in charge! And

he couldn’t even wait until we actually gained the Republic before he leaped into that

lunatic slurry pond with both feet?”

“I’ve got some bad news and some good news,” continued Morehouse. “The bad

news is that the media got hold of this fiasco.”

“I really, really want to hear the good news,” said Barrow.

“We lucked out. The Commandant of the Corvallis Flying Column, Billy Basquine,

was in town. He took one look at that leaflet, called out his boys and gripped everybody concerned. First time one NVA member has been officially arrested by

another. In addition, there are several ladies and gents from the Fourth Estate sitting

in custody in the newly occupied Corvallis jail right now, and they’re sweating,

because Billy has put out the word that if one whisper of that crap gets onto the

airwaves and upstages you guys at Longview, they get a bullet in the head. He made

sure the newswhores made long, tearful calls to their editors and managers to drive

home the point. I don’t know if it’s worked, too soon to tell, but if it does work, it has

been a very near run thing. If it doesn’t, Basquine will probably shoot the

newswhores, which will put the ones in Longview in a really favorably disposed mood

to your delegation, I can tell you.”

“Beautiful,” said Barrow, slowly shaking his head. “Just fucking beautiful.”

“Ready for the other shoe to drop?” asked Morehouse quietly. “It gets worse.”

“How can it be worse?” wondered Barrow.

“We now have an official Christian fundamentalist faction within the Party, and

they are demanding a seat at the negotiating table in Longview,” Morehouse told

them.

“Apparently Reverend McCausland here isn’t good enough for them.”

“That’s worse,” agreed Barrow.

“May I ask just who it is who takes such an uncharitable view of my ministry?”

inquired McCausland politely.

Morehouse pulled a paper out of the stack on the clipboard and handed it to

Barrow. “They call themselves the Fifth Monarchy Tendency. You see, since we are a

unitary political movement, we can’t have separate parties. There’s only one Party, of

course. We just have so-called tendencies within that Party, which is another word for

factions and cliques and claques and all the other tag ends of democratic chaos. These

guys actually showed a little finesse, unlike Comrade Fetterman and his dopey leaflets

falling from the sky. They claim with a certain logic that the best way to counter the

threat of pro-Zionist evangelical militias and resistance to the new Republic is to

out-Christian and out-Scripture them. This is their position paper. They are

demanding that it be one of our featured presentations at the conference and they

want one of their people assigned to the delegation at the last minute. He's standing

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by in town now and waiting for our call. One Reverend Gareth Burns. Interestingly,

he has never been an NVA or Party member, although he did

some pretty valuable support work up in B. C. Captain Chenault may know him."

"Never been a Volunteer yet he wants in on the kill and the cut?" snorted Morgan.

"He's got some damned nerve."

"Third Section is running a full profile on him now," reported McGrew, "But apparently his bona fides are good. He's done prison time under Canada's hate law for

preaching racial separation, You got to respect anyone who made it alive out of

Kingston, and understand if he's maybe a little funny in the head. That place is

supposed to be worse than Florence or Auburn or the women's camp at Pullman."

"Fifth Monarchy?" mused Barrow, glancing at the document in front of him.

"Where have I heard that before?"

"I know them," said McCausland. "They're an interesting blast from the past, actually, if you're into obscure religious movements. That was the name of the most

extreme of the Puritans who fought under Oliver Cromwell. That's about where they

are, too, theologically speaking. Back in the seventeenth century. They do not consider Christian Identity to be true Christians, but a mere fly-by-night modern

fad from the nineteenth century. John Calvin was wishy-washy, John Knox is more to

their taste, and to them the last great mind in theology was Cotton Mather. The

passengers on the Mayflower would have hailed them in fellowship."

"So I see," said Barrow. "According to this, that's about how far we're going back

in time. The Northwest Homeland is to be a Christian state, and the Bible is to be the

basis of the new society. Every law that is passed has to have a Scriptural cite, chapter

and verse. The new youth must not be raised in frivolity, whatever that is. Oh, and we

are to have a king.”

“Well, I could go for that, so long as I get to be king,” said Robert Gair.

“No, actually, we are to be ruled by King Jesus, according to this. Oh, I can just see

it all now! We get up at the press conference this afternoon and tell everyone, ‘Ladies

and gentlemen, please set your watches back three hundred years.’ Dear God in

Heaven, no pun intended! We are on the verge of securing the existence of our people

and a future for white children, and these blubber-brained jackasses want to sit there

and tell Howard Weintraub and Walter Stanhope all about frivolous youth and King

Jesus?”

“What do you want us to do, Frank?” asked Morehouse.

“First off, call Reverend Burns and tell him to stay the hell away from this airport,

because if I see him I will probably strangle him with my bare hands,” said Barrow.

He handed the paper back to Morehouse. “Secondly, tell these people that they can

take this nonsense and shove it up their asses, and I see no need for any

diplomatic

re-wording.”

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“The Political Bureau will,” said Stepanov.

“Red, will the Army Council and the Political Bureau be able to keep these yammerheads out of the media and out of our hair at the conference? How much

support do you think they’re going to get from the rank and file?”

“I can tell you how much resistance they’re going to get from the rank and file,”

said Captain Gair with a scowl.

“Yeah, and that terrifies me. Red, we must not have any kind of conflict breaking

out between Party factions while these negotiations are going on!” pleaded Barrow.

“Please, please, tell these assholes like Burns and Fetterman whatever you have to

do, lock their asses away if you have to, but in the name of all that is holy, make them

shut up!”

“Carter?” asked Red. “You know I mean no offense to your own faith, but can you

give me some idea of how much support this faction is likely to get within the Party

and the NVA?”

Wingfield sighed, “I don’t know, and I don’t think that’s how the question needs to

be phrased. Let’s see if we can avoid the whole concept of factionalism. Anybody who

knows me knows I was saved long ago by a good preacher and a good woman. You

also know I had a daughter killed a while back, and a son-in-law I long ago came to

regard as my own blood who was lucky to make it out of Auburn. I want this new

country more than I can say, and I want it to be a righteous land that walks in God’s

ways. But this,” he gestured towards the Fifth Monarchy document, “This isn’t the

way to go about it. Look, let me talk to these people. I speak the language, so to

speak.”

“Thank you, Carter,” said Morehouse with audible relief in his voice.

Barrow turned to them all. “And now I suppose I have to do something I was

hoping to avoid. I have to ask you guys point blank: am I going to have to fight against

this crap as well as the Federals when we get down to Longview? I mean, we

know

that the Americans are attempting to use religion to divide and conquer here. Have

they succeeded? Have they penetrated this very delegation with this religious horse

shit? Are you guys going to fall out and start going at one another with Bibles and

hammers right in front of the media and hollering who's a dead Jew on a stick? I can't

call off the conference, but I'd like to know. I'd also like to know why in the name of

all sanity you people, both groups of you, cannot lay this aside for the common good

of our people? Why in the name of God or gods or the Great Pumpkin am I even

having to waste time on this, on today of all days, one hour before we confront the

enemy of all mankind and try to save our people from extinction? What the fuck is

wrong with you?" Barrow raved. "The ship is burning and sinking with our entire race

on it, and you won't let us in the lifeboat until we decide how many angels can dance

on the head of a pin? Damn you!"

"All Southerners ain't necessarily got religion," said Morgan bleakly. "What I want

to know is where was God when the FBI butchered my wife in the King County jail?

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Never mind. This stuff these Fifth Monarchy whosits are doin' is stupid and verges on

goddamned treason, and that damned fool down in Corvallis needs to be dropped out

of his own airplane.”

“I am National Socialist,” said Stepanov with a shrug. “I have no opinion.”

“All right, that leaves you two,” said Barrow, looking at McCausland and Robert

Gair.

“Our Movement has been avoiding the issue for fifty years, sir,” explained Gair

patiently. “Always we get told not now, not now, later, later, later. We’ve been patient,

but exactly when is later? When do we talk about this and make a collective decision

for our race to make a new departure? I’m sorry, but to some of us, to a lot of us, a new

spiritual path for the white man is important. Damned important. I have never understood how we are supposed to fight a deadly dangerous enemy who threatens

our very being, while at the same time worshipping that enemy as a god. We all know

how Christianity has been used against our race as a weapon of corruption and

genocide, and Colonel McGrew's daily intelligence briefings are full of incidents

where these Bible-thumping dumb asses are being incited by their preachers to attack

us on the ground because they think Jews are some kind of divine messengers or

whatever. Captain Chenault is right on with what she said in there in the briefing

yesterday. We can't just fight with guns any more, we have to fight with ideas, and it's

more crucial now than ever before that we take on the most poisonous and dangerous

ideological weapon in the enemy's arsenal, and that's Christianity!"

"And why exactly do you self-proclaimed pagans and atheists persistently refuse

to recognize the patently obvious truth, which is that the so-called Christianity taught

by these greasy thieving televangelists for the past fifty years is not Christianity at

all?" asked McCausland in exasperation. "What part of it isn't simply a money swindle

is Zionism wrapped in a quasi-Scriptural disguise that's as phony as a three

dollar

bill! These damned TV preachers with their private Lear jets and their two thousand

dollar suits and their so-called prosperity theology are nothing but con men working

for the Jews! They're part of the overall Zionist agenda to co-opt and destroy Western

civilization just as much as the Federal Reserve and the United Nations and the

Patriot Act ever were! Okay, fine, no argument. Let's string 'em all up. I'll pull on the

rope myself. But anyone with the slightest knowledge of history can tell you that this

so-called Christianity practiced by the major denominations for the past century is a

vile mutation, an abomination that has no more to do with the original faith than it

does with time travel! And may I ask, Captain, how many times in the past five years

has your life been saved by Christian comrades of the Northwest Volunteer Army?

How many Christian families have sheltered you when you were on the run? How

many Christians have been tortured in the FATPO barracks and the Federal prisons,

sometimes beyond all human comprehension like that poor woman Cathy

Frost?”

“Many,” said Gair. “No argument there at all from me, sir. Look, nobody I know,

nobody sane anyway, wants to ban Christianity or persecute you. Fetterman and his

kind are kooks. It’s rather the reverse we’re worried about. You see what these Fifth

Monarchy people are trying to do already, turn the Republic into a theocracy! Yes, I

am familiar with the history of Europe under Christianity and a lot of good came from

it. I’ll give you that hands down. But you can’t be trusted with state power, because it’s

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also a historical fact every time you wind up in a position of power you start burning

people at the stake! I don’t want to take your faith away from you, but I damned

sure am not going to tolerate any attempt by a bunch of ignorant tub-thumping

boneheads to take my faith away from me!”

Barrow waved his hands helplessly in the air. “Gentlemen, you do understand,

don’t you, that if any discussion like this occurs at the Longview conference

within

range of the Federal listening devices and they pick up on it, we might as well pack the

whole thing in and come back empty-handed? If we can't present a united front,

they're going to eat us alive. Captain Gair, you ask when will be the time to discuss all

this fascinating and vitally important stuff? I can't tell you. I don't know. I can only

tell you one thing. It is not... now!" he concluded, slamming his fist on the airport

manager's desk for emphasis.

"I think, General, that it would be of some help if we knew exactly where you stand

on the religious issue," said Rev. McCausland. "I'm sorry, sir, but I have to agree with

Captain Gair about one thing. The undeniable fact is that it is important to many of

the people who have laid their lives on the line for the cause of this new country, and it

simply cannot be dodged forever in the name of temporary expediency. When does

that temporary expediency end? You say not now. But it seems to be stretching out for

a very long time. Don't worry, I am not one of these fanatics who thinks that it would

be better to remain in Babylon rather than to leave it under a cloud of doctrinal

impurity. That's just dumb. But if I am going to go in there today and negotiate a

country away from those Jews and their pet swine, then I want to know what kind of

country it will be. God forbid I should compare myself with a Scriptural prophet, but

am I leading my people into the Promised Land, or is it going to be forty years in the

wilderness?"

"You mean you didn't catch the golden calf provision in the draft treaty?" needed

Gair.

Barrow clenched his fists together and did his best to avoid cursing, shouting, and

turning over the desk in his rage. "Very well, I am going to say some things now which

I most likely shouldn't say," he said evenly. "It's not my desire or my intention to

offend any of you comrades, but I can't overemphasize how important it is that we get

this settled before we go in there into the presence of the enemy, so we can present a

united front and win our Homeland. I am familiar with history, and I have the

greatest personal respect for the good aspects of Christianity. Even if this weren't the

major issue it's becoming, I would never dream of offending any of our Christian

comrades or calling Jesus a dead Jew on a stick. That kind of behavior is childish and

stupid and rude, and there's no excuse for it no matter what one's personal beliefs on

the subject. As to my own views, of course there is a God. All you need to do is look at

the way the human body works, or the way the ecological systems of the earth

balance, or the structure of a snowflake or a leaf, to know that there is intelligent

design in the universe. What God is like I do not pretend to know, and I frankly

believe that for human beings, He is unknowable in any real sense, no more than an

amoeba can comprehend a galaxy. I do believe that we can discern His intent

sometimes if we look hard enough, and that He does occasionally manifest Himself in

human affairs in the person of certain very extraordinary men of the degree of Marcus

Aurelius, or William Shakespeare, or Adolf Hitler. But this has nothing to do with

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securing the existence of our people and a future for white children, at least not in the

immediate sense. So I repeat. Not now!

“All this having been said, I believe that it is possible and maybe even desirable

that many years from now, once we have obtained state power and created an all-white society, and done the thousand and one things that are necessary for us to

do in order to insure our racial survival, we might want to address this. Once we have

our own stable and prosperous all-white nation, and we can allocate the time on

the racial agenda for this issue, and can debate it in an atmosphere of calm and

security, then perhaps we should agree to all sit down and examine the role of religion

in our people’s lives as it pertains to the coming centuries, in the light of scientific

knowledge and the expanded consciences which we now have. I do not believe that it

is blasphemy to try and perceive God through reason and not just through faith or

holy texts. My personal guess would be that when that time comes, we will most likely

come to a consensus among ourselves that while the Christian faith is a glorious and

indelible part of our past, it is something we have outgrown, as a child outgrows

his clothes, and it is time for us to move on. But that is not our concern here, today.

We are simply too busy to fuck with this mare's nest right now. The only way that we

can or should ever attempt something like that that is as mature adults, in a nation of

our own, where we hold state power. We cannot, dare not, must not ignore all the

urgent and life-threatening immediate things we have to do in order to stop and have

a religious debate. Once again, comrades, I must ask you to lay this aside for the

greater good." Barrow sighed and spread his hands. "And that's about the only thing I

can say to you without breaking down and shouting myself. The whole issue is

basically insoluble but since we're all going to die, we're all going to find out what if

anything happens after death. Why, exactly, do we have to sit down and figure this out

now, with our debut as a nation onto the world stage forty-five minutes away?"

“You’re a bit more long-winded than you think, Frank,” said Morehouse.
“Our

nation’s debut onto the world stage is now only about half an hour away.”

There was a knock on the door of the office and a young man in uniform
stuck his

head inside. “Sirs, Captain Chernilov says we need to start boarding now.”

Barrow stood up. “Later, gentlemen,” he said. “Much later. Now we’ve got a
job to

do. Let’s go do it.” They all stood up and filed out the door. Barrow hung
back, his

hand on McGrew’s arm, and they walked out of the office and across the
tarmac

together. The delegates were loading the luggage onto the helicopter through
the rear

door that descended down into a ramp. “I believe you’ve got a name for me,
Colonel?”

Cody and Nightshade were standing outside the hangar on the tarmac, next to
Colonel Wingfield’s Humvee, and the young Volunteer who had been at the
Bellevue

church and carried the antique British revolver was with them, his Webley in
a holster

at his side. A small intense-looking girl with dark brown hair was adjusting

Nightshade’s uniform, her neckpiece and crossbelt and beret. Barrow
recognized

the girl Volunteer as Wingfield’s driver. “Crossbelt always left waist to right

shoulder,”

she was saying. “Don’t put it on backwards, unless you’re left-handed, because it’s

meant to hold up the weight of the gun and holster and stop your belt from sagging.

And the insignia on the beret goes over your left eye.” She stopped and stood to

attention and saluted Barrow smartly. “Good morning, General,” she said.

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“Morning, C.,” replied Barrow, returning the salute. “I heard you were becoming

our official female uniform fashionista.”

“China’s giving me tips on how to wear these duds, sir,” said Nightshade.

“Especially how to get this dickey or doily thing on over my head without messing up

my hair.” Barrow noticed that both China and the young man were wearing NDF tabs

on their collars.

“You’re not SS yet, Shane?” he asked. “I thought you and C. would have gotten in

on the ground floor through Carter.”

“He offered, yes sir, both of us,” said Shane. “But we started out with a pretty tight

crew down in Dundee. Been with the same company since 10/22, so we decided we

wanted to finish with ‘em.”

Barrow turned to Cody and Nightshade. “Right, you two get on board. Time we

got this show on the road.” The two of them walked toward the copter, which was

beginning to rev the rotors.

Morehouse strode up to him. “McGrew give you what you needed?”

“Yeah,” said Barrow. “Dammit, Red, I wish you were coming!”

“I wish I was, too. Well, it’s not as if I’ll be on the moon,” said Morehouse. “I’ll be

only a cell phone call away, so you can hear my dulcet tones any time you want. It’s

just we’ll have to assume we’re being listened to, so don’t be surprised if I launch into

a long historical lecture about Andrew Jackson and the central bank. But for now, all I

have to say is give ‘em hell, Frank! Good luck!” The two men shook hands, Barrow

boarded the copter, the rear ramp raised, and the hopes of an entire people across the

globe rose slowly into the clear blue Northwest sky. “Good luck,” whispered

Morehouse again, watching the copter disappear to the south.

The copter was a civilian model of the old Soviet Mi-171, adapted for VIP transport, and there were comfortable wide seats like those on a passenger jet. Cody

courteously let Emily have the window seat. “What’s the in-flight movie, sir?” he

called out to the front of the aircraft.

“Birth of a Nation!” called back Barrow. “Actually, we do kind of have an in-flight

movie, since this copter has a TV up here which I will turn on and get—CNN, it looks

like. You folks at the back may not be able to see it very well. Comrades, please keep

your seatbelts on. This will be a short ride, but for all we know some die-hard loyalist

FATPO or some church-going lout who is hearing voices from God in his head may

decide to shoot at us in the air, or as we come in to land.”

“I’ll keep an eye out for fighter jets and missile trails,” volunteered Emily, her nose

glued to the window.

“That’s a cheerful thought,” said Cody. “You can tell us to all put our heads

between our legs and kiss our asses goodbye.” The flight from Chehalis was only

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twenty minutes, as the Russian captain had predicted, but it seemed to last forever to

Cody. No one on board spoke much. Cody could see the golf course at the Lewis and

Clark looming on the ground through the window as he looked over

Nightshade's shoulder. The Russian helicopter landed on the hotel lawn, and as they

were all watching the CNN news monitor they actually saw themselves drop out of the

sky. They could see themselves, their copter sitting on the grass. There was a crowd of

what appeared to be easily ten thousand people who were being held back by U. S.

Army military police, Washington State Patrol, and men in blue helmets who were

presumably UN peacekeepers. "That's an awful lot of MPs," said Morgan suspiciously.

"They're probably petrified of these sidearms we're carrying," said Barrow.

"I can understand why," chuckled the mountain man. "They've been on the receiving end enough times."

"Okay, now what?" asked Barrow as the copter's engines switched off. "Jane,

you're our protocol officer."

Jane Chenault was talking on her cell phone. She hung up and said, “Yes, that was

Mr. O’Connell. There’s a couple of problems already.” She stood up “All right, guys,

this is our moment, eh? We still have a minute or two before we disembark, while they

are rolling out the red carpet, literally. Well, actually, it looks to be some kind of green

vinyl, but someone’s being considerate. Either they don’t want us to get our shoes

muddy, or else they don’t want us tearing up their golf course. You can see on the TV

that pavilion type of open tent they’ve got set up at the edge of the landing pad, like a

big awning? That is where we are supposed to be greeted by the American delegation,

which in addition to assorted flunkies will be comprised of Secretary of State

Stanhope, General Brubaker, and Mr. Lodge. Howard Weintraub and Senator

Galinsky are boycotting all functions where any member of the NVA is present other

than the direct negotiating sessions themselves. So I guess us girls won’t be able to

compare our formal gowns with hers.”

“Which is just fine and dandy by me!” exclaimed Barrow enthusiastically.

“Now, I’m just all torn up inside over that,” said Morgan, shaking his head

woefully. “I must confess, I wish to look at the face of Galinskaya as little as possible,”

admitted Stepanov. “It is remarkably ugly, even for a Jewess.”

“That means they will have all the more time to skulk in the corners and plot against us,” warned McCausland grimly.

“Yes, well, we’re also being snubbed in the matter of mood music,” continued Jane

Chenault. “The Americans had kindly arranged for the Marine Band to be present,

and as we did our little stroll down the catwalk out there they were going to play an

orchestrated version of the old Civil War ballad Two Brothers.”

“Thus implying that this is a civil war against fellow Americans who are basically

our brothers and not a war against a vile and monstrous tyranny,” said Barrow dryly.

“Nice little spin. One for them.”

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“Well, apparently, Weintraub got all outraged at the idea of playing tunes for terrorists, and so they scratched the Marine band, and now there’s no music,” said

Jane. “I was speaking to Chernilov. This bird has some exterior speakers, big ones,

and he has some CDs, but they're all Russian classical. I think the 1812 Overture

cannon passages would be a bit over the top. He's got the Nutcracker Suite, but do we

really want to go face to face with America to the sound of the Dance of the Sugar

Plum Fairies? The only thing Chernilov's got that he says would be appropriate is

something called The Great Gate of Kiev."

"Ah, Mussorgsky!" said Stepanov. "I know it. It's perfect for us. Very solemn and

dignified."

"Also very Russian," said Barrow glumly. "Jane, what do you think? Music or no

music?"

"We carry Russian rifles and we arrived here in a Russian copter," said Jane. "I

think they know. I'd say go with the mellows. We also don't know whether or not

they've got people planted in the crowd to yell slogans and obscenities and whatnot at

us, and generally cut a shine for the TV crews. They used to love to do that before

10/22. We might want some classical music to drown out any clagues. You have to

bear in mind that we haven't done any media interviews up until now and we made

the reptiles keep their distance down in Chehalis and Centralia, much to their frustration. So except for a few odd exceptions like Captain DiBella beating that

reporter on camera in the Eastgate Mall, the world as a whole has never seen us

except as faces on the post office wall. You might say this is our coming-out party, and

they are all out there looking us over as fresh meat after a long hungry spell. From this

moment on, in addition to all the government spies, the media are going to be all over

us like ugly on an ape, eh? I'd say let's make our entrance to some groovy vibes. It will

give them one more fairly harmless thing to yammer about on the cable talk shows."

"I feel like the aliens descending to earth in that old movie about close encounters," Gair said.

"That's how most of these people probably view us," said Barrow. "Jane's right.

We've always been the hidden enemy, invisible except for our gun muzzle flashes in

the dark. Okay, ponderous Russian entrance theme it is, and I hope Captain Chernilov

has good musical taste.”

“Right, this ramp is wide enough to we can go down three abreast,” said Jane.

“General Barrow, you and Commandant Morgan and myself need to step out first,

to present contrast. Diversity, if you’ll pardon the expression.”

“You got the beauty on one side and the beast on the other, Frank,” laughed Morgan.

Comrade Chenault lined them all up in front of the rear door. “Now, the salute,”

Jane said to Barrow. “When you reach General Brubaker, you should give him a

snappy military-style salute. Not NS. The object is to see if he returns it. If he doesn’t,

we’ll just ignore it and move on. But if he does that means he acknowledges the NVA

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as fellow soldiers, so this is an important political statement as well. It may also be a

signal of their intentions for the whole conference.”

“No Heil Hitler?” asked Barrow.

“Oh, good Lord, no!” said Jane, shocked. “Really, General! You know and I know

what that ancient salute of our race means. The overwhelming majority of the billions

of people who will be witnessing this around the world do not. Remember, this is an

historic event and we only get one take. Please, sir, don't turn it into comic opera!"

"So I shouldn't fart and spit when I shake hands with people?" asked Morgan.

"All right, this is it, comrades," called Barrow. "When the ramp hits the ground

just follow us out, we walked down this vinyl pathway they've laid out. Don't try to

march in step. We haven't practiced drill and ceremonies, and we'll just end up

looking foolish. No goose-stepping or clowning around, just a calm normal walk. If

anybody in the crowd yells, ignore them. No yelling back, no giving them the finger,

nothing like that. I don't think they're close enough to throw things, but if they do, we

just dodge their incoming and get on with this. We meet the Americans, and then

what?" He looked at Jane.

"We get on that electric courtesy van by the marquee, and they take us to our section of the hotel," said Jane. "The Swedish peacekeeping team will follow with our

baggage, loaded onto golf carts. We have Mr. O'Connell's promise the bags won't be

tampered with. I'm not sure how much weight his word actually carries with the Feds,

but I don't think they want to publicly embarrass him. It's finally gotten through their

heads that constantly baiting and humiliating Europeans isn't exactly productive."

"Is my beret jaunty-looking enough?" asked Emily.

"It jaunts fine," Cody told her.

Barrow spoke on an intercom. "The pilot says they've got that vinyl walkway rolled

out and they're ready. Okay, Captain, let 'er rip."

"Rip?" came a Russian voice on the intercom. "What is rip, please?"

"Atkryti dvyer, Tovarich Capitan, y mozhna mui muzyika Mussorgsky yest?

Spasiba!" called Stepanov into the intercom.

There was a sudden, dead silence broken only by the whirring of the electric motor on the door. The last words spoken before the ramp began to lower was when

Emily said out loud, "Jesus, if my mom is watching this, she is going to kill me!"

Cody turned to her in amazement. "Where the hell does she think you've been all

this time?" he demanded.

“She thinks I’m shackled up in a motel someplace with you, of course,” said Emily.

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“Well, you are now,” returned Cody, as sudden laughter roared through the whole

compartment. The result was that when the ramp touched ground and the NVA

delegation marched out into the warm sunlight at Longview, they were relaxed and

smiling. A red-faced man who looked like a construction worker in a suit met them

and introduced himself as Seamus O’Connell, and asked them to follow him. The walk

was about thirty yards to the tent, and suddenly the heavy rolling chords of

Mussorgsky’s Great Gate of Kiev boomed out over the golf course and into the crowd,

which had suddenly fallen silent. Here at last before them were the dreaded terrorists

of the Northwest Volunteer Army, calm and confident and strolling across the

intervening distance like they owned the place. And who was that foxy blonde right at

the head of the group? And those other chicks? Didn’t the evil Nazis hate women and

want to enslave them and turn them into sex toys and breeding stock? The Russian

music drowned out the unheard but definitely present sounds of the first stereotype

crumbling, not to mention the sound of John Wayne turning in his grave.

Under the marquee stood three men surrounded by a phalanx of flunkies in

uniform and out behind them stood a row of television crews, cameras and boom

mikes waving in the air. Walter Stanhope was tall and distinguished looking, a dark

coiffure tinged elegantly with silver, a silk tie and a tasteful diamond stickpin. His face

was studiously blank. Oliver Lodge was a quiet, small man of about fifty, dressed in a

suit one had to look at closely in order to appreciate its expensive cut, and he looked

like he was waiting in perfect patience for a train that wasn't due for another few

minutes, but which he was confident would arrive on time. Brubaker was fidgeting in

full Air Force dress uniform that seemed a little too tight. He looked like a scowling

bulldog. He clearly wished he was anywhere else on earth.

O'Connell made the frosty introductions. "Gentlemen, I'm sure you've studied one

another's files, so you know who everyone is," said the Irishman in mellifluous tones.

"Now, shake hands for the cameras, and when you come out of your corners, give me

a good clean fight."

"Which is better for you, Mr. Stanhope?" asked Barrow. "Do you want me to stick

my hand out for the cameras so you can let them see you refuse to shake it, or do you

want me to not stick it out so you can moan about my not offering it?" Stanhope's lip

curled like he was sucking on a lemon and he stuck out his own hand, which Barrow

grasped briefly. Lodge stepped forward and quietly shook Barrow's hand without

making a fuss, like they were meeting for a business lunch at Trader Vic's or the

Harvard Club.

"This is a bit awkward for us, General Barrow," he said quietly. "None of us ever

thought it would come to this. I'm sorry Mr. Weintraub and Senator Galinsky aren't

here, but I'm sure you understand how upsetting it is for them. Don't worry, they'll

come around."

“I’d rather they didn’t,” said Barrow. “We don’t want them here. We don’t want

them anywhere.”

Behind him the Kentuckian stepped forward. “Name’s Morgan,” he rumbled, low

and dangerous. “John C. Port Townsend Flying Column. I don’t cal’clate I’ll shake

hands with you boys just yet. Maybe later on, when we got something to shake on.”

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“Stepanov, Andrei Stavrovich,” said the Russian, with a small formal bow. “I am

pleased to meet you, Mr. Secretary.”

“I’ve heard you are secretly a Russian military officer, sir,” Lodge asked him quietly. “Is that correct?”

“Actually, Mr. Lodge, before the war I was a copy machine repairman,” replied

Stepanov.

Frank Barrow turned abruptly to General Brubaker, snapped to attention and saluted crisply. Caught off guard, out of sheer lifetime habit, Brubaker returned the

salute, and the hovering television cameras caught it clearly. Barrow could even hear

a few gasps from the crowd. Brubaker jerked down his hand from his cap visor and

practically spluttered in chagrin, but Barrow had already turned away. Wildly he

looked around, up and down the line of NVA people filing past, and he fastened on

Cody and Nightshade. “My God, how old are you, son?” he demanded.

“Old enough to have made sure some of your lot never got any older, sir,” replied

Cody politely.

“And you?” asked Brubaker in astonishment, looking at Emily.

“I’ll be old enough in a couple of weeks, then you can have my room number, big

boy,” she simpered. O’Connell overheard them, leaned over, and said “Now, now, me

girl, let’s leave off playin’ the silly buggers until we get to the negotiatin’ table.” He

firmly shepherded both of them towards the courtesy van. It was over before they

quite grasped it all, the doors of the van were shut, and they were rolling towards the

imposing great hotel.

“Good job, Frank!” chortled Morgan. “Wrong-footed the bastards right from the

first minute!” The reporters who clustered around the security-cordoned

lobby

entrance shouting questions at the NVA delegates noticed that they were all laughing

as they got off the bus and were swept into the hotel by the Swedish UN troops. That

and the amusement which had been captured on video when they first stepped off the

copter gained them the nickname on that night's cable shows of "The Laughing

Terrorists."

* * *

In the wing of the hotel assigned to the NVA, Captain Chenault had the Swedish

peacekeepers line all the baggage up against one wall of the corridor. She addressed

the milling crowd. "First, before Mr. O'Connell leaves us, check all your bags and

make sure they're all here. Don't open them, just make sure you've got all your

luggage and none of it's gone missing between the copter and here." All of the

suitcases, briefcases, and garment holders appeared to be accounted for. A man

standing beside O'Connell, who appeared to be about to have a nervous breakdown at

finding himself surrounded by several dozen gun-toting NVA terrorists, identified

himself as Mr. McNamara, the hotel manager. He wished them a pleasant stay at the

Lewis and Clark Hotel, and then he fled to the elevators, followed at a more sedate

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pace by O'Connell. Two of the Swedish peacekeepers, unarmed and wearing blue

berets, stood by the elevator doors.

"They say O'Connell asked them to keep a guard on the exits and entrances," Chenault told Barrow.

"Mmm, that makes sense, for now. Later we'll work out a permanent watch rota of

our own. I don't like subcontracting the delegation's security. Now what, Captain,

since I guess you're kind of den mother to our band of happy campers?"

"All right, happy campers, listen up, eh?" Jane told them. "We are in the South

Wing here. The Americans are in the appropriately named West Wing, the

peacekeepers and MPs in the North Wing, and the hotel staff and selected media in

the East. I don't like that arrangement, because it means you've got reporters

across

the way who can see into our wing of the hotel, but I prefer that to the enemy himself,

either their delegation or their military police. I recommend you keep your windows

closed as much as possible, as claustrophobic as that is going to feel. Remember,

they've got telephoto lenses. Female personnel especially, make sure your room is

secure when you're taking a shower. We don't want any of our alabaster rebel bodies

on the front page of the tabloids in every grocery store checkout line in America, now,

do we? The management haven't assigned us rooms as such, but they do suggest that

our senior people, however we define them, make use of the executive suites at the

end of the hall here," continued Jane, consulting a hotel map. "That makes a kind of

sense, sir, since those suites have fax machines and computer hookups. Yes, I know

they're bugged, but so's the whole hotel, and if we use those hookups for routine

traffic that might allay suspicion. There are two bedrooms in each suite, plus a living

room, a kitchen, and a workroom or conference room. They're like

apartments. The

regular rooms are also quite spiffy, eh, but you will notice something: they cannot be

locked, and the electronic key card boxes are removed from the door. We insisted on

that, to make sure that no Fed could sit down in a security control room somewhere in

the hotel and lock us in our rooms with the push of a button. So if you're showering or

in the bathroom, make sure you shoot the dead bolt so nobody walks in on you. Now,

this wing of the hotel is supposed to be reserved exclusively for our use. We will be

doing our own housekeeping and making of beds, etcetera, every morning, and rooms

will be inspected by myself or one of the senior officers, to make sure they look like

they are inhabited by white people and not niggers from the housing projects. When

we leave here, no one is going to be able to say that we damaged anything or stole so

much as a wash cloth. There should not be anyone but us up here, and for now a few

of the Swedish peacekeepers, until we arrange to get them off the floor and take over

our own security, which we're going to insist on. There should never at any

time be

anyone on the floor except us, and on certain occasions Mr. O'Connell or the manager

Mr. McNamara. Anyone who does have some reason to come here will be escorted by

a UN peacekeeper, one of the guys in the blue berets. If by any chance you see

someone wandering around up here who shouldn't be here, on their own, please

detain them with a minimum of violence and come get one of the senior officers."

"One more time, people, do not shoot or beat the crap out of anybody unless they

really break bad on you and have no choice," added Barrow. "Anyone who's up here

without an escort is probably a reporter who snuck in. Once we make sure he or she

isn't an assassin we quietly but firmly put the cat back out."

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"Please be extra careful to knock politely before entering the room of any comrade, especially one of the opposite sex," finished up Jane Chenault. "Knock, open

the door a bit, and then call and identify yourselves, eh? We're all going to be edgy,

surrounded by enemies as we are, and we don't want any gun accidents."

Quickly they sorted out a room assignment roster, with the three executive suites

going to Barrow and McCausland, the second to Stepanov and Gair, and the third to

Jane Chenault and Emily Pastras. John Corbett Morgan volunteered to take a room at

the end of the corridor by the stairs and turn that into a kind of security command

post for Lieutenants Cannon and Waters to operate out of.

"Hell, I ain't no damned executive anyway," said Morgan with a shrug. "I don't

even know what the hell I'm gone do for a job after the war."

"I think the Republic can find something for you to do, John," said McCausland

with a chuckle. Captain Chenault assigned Cody a room right next to the suites.

"I'm going to need you on call, Cody," Barrow told him. "When you're not listening

for Yiddish conversation in the hallways, I am going to need you as a gopher. Okay,

group attention!" he spoke up, "Lieutenant Brock is my aide de camp, so you can take

anything he says as coming from me. Right now, take your luggage and go to your

assigned rooms. Search the whole room from top to bottom, as carefully and as

quickly and as silently as possible. Report anything that is clearly wrong or just looks

odd or out of place to Lieutenant Cannon. Lieutenant Waters will be by and do a

preliminary sweep of each room with his beepy-thingy as soon as he does his own. It

is now ten thirty.” He looked at his watch. “According to what I just learned from

O’Connell, room service will be up here at twelve noon with lunch for us all, so we’ve

got time to secure this floor. The kitchen staff has supposedly been vetted by the UN

conference commission and is all white, but for all I know they all may be FBI agents

and they may have pissed in the soup and poisoned the peas. Watch what you eat for

any signs of tampering. These rooms have microwaves in them, and it may not be a

bad idea to eat mostly sealed, prepared or frozen food that we have cooked up ourselves. I don’t think these people would try poisoning or drugging us, but every

one of you here knows damned well that they’re capable of anything. Let’s go.”

Cody was rare among Volunteers in that he had stayed in his share of luxury

hotels across America and in Israel, when he had been with the Sapirsteins, but he

had to admit that this room was probably the swankiest he had ever stayed in. The

paneling on the wall was genuine oak, the curtains were real velvet, the carpet was

soft and ankle-deep, and the fine picture of the Multnomah Falls on the wall seemed

to be an original painting. The king-sized bed had auto-massage, the bathroom had a

small jacuzzi as well as the most gleaming and inviting shower he'd ever seen, the

small refrigerator was full of soft drinks and microwave snacks, and the mini-bar was

well stocked with a selection of beers, liquor miniatures, and mixers. Cody unpacked

his suitcase, hung up his spare uniform, his business suit, and his tux, and carefully

stashed his holdout gun and extra ammo. The equipment in the lining of his suitcase

he left where it was. Doctor Doom would collect it as needed.

There was a knock on his door. "Come in!" he called, his hand on the butt of his

pistol. It was Lieutenant Lisa Napolitano, a poised and voluptuous Mediterranean

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beauty who definitely filled out the uniform well. She was carrying a plastic wastebasket from one of the suites.

“Booze patrol,” Napolitano told him. “General says all this liquor goes out of the

rooms, not that he doesn’t trust his troops not to forget the regulations, but just to be

on the safe side.” She quickly cleaned out the mini-bar of all its alcoholic content, the

little bottles of whiskey, gin, and vodka going into the wastebasket, which she took

outside and gently dumped onto a housekeeping card she’d found in a closet.

Cody helped her load the beer onto the bottom of the cart. “Gee, you mean we

won’t be partying down like we were on spring break?” he asked in disappointment. “I

was looking forward to getting you in the hot tub, Lis.”

“Not while Nightshade’s packing that blade of hers, you won’t,” replied Lisa primly.

“God, does everybody in the whole NVA think we’re getting it on?” cried Cody in

exasperation. But she was already down the hall, knocking on the next door.

The next visitors were Doctor Doom and Jack Cannon. “Find any

creepy-crawlies?” asked Doom.

“No, but I understand the Feds have little micro-cameras that they strap on the

backs of mosquitos,” replied Cody.

“Damned near,” agreed Waters. “They actually created a prototype of a real ‘bug,’

a mechanical cockroach that was fiber optic. But whatever it is, if it’s live it’s going to

give off energy of some kind. A magnetic field, a microwave, a laser stream, a

subsonic, a sine wave, something.”

Doc swept the room with a detector of his own design and found nothing. “Not

surprising,” he said. “They’ve probably got all their gear switched off now, so it’s not

giving off anything. I hope so, or else they’ll see what Jack and me are doing.”

“You saw the brackets for closed-circuit security cameras in the hall?” asked

Cannon while he methodically opened Cody’s suitcase and took out a number of small

circuit boards and metallic objects, which he placed in his own briefcase “They’ve

taken out the cameras, to lull us into thinking we’re not being watched. But I’ll bet you

dollars to donuts those circuits are still live, and they’ve just got fiber optics

or a

concealed microcamera on each wire.”

“My guess is the air vents, the light fixtures, and the television,” said Doc.
“Let me

check something.” He pulled a small folding tool, opened a screwdriver, bent down to

the air conditioner, and opened a side panel. He looked in, drew a small penlight from

his pocket and shined it in, and examined the interior of the machine. “Yeah, same as

the others,” he said, screwing the panel back in place. “The electric motor that runs

the air conditioner has been insulated in a non-factory standard casing of hard rubber

instead of common cheapo Mexican steel, and it’s not just to keep the ventilation nice

and whisper-soft for the wealthy guests who normally frequent this watering hole.

Somebody doesn’t want even the negligible electromagnetic field that the motor

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generates to get out into the room. That should give me a hint as to what they’re

using. Later on I’ll come back and give this room a complete going over.”

“What about phones and computers?” asked Cody.

“Don’t do anything via cell, land line, wireless internet or the hotel cable modem

hookups that you don’t want Uncle Slime to know,” replied Doc with a shrug. “There’s

so many places those could be tapped that there’s no point in even looking for them.

We have our own encryption programs and scrambling gear, and we’ll see how good

they are. But ZOG can probably analyze and break them all in time.” He pointed out

the window of Cody’s room. “See up there on the roof? This hotel has its own cell site,

which is convenient I’m sure for the regular guests, but it makes Federal monitoring

of all the traffic a snap. They’re probably sitting off in Washington DC in some

windowless corridor office monitoring the satellite feed off that tower. No way to

know, no way to stop ‘em.” He grinned at Cody. “Bear in mind these are the best

covert surveillance experts alive who are watching us now. They’ve finally done what

they couldn’t do during the war. They’ve lured us onto ground of their own choosing,

where they can bring all their fancy toys to bear if they want. We’re fish in a

barrel

here. Don't worry. I've got a few tricks up my sleeve, and I think I can rattle their

cage."

"I heard the General say that our best defense against all their bullshit of this kind

is just to be who we are," replied Cody. "Look, what are we going to be plotting or

conspiring to do? To secure the existence of our people and a future for white children. Everybody already knows that's why we're here, so what if we are overheard?" The phone by the bed rang. Cody picked it up. "Room 224," he said.

Barrow's voice spoke. "Cody, come on down to my crib. I need you to do some

aide-de-camping. It's beginning."

He explained when Cody arrived at his suite. "I just got a call from the Secretary of

State, Walter Stanhope. He wants me to come over to his suite for a little

pre-discussion chat to break the ice, as he puts it, before the joint press conference

this afternoon. Just me and him." Cody noted that all the other negotiators and

Captain Chenault were also in the room, so Barrow was keeping no secrets from his

team. “I presume this will be their first attempt to bribe me, or split me away from the

rest of the delegation. Or maybe rub me out in some kind of ‘regrettable incident.’

Either way, I can’t go completely alone. I don’t know whether you’ll be allowed to

listen in, but in any case I need someone with me.”

“Okay, sir, where is the secret meeting to be held and how do we get past the lobby

without getting mobbed by media?” asked Cody.

“There are service tunnels below this hotel that connect the various wings, and

they’ve been declared off limits to the media,” Barrow told him. “Stanhope is sending

one of his people over here to escort us to his suite in the West Wing. He will be

accompanied by a UN peacekeeper, as per the rules. He’ll take us to Stanhope’s suite.”

There was a knock on the door, and Jane opened it. One of the peacekeepers

stepped in, saluted Frank, and said in perfect English, “Sir, Senator Galinsky’s

personal assistant is here.”

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“Galinsky?” asked Barrow in surprise. “I thought Galinsky wasn’t even acknowledging our existence?”

A lithe and elegant, twenty-something woman with jet black hair and a face seemingly chiseled in white marble stepped into the room. “I’m on Senator Galinsky’s

staff, yes, but I’m running this particular errand for the Secretary,” she said. She was

wearing a casual yet businesslike dress and jacket combination that seemed slightly

informal in the surrounding uniforms and dark business suits overrunning the hotel.

Cody took one look at her and froze. The floor seemed to suddenly heave beneath his

feet. She ignored him. “Mr. Barrow?” she said, walking over and extending her hand.

“I’m Susan Horowitz, Secretary Stanhope’s confidential assistant. If you could come

with me, please? And the Secretary mentioned you were bringing one of your bodyguards?”

“That’s General Barrow to you,” said Cody coldly.

Barrow waved his hand gently. “Cody, we’re here and she’s here, and I’m sure Ms.

Horowitz is capable of understanding the implications of that fact. No need to sweat

the small stuff. If she feels she can't acknowledge the legitimacy of our military rank,

that's fine." He turned to the woman. "Well, let's go, ma'am, and you can tell your

grandchildren how you bravely walked alone into a hotel floor full of Nazis, like

Daniel into the lion's den."

"You're very perceptive," she said with a small nod. "I asked to come over here. I

wanted to prove I wasn't afraid of you, not least to myself." Without any further

conversation they followed Horowitz and the peacekeeper out of the room and down

the stairs. At the door to the underground passageway their blue beret was relieved by

another, who escorted them the length of the cool, moist concrete passageway past

several closed doors. Cody wondered what was behind them. When they reached the

end of the tunnel the door opened and a third peacekeeper took over, and escorted

them up the stairs to a suite which was somewhat larger but seemed to be a near

duplicate of Barrow's. Stanhope was sitting by a laptop computer on a desk in the

main living room; as they entered he rose with a smile on his lips and this

time

extended his hand without being prompted.

“Glad you came, General,” he said easily. “Look, the fact is that for the next—well,

however long it takes, we’re not going to get many chances to talk one on one. This is

going to be one of the hardest damned jobs I’ve ever undertaken, and I’m sure you feel

the same way. If you could step into the conference room here with me and give me an

hour or so of your time, I’d appreciate it. I think we need to get a feel for one another.

Lieutenant, ah...”

“Brock, Mr. Secretary,” said Cody.

“Brock, eh? Old New Hampshire name. Your people from New Hampshire? Well,

Lieutenant Brock, if you could stay here in the living room? The walls are sound-

proofed, so you can watch TV. You folks are all over it, I can assure you. I do ask that

you keep the blinds closed and don’t go out on the balcony. It really wouldn’t be

expedient for anyone to know you’re here in the West Wing.” He turned to the woman

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and said quietly, “Thank you, Susan. There’s no need for you to stay. If you’d like to go

down to the cocktail lounge or the press room or somewhere, I’ll understand.”

“Oh, no, I’ll stay, Mr. Secretary,” she said with calm assurance. “You might need

me for something. I’m not at all afraid.”

“Thank you, Susan,” said Stanhope, as he shepherded Barrow into the conference

room, hand on his shoulder. The door closed.

Cody turned to her. “You should be afraid, you know. How do you know I won’t do

the same thing to you I did to your father last time I saw him?”

“Oh, now, you know you won’t,” said Susan with a smile, and she walked over to

the kitchenette and started running water into the electric kettle. “I’m going to have

some tea. Do you want some, or some coffee? I’ve heard you people don’t drink, like

Muslims. You’re probably just as boring as they are. All anti-Semites are boring. Jews

aren’t. That’s one of the reasons you hate us so much. We’ve got Coke and Sprite and

other stuff in the fridge.”

“I don’t want anything from you, or your boss,” said Cody. “I always knew your

middle name was Susan, but where’d the Horowitz come from?”

“Oh, Cody, you remember Ron! We got engaged months before you left. We had a

wonderful wedding, which I am glad to say Daddy got out of the hospital in time to

attend, and which I wish you could have attended yourself. Horowitz is my married

name. Since his father got us both our jobs, I figured it was diplomatic of me to use it.

Also, Leah was a bit too... how shall I put it... ?”

“Surely not too Jewish?” asked Cody sarcastically.

“No, just not really GS-17 grade,” she replied.

“You’re a GS-17?” asked Cody incredulously. “And you’re what? Twenty-four?”

“You don’t even remember my birthday, nebbich? Just turned twenty-five. And

yes, it is a bit unusual for an internship at the Senate to start at GS-17 and put me

right in the middle of a major event like this, but Ron’s dad is Connected with a

capital C. Joe Horowitz and Jeanette go way back, to the first Clinton administration

in fact. Ron got his law degree, and he’s now assistant counsel to Senator

Galinsky's

office. He's back in Washington D. C. This is turning out to be quite a family re-union.

I wonder if I called Karen at Berkeley, would they let her come up here and join us?

Once more for old times' sake?"

"I don't think I could touch either of you again without vomiting," Cody told her

honestly. "Does your husband know what you and Karen did to me?"

"Oh, yes, and he likes me to talk about it," said Leah/Susan. "Describe each session. It really turns him on. He wants to do a threesome with Karen, but that kind

of play shouldn't be kept in the family. We're not kids anymore."

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"Well, I never was family, was I?"

"No, you weren't. It wasn't like you were our real brother, you know. Oy, do you

think we're depraved or something?" She made herself a cup of herbal tea and sat

down on an armchair. She drew her legs up under her in the peculiarly predatory

manner he remembered, she and her sister both. Lounging around the house, by the

pool, in the rumpus room, in the TV den, they had been like dual snakes about to

strike. “Oh, Cody, look at you in your big bad Nazi costume! Heavens, how silly you

look! You’re still a little boy in his cowboy suit with his little toy six-guns. A little boy

crying for his daddy who is never coming back.”

Cody sat down on the sofa. “Now you’re trying to provoke me. Why? Really, what

makes you think I won’t kill you?” he asked, interested. “As it happens, I won’t. At

least not now. Are you trying to be some kind of Jewish heroine? Maybe you’re trying

to enrage and incite me into some act of violence against you, so as to wreck the peace

negotiations, and that’s why you’re here. But it won’t work. If you don’t mind my

mixing up old Streisand numbers, there will be a time and a place for us, Leah,

because I do indeed remember the way we were. And you and Karen and Larry are

going to pay for the way we were. But do you really have the courage to push me over

the edge now, and take the consequences? I don’t think so, Leah. You love life too

much to give it up. People like you hang on to life like a drowning rat. One of

the

reasons I ended up in the Volunteers was that after living with your family, I just plain

didn't give a damn any more. But don't worry. This is too important. To my great

chagrin, you're as safe with me right now as if you were in Fort Knox."

"Suppose I pull off my top and my bra right now, run to the balcony and start yelling rape?" she asked in a sultry voice. "There's enough reporters around here to fill

an ark."

"That would do it," Cody admitted. "If you do that, I'll shoot you once dead center

to put you down, and when you're on the floor I'll give you another couple of rounds

in the face to make sure I mess it up good. That will scupper the conference right here,

and the war will resume, and if the Americans don't kill me here in this room I'll

probably face some kind of court martial from my people or yours, wherein I'll simply

tell them what happened, and we'll see how it plays out. Is that what you want, Leah?"

"Take it out," she said, staring at his holster in fascination. "Your gun. I want to

see it. Then I'll tell you."

“Jesus, you’re turned on, aren’t you?” snapped Cody in disgust.

* * *

“Want a drink?” asked Stanhope inside the conference room, gesturing towards

the well-stocked mini-bar.

“We don’t drink in the NVA,” replied Barrow, sitting down at the table.

“Regulations. Volunteers are not allowed to consume alcohol, for the duration. I’ll

take a ginger ale if you’ve got one”

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“An amazingly sensible rule,” said Stanhope, handing him a bottle from a recessed

fridge and a plastic cup, and setting an ice bucket down on a coaster on the table. “The

United States government could do with a bit of abstinence as well, but we seem to be

incapable of abstaining from anything.”

“Yeah, I’ve noticed that. Why is that?” asked Barrow.

“When there is no spiritual core remaining, then life becomes all body, all cravings

and needs of the flesh,” said Stanhope, pouring himself a generous tot of Chivas Regal

which Barrow had to admit made his mouth water and awoke the old craving. He

made a mental note that he'd need to be on guard against those particular demons

from his past. Cleaning out the mini-bars was only a gesture; this place was awash in a

sea of whole grain. "So, you're a former cop, I believe? How did you end up in present

company? Cynicism aside, one wouldn't think a policeman would be comfortable

finding himself among lawbreakers."

"Depends on who makes those laws," said Barrow, sipping his ginger ale. "And

who breaks them. When you're on the street and you see that the overwhelming

majority of violent criminals you deal with are black or brown, it's kind of hard to

keep up the politically correct doublethink. Every major cop shop has a wall of slain

officers, and even in a majority white town like Seattle, you notice that most of those

officers were killed by non-whites. In my case, I made the silly mistake of believing

that the law applied to well-connected black politicians. How did you end up in

present company?"

“Oh, I’m not a career diplomat. Frankly, I’m a time-server,” said Stanhope.
“Are

you familiar with the works of Gilbert and Sullivan? H.M.S. Pinafore to be exact?

There’s a song in there called ‘Ruler of the Queen’s Navy’ which pretty much sums up

my career. Stick close to your desk and never go to sea, and you may become the ruler

of the Queen’s Navy. I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, went to Yale. Skull

and Bones, of course. Two term Congressman from Massachusetts before I went to

the Senate, then I ended up turfed out of my Senate seat by a Hispanic woman. I was

given State as a consolation prize because no one else wanted it. Hardly surprising

since you guys keep killing the holders of my office, but more than that, the role of the

State Department has been diminishing for many years and it now exercises virtually

no control at all over American foreign policy.”

“So why did you take it?” asked Barrow.

“I found to my amazement that at the age of fifty, I had actually developed some

ideals,” he said. “God knows where they came from. Ideals certainly don’t run in my

family. My father and my grandfather never believed in anything in their lives, except

money. But I grew up and I saw the atrocious mess that preceding generations had

made of America, and for some unaccountable reason I felt responsible for it.”

“Well, you and your kind are responsible for it. By the way, I understand that all of

this may be complete bullshit,” said Barrow.

“Yes, it might,” he said. “But it’s interesting bullshit, isn’t it? Did you ever see one

of these little bumper stickers that said ‘Life is a play pen and whoever finishes it with

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the most toys wins?’ There are a lot of people in America who actually believe that,

who have been brought up to believe that.”

“And speaking of toys, how many microphones are there in here?” asked Barrow,

looking around Stanhope’s suite.

“None, actually, if I can believe the Department of Homeland Security, which is

always problematic,” he replied. “Your rooms are bugged as well, of course, and there

are fiber-optic cameras hidden in the television sets. I was able to dissuade the DHS

from putting cameras in the bathrooms, so hopefully you can at least go to the can

and take a shower in privacy.”

“I have no idea or not whether to believe you, but if it’s true, thank you.”

Stanhope swished his drink, downed it like a sailor, and poured himself another.

“Yes, you can believe me, on that, anyway. But whether I can believe my own security

people is another story. In theory we are alone right now, but I have no idea whether

or not anyone is listening. If they are, I can assure you, I’ll hear about it later on, since

this is in fact a little unauthorized initiative on my part and some of my colleagues are

going to be very browned off about it.” He sat down at the table with the second

Scotch, not across from Barrow but at the head of the table next to him. “General

Barrow, I will begin by admitting to you something that I would never admit in public,

and that is that your terrorist campaign over the past five years has forced us to come

here today. In the first place, we’re doing it because the Northwest Volunteer Army

has effectively shut down New York and Washington, D.C., and we have discovered

that the United States of America simply cannot function without those two cities. We

were very foolish to allow all this to get that far, but we did. Secondly, you have

created such a loss of income tax revenue that you are running the richest country in

the world broke. We can no longer borrow any more money because the International

Monetary Fund and other banking institutions have no more to borrow.”

“Plus there’s the fact that Israel is about to go down the tubes,” added Barrow.

“Ah, you’ve picked up on that, have you?” said Stanhope, trying not to sound impressed and a little nonplussed. “Clever boys. Been playing footsie with the Arabs

as well as the Russkies, have you? But you would, wouldn’t you? We always wondered

about that, but we could never catch you at it. Well, I’ll hand it to you. You have

dragged us here, kicking and screaming. America will never be the same, whatever the

result. The master of the house has been forced to sit down at the same table with his

field hands, break bread with them, and treat them as if they were his equals. You

have no idea of the hatred and rage that instills in the rulers of a plutocracy, which is

what the United States is and always has been. I suppose you know us well enough by

now to understand that you will never be forgiven for that, not a hundred years from

now. You have my congratulations, sir. You have accomplished an incredible feat and

I would be the last to withhold my applause, in private at any rate. That having been

said, the first thing I should ask you is what you expect to accomplish at this meeting?

You seem to be an intelligent man. You must be, to be sitting where you are. Surely,

surely you have not come here under any delusion that you are going to walk out of

here with three of the United States of America in your briefcase? Such a thing is

literally unthinkable. We couldn't do that if we wanted to. It's—well, unthinkable,

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pardon the repetition. It is literally impossible for us to wrap our minds around any

such idea. It's not on, General Barrow, really it's not. The one thing that terrifies me is

that you and your associates may have committed the most fatal mistake in all of

politics and statecraft, that of coming to believe your own propaganda. Is that the

case?"

"Trying to see if I'll blow up and go into a tirade?" asked Barrow with a grin. "You

want tirades, Corby Morgan's your man, although I wouldn't provoke him into one if I

were you. He tends to strangle and bang heads on things while he rants."

"Yes, so I understand," said Stanhope, looking irritated. "Why, exactly, would you

bring someone like that to a peace conference? You think we can be bullied into giving

you what you want?"

"He is here as a kind of watching brief for those among us who don't really want

this conference to take place at all," said Barrow frankly. "I'm sure you have someone

like that on your side, Brubaker or Weintraub. There are a lot of us who have developed a taste for killing our enemies and they don't want to give it up, even for the

main prize itself. You might want to bear that in mind, Mr. Stanhope. The fact is, you

have thrown everything but the kitchen sink at us in an effort to stop us,

violated

every law and Constitutional protection and basic tenet of human decency, and you

haven't done too well."

"They say every major international treaty negotiation has a ghost at the table,"

said Stanhope reflectively.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," concurred Barrow. "Ours is the Masque of the Red

Death, the fact that we have broken your credible monopoly of armed force and you

cannot restore it. I assume we'll be coming in for our fair share of threats in the

coming days, and we're ready for that, but the fact is, Mr. Stanhope, you can't stop us

with force. You've tried and you've failed. Outlawry, informers, million-dollar

rewards, an army of thugs, torture, internment, murder, the bulldozing of homes, the

deportation of entire populations to concentration camps in Nevada. Nothing has

worked. Just recently you thought you were going to stop us by turning Christian

fundamentalists against us and using them as counterrevolutionary shock troops.

That has failed as well. Your little Christian militia project, or perhaps I should say

Mr. Weintraub's little Christian militia project, turned out to be a dud. It's fizzling

even as we speak. There have been some incidents, yes, but the fact is that the

majority of the people in evangelical churches haven't been dumb enough to fall for

your trap."

"Yes, I understand you were able to infiltrate one of the cells and that blew the

operation prematurely," said Stanhope with a wry smile of acknowledgement. "And

you're right, that was Howard's little project, which I never approved, nor was I

involved in it. We seem to have consistently misjudged your intelligence capacities."

"As an interesting aside, the two young people who accomplished that successful

mission are in with me in our delegation," Barrow told him, before he continued.

"What are you going to try next? An atomic bomb on Seattle? You're quite capable of

it if you thought it would work, but you know it won't. Now, I think I've strained all

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the outrage out of my system. Hope so. You sit there and tell me that we can't have the

Republic. All I can say is that you either don't know us very well, or you're just fishing.

But fine, I'll play along. There is a lot of detail we're prepared to be flexible on, but the

substance of independence isn't one of them. We either walk out of here with at least

three states in our briefcase, and I'll be damned hard put to sell only three to the Army

Council, or we go back to fighting and probably end up grabbing a great deal more a

few years down the road when the United States finally implodes. You don't think we

can do it? You don't think we're perfectly willing to do it? Well, whenever you want,

you can find out. This is your party, and you can pull the plug any time. Now, I know

you think you can either dazzle us with brilliance or baffle us with bullshit into

accepting some kind of faux Republic or white Puerto Rico or something of the kind,

maybe not even that. Fine. We can sit here as long as you like and we can find a new

way to say no every day. It's your call how long you want to stretch it out

before you

either decide to sign off on a white Republic and let us get on with building a new

world and new lives, or else we start shooting again.”

“You mentioned flexibility,” said Stanhope with interest. “Define flexible. Look,

please don’t take my terminology amiss, but we understand that your dogs are

hungry, we’re going to have to throw you some bones, and there’s going to have to be

some meat and juice on them. I think you’ll be amazed at what kind of compromise

we would be willing to accept, so long as the Union remains intact, as was settled back

in 1865. I know you have an officer corps, a leadership group. I’m not trying to bribe

you when I say that if we can come to some kind of sensible arrangement here, that

group among you has an assured and incredible future. You’ve demonstrated a kind

of dedication, an initiative, adaptability and courage that I wish to hell we could find

in our own soldiers and administrators.”

“Let me guess. Like the ancient Romans, you want to hire us barbarians to command your armies and fight your battles for you?” chuckled Barrow.

“Uh, not

even close, Stanhope. I’ve been to Iraq once. Didn’t like it. Come on, you can’t be

serious?”

“A conference like this may have certain red lines that simply cannot be crossed,

true,” said Stanhope. “I’ve just explained to you what ours are. We’re not letting you

have your own country to play with. You play too rough. You’re not getting

Washington and Oregon and Idaho, Barrow, but what you might come away with is a

whole new racial dispensation for all your people across North America.”

“I can see this is going to take a while,” said Barrow with a wry chuckle. “But

eventually, one way or the other, you are going to learn to take no for an answer.”

They came out of the conference room a few minutes later to find Susan Horowitz

still curled up in the armchair with her cup of herbal tea, watching while Cody sat

ostentatiously reading a magazine and ignoring her. He got up without a word, ready

to accompany Barrow back to their own part of the hotel. “My, this looks frosty,”

commented Stanhope. “But then I suppose it would be, wouldn’t it? Well, at

least

you're not killing each other."

"The thought did occur to me, sir," said Cody.

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"I especially liked the part where he said he'd shoot me a few extra times in the

face to mess it up," said Susan archly, rising to her feet.

"All right, Stanhope, now on a dead serious issue," said Barrow, politely but

firmly. "Ms. Horowitz here wanted to make a personal point by coming to our part of

the hotel, and she made it. I see no need for her to make it again, or for there to be any

more petty provocations like this. It's not a good idea, and it could lead to something

very serious. Cody is a highly disciplined young man, but there simply isn't any point

in putting that kind of strain on him, or any of us." He turned to Ms. Horowitz.

"Ma'am, I presume you know history and you are familiar with what's been going on

over the past five years. I understand enough about the psychology of your people to

understand why you are driven to pick and poke and nip and push, but you

had better

not do it again, or I will not be responsible for the consequences. If you insist on my

spelling it out, then I shall do so. You and all Jews are vermin, and yes, we really do

want to kill you. There is such a thing as pushing your luck. You pushed it today and

got away with it. The next time you'll probably end up with your elegant neck snapped

like a chicken's, and I won't do a damned thing to stop it. This conference is entirely

too important to get sidetracked by one arrogant little JAP who is too stupid to

understand where she is and who has so far forgotten her racial memories that she no

longer recognizes us for who we are. We will find our way back to the South Wing on

our own, if you don't mind."

"The feeling is mutual, I assure you," said Susan, her lip twisting. "If you want a

helpful hint on keeping the peace, I suggest you don't let your little boy here play with

anything sharp." She turned to Cody and said "Kusch mir in tuchis, paskudnik grober

jung! Geh red zu der vant!"

“Madele shandeleh, du hat gevehn a kurva in din mamze bauch!” snapped back

Cody.

“What the hell did you do that for?” snapped Barrow in a heated whisper as the

blue-bereted peacekeeper escorted them back to the South Wing via the tunnel. “Now

she knows you speak Yiddish! You were supposed to be our secret weapon on that

front!”

“She already knew, sir,” said Cody. “I need to talk to you when we get back. Little

Swedes have big ears, if our friend here will pardon my saying so.”

When they returned to Barrow’s suite, they saw that lunch had arrived, in the form of a cart full of fancy deli-style sandwiches and salads on which everyone was

munching. “It doesn’t appear to have been defiled,” admitted Gair, a paper plate of

corned beef on rye before him. Barrow gestured for Cody to sit down at the table. He

did not ask the other primaries to leave, and Cody noticed that Nightshade and

Captain Jane Chenault were in the room as well. He considered asking to speak to

Barrow privately, but he decided it was best if nothing was concealed about

his past

from any of them. Anyone who had lived among Jews was bound to be regarded with

at least a small bit of disquiet; Cody understood this, and he had always dealt with the

situation through being completely open about everything except the one forbidden

subject. Barrow said, "Okay, we're just going to have to not worry about being

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overheard by the Feds, I guess. You really let the cat out of the bag back there, my son.

What the hell was all that about?"

"Sir, I'm sorry, but it seems to be my bad luck always to be running into women

from my past," said Cody carefully, glancing at Nightshade. "I know that woman from

my days in California. Susan Horowitz is her married name. I knew her as Leah

Sapirstein. She was a member of the Jewish family I was sold to. I refuse to use the

word sister, or even stepsister. That little exchange was her way of baiting me. She

knows I was taught Yiddish in their house and at the yeshiva, and so now the

enemy

does as well, which pretty much terminates my usefulness on this mission, General.

As honored as I am to have come this far with you. I assume there is some way to get

out of here via that Russian copter or otherwise, and so in light of this development I

request transfer to a combat unit, preferably back to Captain DiBella's command in

Seattle."

"Mmmm, hold your horses, son," said Barrow abstractedly. "You're by no means a

useless mouth, even if they have twigged to your little secret. Before we go any farther,

what exactly did you two say to each other?"

"I don't know if you know anything about Yiddish, but it is reputed to have twice

as many curse words and expressions of insult as its nearest competitor, which is

Arabic, and three times more abusive expressions and profane words than Italian.

Leah called me a grober jung, which literally means rude boy, but it's very

disrespectful and insulting, and then she told me to go talk to the wall, which is a

slang expression for kids sent to stand in a corner, but used on adults it is a

very nasty

way of calling someone completely worthless and contemptible. In return I called her

a madele shandeleh, a shameful girl, only it's rather stronger than that, and told her

she'd been a whore in her mother's belly."

"Your home life with these people must have been really sweet," commented Captain Gair.

"How exactly did this woman end up here?" asked Barrow. "Did she tell you? Is it

just coincidence or do you think she might be stalking you or something of the kind

because of the incident with your stepfather?"

"My guess, sir, is that she's stalking Secretary Stanhope," replied Cody. "Most

likely she's already got him. I think she's Hadass."

"What?" asked Barrow. "Who?"

"Hadass," repeated Cody.

"It's the Hebrew name for Queen Esther in the Bible," said McCausland. "Only

Queen Esther wasn't exactly a queen, if you get my drift."

"I guess you'd better fill me in on what you mean by that, Lieutenant," said Barrow.

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“Everywhere the Jews have gone throughout history, General, one thing they’ve

always done is to groom a certain number of their most beautiful, educated, and

intelligent girls as high-class tarts,” explained Cody. “They identify the most powerful

Gentile leaders in their host society, noblemen and kings and churchmen in the

Middle Ages, politicians and billionaires and intelligentsia today, and they more

or less pimp these girls out to them. Among the Jews themselves it’s no secret that

this happens. These women are called Hadass, after the Bible story, and this practice

or institution of concubinage to powerful goyim is called Hadassah. Yeah, I know,

there’s a Jewish women’s charity by that name. I’ve never denied they occasionally

have a sense of humor.

“But it’s more than simple pandering. The Jews are long term planners; when they

corrupt someone they want to make damned sure he stays corrupted. These women

are not so much spies or provocateurs, although often enough they do fulfill that

function. Their purpose is to make these powerful Gentile men like Jews. You got

some hot little Hebrew number in your bed rocking your world at night, you're

naturally disposed to give her people a break in the way of business during the day.

Sometimes these are lifelong relationships, and sometimes the Gentile leaders actually marry these Jewish women. This goes way back. The Emperor Nero had

Poppaea, which is why the Christians got tossed to the lions down at the Colosseum

and the Jews didn't. The Viking chieftain Ragnar Lodbrok had Meera, which is how

the Jews established a brief commercial monopoly in Scandinavia when Christian

missionaries were still killed on sight. Richard the Lionhearted had a Hadass, whose

name I forget, which was how the Jews became what was called King's Persons and

the royal tax collectors. Richard went off on Crusade and left England in the hands of

his Jews, which was why so many people supported his brother Prince John in his

attempts to usurp the throne."

“You weren’t in any of Red Morehouse’s history classes, were you?” asked Barrow

in bemusement.

“No, sir. I just hung around in the downtown library in Seattle to stay out of the

cold, back when I was a street kid. Anyway, sometimes these women run through a

whole string of high-class lovers, a good example being Sarah Bernhardt in the

nineteenth century, who gave the Prince of Wales such a fine time of it that he became

irretrievably pro-French in everything and so was instrumental in starting Europe

down the road to World War One. So forth and so on. These bitches have done

incredible damage down through the ages. The classic example is the old Soviet

Union, where every single major Gentile Bolshevik under Lenin, Stalin, and

Khrushchev had either a Jewish wife or long-term mistress. Stalin himself spent the

last twenty years of his life shackled up with Rosa Kaganovich, Lazar the Butcher’s

sister. In America we had a brief glimpse of Hadassah with the Monica Lewinsky

episode under Clinton the First. Everyone wondered why Monica’s father didn’t come

after Clinton with a shotgun for debauching his daughter, or at least criticize Clinton

publicly. They didn't realize that Hadassah is an ancient Jewish tradition and it's

considered an honor to have a Hadass in the family. Doctor Lewinsky was proud as

punch of his little girl. He should have been. There's every chance she put Clinton in

the mood to betray the Palestinians at the 2000 Camp David summit, which brought

on the second intifada and endless bloodshed."

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"Ooo-kaaay," said Barrow slowly. "And you think this Horowitz woman is Stanhope's Hadass?"

"She's on Senator Galinsky's staff, so what's she doing running Stanhope's errands

and hanging around his hotel suite?" returned Cody.

"Her husband is conveniently absent in D. C. and probably knows damned well

what she's doing, and even glories in it. The Americans must surely understand how

potentially sensitive every Jewish participant in this conference is. The Jews would

definitely want someone next to Stanhope during negotiations of this nature, and they

must have pulled some pretty powerful strings to get the Horowitzes on board.”

“Stanhope’s married,” pointed out McCausland with disgust. “Not that that means

anything anymore these days.”

“And if you’re right, her husband is going along with this?” asked Gair

incredulously. “Pimping out his own wife? Talk about your indecent proposals!”

“I know it’s hard to understand, but these people are actually proud of the women

who do this,” Cody said again patiently. “To a Jew, the preservation of Jewish life and

power is the highest of all mitzvahs or holy acts. It’s called pikuach nefesh in Hebrew,

and in the Talmud the rabbis all agree that saving Jewish life justifies any sin or crime

whatsoever, and there is no sin and great virtue attached to it. Anyway, if I’m right,

sir, you need to bear in mind who’s most likely whispering in Stanhope’s ear at night,

and also picking up on virtually everything via pillow talk and transmitting the

information to points unknown.”

“Well, in that case your being recognized wasn’t a total waste, and who knows?

Your language skills may yet be of some use,” said Barrow philosophically. “Look,

we’re going to face setbacks every day here. Give me one of those plates, and you get

one too, Cody. What’s this, a sub? Hmm, this is pretty good grub, I admit. Better than

living off canned goods and fast food like most of us have been doing. Look, do you

figure this girl’s presence here along with yourself is just a coincidence?”

“I honestly don’t know, sir,” said Cody, who’d selected a kielbasa and potato salad.

“But you should also bear in mind the media will probably bring out that business of

me spiking Larry Saperstein before I ran away and came home.”

“Well, if that’s going to happen, they’ll probably lay it on you at this press

conference at three,” said Jane Chenault. “Just be prepared to give them a short and

snappy answer.”

“I wouldn’t worry about it,” said Barrow. “I mean, it’s not like every one of us here

isn’t wanted for something.”

“Besides, according to what I’ve seen on CNN so far, we’re now the Laughing

Terrorists,” said Jane.

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“Yeah, well he who laughs last, laughs best,” said Barrow. “All right, Cody, we’ll

keep an eye on this Horowitz woman. And your request for a transfer is denied. You

can still be useful, and besides, if I sent you away it would break poor Emily’s heart.”

Cody threw his hands in the air. “Why is it that this entire outfit seems to think

there is something going on between me and Lieutenant Pastras?” he raved. “Jesus,

you’d think we’d have other things to occupy our minds than schoolyard gossip!”

“They’re just jealous, honey pie,” said Nightshade.

“Jane, what’s your take on this press conference this afternoon?” asked Barrow.

“At least half of the questions will be put into the mouths of the reporters by the

government, or possibly by one of the competing factions in the government,” said

Chenault. “We should be able to learn a good deal about the way the wind is blowing

from the questions.” While she spoke, Barrow was writing out a note

addressed to

Doctor Doom on a yellow legal pad that read Stanhope says TVs wired. This may be

reliable, maybe not, check closely anyway. He tore off the note and handed it to one of

the aides, pointing at the door, and the Volunteer left to deliver it. “But we’re also

going to get a lot of silliness. This is the first real press conference the NVA as such

has ever held, not counting a few interviews that reporters did with individual officers

and people who served as unofficial spokesmen, some of them in prison, and of

course that one famous interview the Old Man gave wherein he slipped out the order

to attack the IRS and stop Federal tax collection. Some of these so-called journalists

are just one cut above supermarket tabloid level.”

“They must have bribed and cajoled mightily to get passes to this conference,”

said Gair.

“Not really, Captain,” said Chenault. “The fact is that the lower end of tabloid journalism has a truly mass audience, one that the American government can’t afford

to ignore and has assiduously cultivated for years. For every reader of the

New York

Times or Newsweek, there are a thousand who read the National Inquirer waiting in

the checkout line at the supermarket. And don't even get me started on TV talk shows.

You can expect some really dumb questions, gentlemen."

"Frankly, with this crowd, I'd be surprised if I got an intelligent one," said Barrow.

The press conference was held in the largest meeting room in the hotel, just off the

lobby, and it was packed with media and cameras, standing room only. Tables had

been pulled together along one end, and the delegation primaries from each side were

seated in one long row, with the NVA on the audience's left and the Americans to the

right, each with a microphone. Howard Weintraub and Senator Jeanette Galinsky had

decided to join their colleagues on the United States delegation, and they sat stone-

faced, staring into the assembled reporters and TV cameras, pointedly not looking at

the Jerry Rebs to their right. Cody, Nightshade, Jane Chenault, and others stood

behind the seated NVA negotiators while blank-faced men in suits, possibly FBI or

DHS agents, and one or two in military uniforms stood behind the Americans.

Significantly, Cody saw Susan Horowitz, or Leah Sapirstein as he still thought of her,

sitting behind Secretary of State Stanhope in her own chair, almost concealed in the

crowd, but still there. She did not look at him. He leaned over and whispered

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“Hadass,” and Barrow nodded. Seamus O’Connell of Ireland sat in the middle, at the

center of the table, separating the two sides, and acting as master of ceremonies with

effortless aplomb, as if he wasn’t surrounded by people who wanted to tear each other

limb from limb. He laid down the ground rules; he was to call on various journalists

and TV people from a pre-selected roster, questions were to be directed to specific

delegates, and he sincerely hoped that a certain basic level of civility and decorum

could be maintained. Then he sighed. “Well, ladies and gents, we’re off to the races.

I’ve drawn your names from a hat, and first shot goes to Ms. Anne Malvoy from Fox

News.”

“The official government network. Surprise, surprise!” muttered Barrow.

Malvoy, a brassy and well-known anchorwoman whose talk show was even more

stridently pro-government than was usual for Fox stood up and asked, “Mr. Stanhope,

could we get a more definitive statement from you as to why the President herself is

not present at this historic and to many of us still inexplicable conference?”

“President Clinton felt that her personal attendance at this preliminary stage

would have been premature and an unnecessary distraction from the many other

duties of her office,” said Stanhope smoothly.

“Does that mean that the President will be attending the conference and

participating in the discussions at a later date?” persisted Anne Malvoy.

“If she feels it to be appropriate, I assume she will let us know,” Stanhope batted

back.

“Interesting they started out with a swipe at Chelsea,” said Stepanov, leaning over

and speaking to Barrow in a low voice. “Fox News is virtually the Pravda of America,

and has been for a generation. Someone high up seems disinclined to let the Clintons

distance themselves from these proceedings. I wonder who, and why?”

“Mr. Roger Bailey, from the Atlanta Constitution,” said O’Connell.

Bailey, the only black face in the crowd besides several of the American military

police, got up and said, “Mr. Weintraub, can you assure the African American

community that this conference will make us safer, and that the long string of racially

motivated murders and acts of terrorism directed against people of color not just in

the Northwest but in places like Washington D. C. and New York City will finally be

brought to an end?”

“Definitely,” said Weintraub crisply. “This conference is a major step in restoring

law and order, but it certainly isn’t the only one we will be engaging in. We’re bringing

this whole grotesque Northwest zoo to an end, one way or the other. You can count on

that.”

“Baaaaa!” John Morgan bleated at him like a goat.

“Bluff,” whispered Stepanov. “He’s half out of his mind with rage and confusion.

He’s a rat, he’s cornered, and he’s squealing.”

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“Ms. Janet Flyte from the Christian Science Monitor,” said O’Connell hastily, in

an effort to cut off any more barnyard calls from Morgan. A middle-aged woman with

a dark short haircut stood up.

“General Brubaker and Mr. Weintraub as well, we have had a number of reports of

American military personnel and the Federal Anti-Terrorist Police voluntarily confining themselves to their barracks, and in some cases apparently abandoning

their facilities in more rural and remote areas of the Pacific Northwest, facilities

which have been taken over by white supremacist insurgents who are now using them

as bases of operation to terrorize loyal Americans and drive them out of their homes.

Are these positions going to be re-occupied by Federal authorities, and action taken to

preserve life and property while the conference is taking place?”

“It is true that we are using the ceasefire to re-align and re-position our forces in

some areas, to conform with military and law enforcement requirements,”

harrumphed Brubaker uncomfortably. “That is to be expected, and there’s nothing

unusual *per se* in the fact that there is military movement and re-positioning. I might

add that I object to your use of the term insurgents. These are common criminals,

nothing more.”

“We are also aware of some of the incidents you refer to, Ms. Flyte,” said

Weintraub. “The Department of Homeland Security is assessing these incidents on an

individual basis and we will take action as we deem appropriate.”

Morgan seemed about to make a retort, but Barrow silenced him with a gesture.

Barrow leaned over and whispered to him, “Let them rabbit on. The more we listen

the more we learn.”

“I guess we’re just potted plants, sittin’ here,” grumbled Morgan. “Don’t look like

they’re gone ask us anything.”

Morgan was immediately proven wrong by the next question, from Maria Scopes

of CNN. “Uh, Mr. Stepanov, is it? You are a Russian, are you not? Why exactly are you

in the United States committing violent acts of insurrection against the country that

welcomed you?”

“I was born in Siberia, yes,” replied Stepanov. “I am fighting against a government, madam, not a country, and a particularly unpleasant and oppressive

government at that. My place of birth does not signify, because my race is my nation,

and I am fighting to create a Homeland for all of my people from every corner of the

globe. Racism is the purest form of patriotism.”

“Are you here on behalf of the Russian government?” shouted someone in the

crowd.

“I am here on behalf of history,” returned Stepanov.

“Wait your turn, ladies and gents, please!” admonished O’Connell. “Mr. Meriwether from CBS News, please.” Meriwether was a well-known foreign correspondent, bearded and Hemingway-esque. He stood up and boomed out,

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“Robert Gair, did you assassinate the governor of Oregon with a rifle grenade two

months ago?” he demanded.

“Sure did!” replied Gair cheerfully.

Meriwether turned to Weintraub. “Mr. Weintraub, you are this nation’s top law

enforcement officer! This man just confessed to a terrorist murder on worldwide

television! Are you going to do nothing to apprehend him? And why the hell are these

people being allowed to carry guns?” he demanded. Weintraub turned green and

looked about to gibber.

“I will tell you what we told the representatives of the government before we came

here,” spoke up Barrow firmly. “Throughout all of recorded history, the mark of the

freeman, of the citizen, of the responsible male adult, has been the keeping and

bearing of arms. We are free men, every bit the equal of any man or woman on the

opposite side of this table or in this audience, and we will not attend or participate in a

conference such as this under any implied lesser status. We carry weapons because

that is what free Aryan men do. It’s a White thing. Dig it.”

“Mr. Meriwether, you’re embarrassing Mr. Weintraub,” said O’Connell firmly.

“There are countless examples throughout the last century of yesterday’s terrorist

becoming today's statesman and politician. When I first entered Dail Eireann as a

young wide boy, I had to sit next to Gerry Adams, who in addition to being a mass

murderer was just about the most unpleasant bloke personally I have ever met. I put

up with Adams and his I.R.A. louts, and you can put up with these ladies and gents so

appropriately attired in brown shirts. It's necessary."

Jane Chenault leaned down and whispered to Barrow, who spoke up. "Mr.

Meriwether, I understand that you are a reporter and that a situation of this nature is

of interest to you and your audience. But I don't really think a long digression into our

multifarious colorful careers here and now would be helpful. So I'll tell you what.

Later on if you like you can sit down and have a private interview with Captain Gair

and he can tell you all about the various body parts he's sent flying, including

Governor Delmar's. Would that be satisfactory?" Meriwether grinned and having

gotten his scoop and his sound byte, sat down.

Next up was Richard Pell from the Associated Press. "General Barrow, are you

people really serious about this all-white apartheid nation carved out of

Washington

and Idaho?”

“Not at all,” replied Barrow cheerfully. “We’ve been killing people and blowing up

things for the past five years just for the hell of it.”

“That’s a silly answer!” snapped Pell.

“It was a silly question, sir. I tell you what, let me save you fine folks from the

Fourth Estate a lot of time and give you enough for a dozen sound bytes. I was going

to save this for our first conference meeting tomorrow, but I see no reason why the

whole world shouldn’t hear what I have to say.” Frank Barrow got up and addressed

the American delegation down the table. “I think that in all fairness to those who have

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died on both sides of this war over the past five years, I need to tell you people flat out,

from the beginning, that if you think we’re going to walk out of here with something

besides an independent, sovereign Aryan Republic in these briefcases, then not only

are you completely mistaken, but it's clear that you know us so little that there is no

point in continuing these discussions. We might as well close up shop right now and

get back to slaughtering one another, until you guys get ready to get serious. I know

that in your minds you have some idea that you will be able to buy us off with money

or with shiny toys, or else you think we're so dumb that you're going to be able to run

rings around us and swindle us out of the prize. Fair enough. I suppose you wouldn't

be who and what you are, if you didn't try. Deception and contempt for white people

is in your very blood. You think you're going to palm us off with some kind of

dominion or territorial status, turn the Northwest into some kind of white Puerto

Rico or some nonsense like that. That's not going to happen. If you don't understand

that, then you don't know anything at all about us.

"We began this rebellion to be free of you, free of your government, free of your

capitalism, free of your filth and your sexual perversions, free of your Jews, free of

your soulless greed, free of everything that you are. We do not want to be you

anymore. We do not want to be Americans any more. Manifest destiny might have

been a good idea once, when that destiny was in control of the white men who made

this continent. But it's no longer valid. America was once the shining city on the hill,

but you people have turned it into the world's largest experiment in landfill. Well, all

that's over now. We dawdled and screwed around for three generations after the end

of World War Two, and there is a price to be paid for that cowardice and foolishness

on our part. The price is that we can't take all of our country back. But we're damned

well going to take some of it back. If you want to put this Biblically, long ago you took

from us the birthright of our race, and in return all we got was a mess of pottage called

democracy, and Ronald McDonald. Fine. Well, now you're going to give Esau back

what you stole from him. One last thing. Just remember as we progress, that it was

you who called this pow-wow and not us. We were ready to keep on fighting for the

next thirty years when you contacted us in June. We're ready to do it now."

Barrow sat down.

“You don’t seriously imagine that you have defeated the United States of America

with your vicious little terrorist campaign?” demanded Brubaker with a sneer.

“I don’t care what you want to call it,” said Barrow. “The fact is that when all is

said and done, you are here talking to us, and you called the meeting, not us. You can

rationalize it all you want, and I have no doubt that American historians will spend

the next hundred years rationalizing and explaining it all away. It is pointless to try

and threaten us. The greatest glory of the past five years is that we are no longer afraid

of you, because we have now seen that American bureaucrats and American cops and

American assholes bleed just like anybody else.” He turned to O’Connell and said,

“I’m sorry, I didn’t intend to launch into a speech, but I really do think it will save

everyone some time if I make clear what our position is.”

“I don’t think we need to dignify that disgraceful tirade with an answer!”

spluttered Weintraub.

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“Ignore it all you want, Christ-killer!” thundered McCausland. “Swagger and strut

and cut a caper all you want in front of your tame jackals here! But the Lord has lifted

his hand once again in the affairs of men, and He has brought us here to extract from

you another payment on your eternal debt, the holy blood that was spilled on Calvary!”

“We did not kill your God!” shrieked Weintraub hysterically. “God damn Mel

Gibson! You have seen that filthy movie, haven’t you? I thought we’d melted down

every copy!”

O’Connell stood up. “Gentlemen, please! You’re not at the bloody hog market in

Dingle, so yer not! Now sit down, the both of yez!”

When things had subsided he said, “Now let’s at least be civil shall we? Mr.

Ramirez from the Los Angeles Times, please.”

McCausland spoke low to Barrow “Look, I’m sorry, Frank, I know you don’t want

religion injected, but Christ-killer always gives them the heebie-jeebies, and it’s such

darned fun to watch them flip their sheeny-beanie!”

“This is going to be a dog’s dinner!” moaned Barrow.

Ramirez from the L. A. Times got up and asked his question. “Mr. Stanhope, would you comment on the recent talks held between government officials, senior

members of Congress, and representatives of Frente de La Raza regarding the establishment of an autonomous Hispanic territory in the southwestern United

States? Is this conference here at Longview the precursor to the break-up of the North

American continent into separate ethnic and racial enclaves?”

There was sudden dead silence from the American side of the bench and from the

assembled media. “That’s the first I’ve heard of any such talks,” said Barrow. He

called over to Stanhope, and he was heard all over the room. “What, you’re giving the

spics their own country in North America, but the white man can’t have one, too?”

Stanhope leaned over, and quietly said, “No comment. I think this would be a good point at which to bring this press conference to a conclusion.” And without

another word the whole American delegation got up and walked out.

“Well, ah, I suppose that’s it, then,” said Ambassador O’Connell, clearly nonplussed. “Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your...”

“The Americans may be done, Mr. O’Connell,” said Barrow, “But I see no

reason

why we should be. I'm sure these folks have a lot more questions they'd like to ask the

NVA representatives."

"Yeah," boomed out Morgan. "Hell, let those sorry assholes walk out. We're not

like them. We ain't afraid of questions. Ask us anything you want. Just so long as you

understand that you might not like the answers you git."

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So for the next hour, the rebels fielded the reporters' questions, and it turned into

something like "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About the Northwest

Volunteer Army But Were Afraid To Ask." By vacating the conference in confusion,

the Americans had managed to leave their opponents a clear field, and Barrow made

the most of it. Every NVA Volunteer at the conference was asked at least one question.

Cody was glad that Doctor Doom and Jack Cannon weren't present, but were upstairs

going about their de-bugging, lest someone get curious about what they were there

for. The journalists' questions ranged from weighty points of political and racial

principle and National Socialist ideology, to trivial and nosy personal queries from

the tabloids, such as when one geek from a supermarket rag asked Jane Chenault

what her measurements were, to which she replied "With or without the kevlar?" and

then batted him aside. Nightshade was asked again how old she was, and she simply

shrugged and told them, without any wisecracks, which impressed Cody. The same

reporter asked Cody the same question. "I just recently turned eighteen," he told

them. "Which makes me old enough to be drafted into the United States Army and be

sent overseas to fight and kill people who have never done me any harm, by the way,

so I can't really see what the issue is with our ages. America thinks we're old enough

to bleed and old enough to butcher for them. The way I see it, if the state considers

itself qualified to decide for me who I am to risk my life and limb for, I'm old enough

to decide for myself. Comrade Pastras and I have simply decided to stay here in our

own land and fight against people who have done us wrong.”

“Yeah? What wrong did America ever do to you, boy?” jeered the nationally known anchorman of a network true crime show.

“Well, to begin with, America destroyed my family,” replied Cody calmly.

“America sent my father to prison for the so-called crime of defending himself against

an anthropoid who should not have been anywhere on this continent to begin with.

What kind of state unleashes hordes of wild animals on the nation, and then punishes

people for protecting themselves, or for so much as daring to say out loud that these

are wild animals and unfit for human society? America abducted my sister and sold

her into a form of slavery. I have no idea where she is today. America sold me to a

family of vicious Jewish perverts who made what was left of my childhood an endless

nightmare from which I could never awake until I finally struck back, and at long last

made one of those people pay for their vileness, as I will someday make all of them

pay. But I like to think that even had I not personally been victimized by America, I

would still have had the perception to understand its evil and the courage to

take up

arms against it. I hope so, anyway.”

“How many white kids your age feel the way you do about racial minorities, hating

people because of their religion or the color of their skin?” called out one of the liberal

female reporters.

“As usual, I notice that the issue of what these colored people do has disappeared

from the question,” noted Cody. “We don’t have a problem with the color of anyone’s

skin, we have a problem with their behavior. The first thing a white child notices on

the playground is that the worst bullies, the stupidest and dirtiest and meanest violent

kids are always black and brown. From middle school on, the drug dealers and

vandals and gang bangers are all black or Hispanic, and the bad white kids are mostly

stupid whiggers who are trying to act black because they see the niggers getting away

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with murder. White kids aren’t stupid, and they have eyes. They understand that they

are forbidden to speak out loud of what they see and of what they go through in the

educational system thanks to forced diversity, and they know perfectly well that the

bulk of what they're learning is crap. But I think you'll find that now the threat of

punishment has been removed, and they can hold up their heads and speak their

minds, your kids will tell you some things you don't want to hear. Leaving aside your

misuse of the term hate, we don't hate anyone, as you put it, because of who or what

they are. We hate them because of what they do."

"The great thing about these kids is that they're pretty typical Volunteers. We are a

very youthful movement," put in Barrow. "One of the major accomplishments of the

Northwest Imperative is that we have been able to motivate young white people, and

give them a sense of their racial identity and some personal goal in life besides racking

up the highest score on some computer game or seeing how drunk they can get. For

many years, the racial right in this country was nothing more than a bunch of sad old

men with big bellies who spent their time mailing each other news clippings

telling

one another how bad things were. For a long time the Northwest Migration consisted

of nothing other than the Old Man sending out e-mails ranting and raving into the

void of cyberspace.”

“Then what changed?” asked one of the reporters.

“I don’t know, exactly,” admitted Barrow honestly. “It’s something of a mystery. A

few years ago, somehow we all just got it, finally. All of a sudden, for some reason that

no one has ever been able to explain, one day white people decided to quit screwing

around. They started actually listening to what the Old Man was saying instead of just

reading his e-mails and deleting them along with the porno spams and Viagra ads.

Instead of just reading his little photocopied newsletters and then throwing them in

the wastebasket or putting them away to gather dust in a drawer for the next twenty

years, until the wife found them and threw them out, all of a sudden white males

actually began to act on what he was saying. Instead of sending him a ten-dollar tip

every now and then for being entertaining like he was some kind of court jester, all of

a sudden he had men coming forward offering him serious material support in

money, in plant, in land, and in logistics to capitalize and structure a bona fide

political and social movement. I've heard the Old Man was living in a homeless

shelter, but he still managed to keep a post office box open in Olympia, and one day

he opened an envelope and found his first five-figure contribution check. He was so

stunned that he fainted right in the post office. Above all, people started Coming

Home, migrating here to the Northwest, physically coming here from all over the

world. The old-timers tell me that through some incomprehensible mental and

spiritual process, suddenly white men got up one morning, went out to the garage and

started cleaning out the junk, packing the U-Hauls, and heading out on the interstate."

"It's called a miracle, General," asserted McCausland confidently. "At the very last

moment, God finally awoke His sleeping children and bade them to leave the

fleshpots of Egypt and Come Home to the Promised Land.”

“That may well be, Pastor,” conceded Barrow. “God, the gods, the Force, the Great

Pumpkin, some kind of cosmic alignment, some kind of historically inevitable mass

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time bomb going off in thousands of white minds—I don’t pretend to understand it.

But it happened. Suddenly we all just got it. The few people who had taken the gap

before and were already living here in the Northwest looked up, and they saw those

moving vans and those out-of-state license plates coming over the hill. The cavalry

had arrived. Almost too late, but they arrived. With the influx of new racial residents,

we were able to create the Party on a just barely adequate foundation of money and

manpower, and begin the process of converting native-born Northwesters like myself

to the cause of independence. It couldn’t have been done without those first incoming

white migrants. I think it’s fair to say that the bulk of the NVA were actually born here

in the Northwest, but on our own, without those racial settlers from the rest of the

country and the rest of the world, the whole thing would never have got off the

ground. I mean, who locally would have joined one middle-aged man sitting alone in

a boarding house with nothing but a computer? What the hell did he have to recruit

with? Was he supposed to stand on a street corner waving a sign all on his own, like

some fruitcake? But the influx of White racial migration gave the Old Man the

resources both human and material that he needed to bring the Party into existence,

and the rest is history, as they say.”

The high point came when James Keller, a senior editor for *Time* magazine finally

asked the question, “General Barrow, this may be a bit esoteric, but you have said that

you are a National Socialist, a Nazi. What, exactly, does that mean? I don’t mean

Hitler and the Third Reich and World War Two and all that. What I’m asking is, what

does it mean to be you? Do you understand what I’m asking?”

“I think so,” said Barrow with a nod. He took a deep breath. “A National Socialist

is someone who accepts the burden of history. Look, cutting through all the sound

and fury, I think everyone in this room knows that the Party's analysis of the present

world situation is accurate. The issue boils down to this: a hundred years from now,

are there going to be any more people on this continent who look like most of us do

here in this room? The question is brutal in its simplicity. The white man: yea or nay?

Will we as a race continue to exist? The Western world has reached a turning point, by

the steep stages of a crisis mounting for generations, a crisis brought on us through

our own weakness and cowardice and sloth. We as a people must acquire the will to

survive the crisis of civilization, where that will is elsewhere divided, wavering, or

absent. At issue is whether our sick and weakened society, which we call Western

civilization and which is the sole product of the Aryan race, can in its extremity still

call up men and women whose faith in it is so great that they will voluntarily abandon

those things which men hold good, including life, in order to defend it.

"A National Socialist accepts this challenge, this burden, this destiny. Above

all

things, National Socialism means duty. Duty to one's self, to be true to one's racial

destiny. In this soft and supine era, most White men run away from duty, will do

anything to avoid it, for it is difficult and demanding and interferes with their television. We are the ones who don't run away. We are the ones who take upon

ourselves the burden of deciding in what form human destiny will be shaped. To be a

National Socialist means taking on not only responsibility but moral authority, the

right to determine the fate of others, and that is a terrible duty to assume, one which

frightens and horrifies most modern men. To be a National Socialist entails the

courage to determine that this society is sick beyond saving, and that mercy itself

requires its swift extinction. To be a National Socialist requires cultivating the

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character, the intelligence and the moral strength to recognize the true issues at stake

for our race and our civilization in the face of overwhelming opposition.

There are

some things in life that just plain have to be done. You don't argue about them, you

don't debate over them, you don't try to justify them. You simply do them and you

don't talk about it afterwards. We are the men and women who do what has to be

done to secure the existence of our people and a future for white children. That is who

we are, and that is why we are here."

Barrow brought the conference to a close after about an hour. "I think you've got

enough to keep your talking heads babbling for quite a while," he told the

disappointed media sharks. He led the NVA delegation out, and on the elevator back

up to the second floor he turned to Stepanov. "Right, I'm calling Red as soon as I get

back upstairs. Bugged phones or not, we need to know as much as we can about this

Southwest Mexican independence thing. It's gone out over the air already, and the

whole country saw how it freaked out Stanhope and his droids, so we won't be letting

any big secrets out by letting the enemy know we're curious as to what's going on."

Back in the suite, he dialed an agreed-upon number that would re-route the call to

wherever Morehouse was, partially through an internet connection, which would

make it difficult if not impossible for the Feds monitoring cell site transmissions to

pinpoint the location of the recipient. He got Morehouse on the cell phone. “I’m

taking you up on your suggestion, Red,” he said. “I miss you so much, I just had to

hear your dulcet tones again right away. Did you see the press conference?”

“Yes, and the Council is asking me to convey my congratulations,” said Morehouse

“You all did very well.”

“Did you catch that business about negotiations with the FdLR that sent the Americans scurrying?”

“I did indeed. Looks like there’s other pots boiling on the American stove besides

us! I think we just found another key to this whole business. It’s not only Israel!” said

Morehouse.

“Okay, I don’t know anything at all about this. If the Mexicans are agitating for

their own piece of the American pie and getting close to getting it, I need as full a

briefing as you can give us,” said Barrow. “Bearing in mind the nature of these

phones, I’ll leave it up to your vast ingenuity how you get us the information.”

“Let me ask the birdies,” said Morehouse. “Anything else you can tell me about

what’s going on down there, again bearing in mind the phone problem?”

“Had a brief private meeting with Stanhope, which I mention on the phone

because it’s pretty much impossible to conceal anything that goes on in here,” Barrow

told him. “Nothing of note, at least I didn’t detect anything. I think he just wanted to

sound me out and see whether I’ve got horns and a tail. One thing, though. He seems

to have this luscious leggy intern of the Hebrew persuasion hanging all over him,

most likely doing the old Monica Lewinsky trick of an evening.”

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“Ah, yes, Hadassah. I’m not surprised. Well, it’s not as if Stanhope would ever be

on our side in any case, but maybe he’s more pragmatic than we think, and that would

worry them. I find it interesting that the Jews are sufficiently concerned about him to

make sure he has his kosher cuddle toy when he's tucked in at night. That also

indicates to me they're anticipating a long conference. Think you can rough it for a

couple of months?"

Barrow looked around him at the luxurious carpet, the purring air conditioner,

the deep plush chairs and sofa, and the basket of fresh fruit on the table. "We'll

manage," he said.

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X.

"Lady, read my lips. We do not give a damn if you or anyone else is offended by anything we say or do."

- John Corbett Morgan

After the raucous and rowdy press conference, the opening session of the negotiations the next day was almost anti-climactic. It more or less set the tone for the

coming weeks. Five days a week, the NVA delegation got their wakeup calls from the

desk at six in the morning, switched on the coffeemakers in the mini-bars for their

morning caffeine blast, showered and shaved and cleaned their rooms, made their

beds with fresh sheets provided by housekeeping, and put on their daily fresh dry-cleaned and pressed uniforms which had been delivered the night before and

scanned for bugs by Doctor Doom. They delivered their non-political personal trash

to the elevator on a housekeeping cart, which was collected by a UN peacekeeper in a

blue beret and taken away, no doubt to be pawed over by the FBI garbologists. Emily

told Cody she was going to put some empty condom wrappers in her trash, and she

was shushed and scolded by Captain Chenault, who told her not to fuck around in any

sense of the term. At seven thirty they all trooped down to the Sockeye Grill, which

was the restaurant Barrow and Jane Chenault had selected for their use, where a

generous buffet containing every breakfast food known to man was laid out for them.

When pressed, America could still put on the dog in the luxury and conspicuous

consumption departments, even if millions of poor and elderly people across the

country were sitting down to a breakfast of powdered egg substitute and cat

food.

The American staff, military, and any delegates who weren't having room service

delivered to their suites congregated in the Pump Room, gleaming with gold and

polished oak and red leather upholstery, for their own equally sumptuous breakfast

buffet. Reporters were staked out in the Cascade Lounge, where the buffet was

supplemented with a bar that was open twenty-four hours a day and led to episodes of

drunken brawling, sexual pawing and slurping in corners, stewed skinny-dipping in

the pools and fountains and the water trap on the golf course, vandalism and vomit

among the Fourth Estate. Bibulous antics among the media personnel gave the

peacekeepers and MPs their only real problems; they actually set aside one of the

offices on the ground floor as a drunk tank for reporters.

Each faction used separate stairs and elevators, and admission to the three

restaurants and to the hotel floors was only for those with the appropriate color-

coded ID cards: red, white and blue for American delegation, shocking pink for the

media, and blue, white, and green for the NVA. For some reason those blue, white and

green ID cards clipped to their uniform shirt pockets or worn on chains around the

Volunteers' necks seemed to irritate the American negotiators and the media more

than almost anything else, with their implied equality. There were constant needling

references to the green, white and blue IDs from both sources and in media

commentaries on the conference. The Swedish blue berets acted as escorts and traffic

cops to keep the reporters away and avoid any accidental clashes and possible

firefights in the lobby during transit. Everyone was nervous about the iron on the

Volunteers' hips. There were constant demands for the NVA delegates to be disarmed,

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and finally Barrow had to issue a direct order that any attempt to take away a

Volunteer's sidearm was to be regarded as an abrogation of the ceasefire and resisted

with deadly force.

Breakfast took about forty-five minutes, and then the NVA went back upstairs and

gathered in several team briefings to plan the day's activity. At ten o'clock sharp, the

NVA negotiating team for the day entered the hotel's main conference room,

briefcases and laptops in hand, from one entrance, and the Americans entered from

another. Prior to 10/22, before booming bombs and flying bullets had rendered the

climate in Washington state unfriendly for capitalism, the Lewis and Clark had made

a point of attracting major players in the corporate world for meetings, conventions,

and retreats. The conference room was large and comfortable, equipped with every

business and personal convenience including private rest rooms. These had been

made unisex, one assigned to the NVA and one to the United States, to prevent any

friction through casual contact in the can. Little flip-tags could be turned from the

inside to show whether or not each john was currently occupied by male or female

personnel of either faction.

Looming over the long mahogany table was a large satellite television screen for

video conferencing. On various occasions in the following weeks everyone from Red

Morehouse, to members of the Army Council disguised in balaclavas, to the Canadian

prime minister and the Secretary General of the U. N. dropped in to make a virtual

appearance.

There were also frequent observers in the sessions themselves from a wide variety

of international bodies and governments, including one session attended by Premier

Komarovsky while on a state visit to America. Komarovsky and his entourage came

and said little, pointedly avoiding the NVA delegation whom everyone knew that

Russia was secretly aiding, although they did manage to clean the hotel out of vodka.

Only two people were not present in the flesh or electronically. President Chelsea

Clinton's face and voice were never seen on the screen, and neither was the Old Man,

despite repeated demands by the NVA and despite the ease with which a satellite feed

could have been arranged from his prison cell in Florence. "They're holding him out

to us like some kind of grand prize, in exchange for concessions, and then at the last

minute they snatch him away," growled Barrow with a curse, on more than

one

occasion.

The negotiating sessions took place on weekdays from ten o'clock until one

o'clock, with a two hour lunch break which the team took back in the Sockeye Grill,

and then the meetings resumed again at three for two more hours until five o'clock.

After five everyone knocked off and went back up to their rooms to get stuck in on the

day's accumulation of paperwork, writing of position papers, studying subcommittee

minutes, writing press releases and sometimes doing media interviews, monitoring

the news, and endless discussion and analysis of the day's session. Supper was eaten

when and as people got hungry, either down in the Sockeye on an a la carte basis, or

else if there was a strategy session going hot and heavy, they ordered room service.

Barrow tentatively grew to trust the room service and kitchen staff as time went by,

and there was no sign of poison or drugs or excrement in the food.

"They're rooting for us in the kitchen," Lisa Napolitano reported. "Apparently the

Zoggies are real assholes, rude and complaining, always finding fault with

the food

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and the service, demanding specially cooked meals, so forth and so on. Plus they've

got a rabbi down there and a special chef doing kosher meals for Galinsky and

Weintraub and the Horowitzes, and the other observant Jews, and the rabbi has to

inspect and sign off on the whole kitchen every day to make sure it's pure and suitable

to cook for the Chosen Ones, so that really frosts everybody's cookies on top of

everything else."

"I always figured they'd take the kosher food racket too far," said McCausland

complacently.

"The media people are even worse, always drunk and feeling up the wait staff of

both sexes. We never complain and we compliment them on their food and their

service, plus that thousand a week in tips General Barrow has me slip the kitchen staff

and our generous tipping policy in the Sockeye has done wonders. If I were Senator

Galinsky or Mr. Weintraub, I'd be more worried about finding something unpleasant

in the food than I think we should be.”

Weekends were free, although that term was a misnomer, because every member

of the team was always busy working on something to do with the conference or with

presenting the Republic's position to the people of the world through media

manipulation. On their part, the American primaries generally left Longview on the

weekends and flew back to Washington D.C. or wherever the mood struck them.

On Sunday mornings would come the cable talk shows, where one or more of them

would appear cursing and reviling the NVA delegates for intransigence,

incompetence, ignorance and wicked racism in general. That meant that Sunday

afternoons were generally spent in retaliation by the NVA primaries, who did

interviews with the reporters who showed themselves the least hostile and whose

coverage most closely approached some kind of balance.

Oddly enough, the one among them who shone in this regard and who began to

generate a kind of fan club among the reporters and viewers was John Corbett

Morgan. When he wasn't threatening bodily violence in the conference room, Morgan

turned out to be a natural born media talent with a natural camera presence, a folksy

raconteur with a pithy turn of phrase and a sharp country comment on every

situation. An evil Jed Clampett, one of the talking heads called him. "Hell, who

knows?" chuckled Morgan. "I may go into politics once we get the Republic."

The Sunday afternoon media counterstrikes in turn generally led to chilly Monday

mornings which lapsed into recrimination and abuse over what had been said on

television by both sides the previous day. It became very hard to get anything done at

all on a Monday, since Mondays were all about the Sunday news shows. Finally, in

September Seamus O'Connell was able to persuade the American delegate to stay the

hell off the tube, and the NVA agreed to follow suit, which calmed things down a bit.

The five primary Northwest American Republic negotiators were accompanied

into the conference room by one aide each who sat behind their principal at small

desks, and took notes, monitored the news or did quick research on laptops as

needed, as well as running any errands outside the room that needed running.
In

theory, they were the only ones who were supposed to leave the room during
a formal

session, but at one point or another during the sessions virtually everyone
except

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Stanhope, Barrow, and Oliver Lodge blew up and stormed out, including the
moderator O'Connell, who once got so disgusted he cursed them all in Irish,
went into

the Cascade Lounge, demanded Guinness and Bushmills, and ended up
saying some

embarrassing things of his own to the comment-hungry media, to the effect
that it

would be to the ultimate benefit of humanity if the entire North American
continent

burned to the ground.

Cody sat behind General Barrow. Reverend McCausland was accompanied
by his

wife Mabel, a quiet and neat woman whom Cody hadn't even realized was
part of the

delegation until he'd seen her get onto the copter that morning at Chehalis
and later

seen her in the suite she shared with Barrow and her husband. She never said

anything except to whisper to her husband maybe once during each session.
The

other three NVA primaries had a different aide every day so that everyone in
the

delegation would get a chance to sit in on the sessions, so sometimes Cody
got to sit

next to Nightshade, and they passed notes like kids in school. On one
occasion

Howard Weintraub was ranting on about something and he saw one of their
notes

and demanded that O'Connell confiscate it and read it out loud. With a shrug,
Cody

passed the note down and O'Connell examined it and read it out to the
assembled

conference and into the minutes of the meeting. Emily had written Howie's
fly is open

and Cody had scrawled back, Dead birds don't fall out of the nest.

The Americans were accompanied by their own aides, usually a military
officer for

Brubaker, for Galinsky a goat-faced woman with a moustache described as
her

"domestic partner," and several secretaries and suits took turns backing
Lodge and

Weintraub. Susan Horowitz, as Leah now called herself, always sat behind
Secretary

of State Stanhope with a yellow legal pad on her knee, expensively dressed to

the

nines and looking like she'd just come from the hairdresser, calm and cool and

efficient and a little amused, taking the occasional note and showing a lot of leg. She

and Cody ignored one another. All of the NVA delegates were in uniform except for

the McCauslands. Mabel McCausland was invariably dressed neat as a pin as if for

church; Major McCausland again chose to wear a rumpled suit and carried no

briefcase, just his Bible under his arm. "I have to admit, sir, the sight of that Bible

freaks them out," admitted Gair. "I think they're scared you'll start preaching."

"If they only knew, they'd be scared he'd start singing," replied Mabel

McCausland. It seemed to Cody that was the longest sentence he'd ever heard her

utter.

On weekdays the sessions would almost always begin with some complaint or

other by the Americans about the behavior of the NVA and/or NDF during the

previous twenty-four hours, involving alleged ceasefire violations, unkind remarks by

NVA people around the Homeland, acts of violence against non-whites,

loyalists,

race-mixers, and homosexuals, and the Party's habit of creeping annexation of real

estate. On morning of August the second, as they sat down across from one another

for the first time, Barrow was surprised to hear Weintraub open with a formal protest

over the fact that the fledgeling Northwest Broadcasting Authority's television station

in Centralia was running old episodes of Amos and Andy from the 1950s which they'd

found somewhere.

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"That's the uppermost thing on your minds as we begin an historic event like this?" Barrow asked in amazement. "You're upset about our telling nigger jokes?"

"All right, that's another thing we need to get clear," snapped Jeanette Galinsky.

"There are to be no racial slurs used in this room. You're not in some redneck honky-

tonk in Alabama! During these meetings you people are to conduct yourselves in a

courteous and civilized manner!"

“Yes, Mommy Dearest,” said Robert Gair contritely, and from then on Senator

Galinsky had her official nickname.

“You mean ah cain’t call you a plug-ugly kike bitch?” asked John Morgan innocently.

“Who the hell do you think you are, talking to me like that, you goniff! You shlumpf!” screamed the Galinsky woman. “I am a United States Senator!”

“John, I take Mommy Dearest’s point,” said Barrow. “No racial slurs. Plug ugly

bitch is quite sufficient. And don’t shlumpf, sit up straight!” Things deteriorated from

that point, and it took O’Connell an hour to get things back on track.

That first day, and almost every day thereafter, the sessions periodically

degenerated into carping sessions over the NVA’s use of so-called ethnic and racial

slurs, which Barrow insisted on as a point of principle. At a news conference he said,

“For years now white men and some women as well have been fired from their jobs,

have had their children taken away and their families destroyed, have gone to prison and been tortured and murdered simply for telling a racial or ethnic joke, or

for displaying a Confederate flag or a Tricolor bumper sticker on their car,” he

explained to the media in an impromptu session outside the conference room on one

occasion. “ZOG has always sought to control white people’s thoughts in Orwellian

fashion, by punishing the speaking aloud of certain words and ideas. The purpose of

hate speech laws is to make white people so afraid that they might accidentally utter

forbidden racial speech, that they censor themselves in their own minds from so

much as thinking forbidden racial thoughts. No more! From now on we call a spade a

spade, literally. In the novel 1984, Winston Smith wrote in his journal that freedom

means the right to say out loud that two plus two equals four. As odd as it may sound,

a large part of what we have been fighting for over the past five years has been for the

right to say nigger.”

“But that word is offensive to African-Americans!” wailed a woman reporter in

stunned disbelief.

“Screw African-Americans,” said Barrow succinctly, causing gasps of horror at his

blasphemy.

“Lady, read my lips,” spoke up Morgan, who was standing beside Barrow on this

occasion. “We do not give a damn if you or anyone else is offended by anything we say

or do. I want to say nigger, I’m damned well gone say nigger! As long as I am carrying

this iron on my hip and I am willing and able to use it to defend myself and my right

to think and to speak as I choose against those who would deprive me of that right,

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I’m gone say nigger all I want!” Agitated media reporters that night recounted

disturbing reports from all over North America of white people breaking out in

spontaneous cheers breaking out in bars and other places where these words were

broadcast on television.

The tone of the main meetings ranged from the icily correct to practically barroom

brawl. O’Connell attended the sessions as nominal chair, and made valiant but usually

ineffective attempts to control and direct them, and stifle the more dangerous shouting matches before guns were drawn. These usually took place between

John

Corbett Morgan and Howard Weintraub, each whom clearly wanted the other dead,

but sometimes between Morgan and Brubaker, McCausland and Weintraub over

Biblical subjects, Gair and Brubaker, and once Stepanov and Weintraub both blew up

and cursed and railed at one another in Russian. Jeanette Galinsky had for some

reason developed an almost frantic aversion to Jane Chenault, who did the daily

media briefings for the NVA delegation, and went out of her way to call her the shiksa

and “Blondie.” The rest of the delegation retaliated by making sure the media got hold

of “Mommy Dearest,” to her fury. Galinsky and Barrow had a couple of extremely cold

and nasty exchanges, but the Senator seemed completely terrified of Morgan, and of

Andrei Stepanov as well, which was odd because Stepanov was generally the most

Continental and courtly courteous of the NVA team. “Genetic memory of Cossacks,”

said Stepanov with a shrug.

Whenever Emily Pastras was present in the conference room, Cody kept catching

Susan Horowitz giving her a calculating once-over, and that bothered him. He

mentioned this and Nightshade told him “Yeah, I picked up on it. She takes this

running joke about us being a hot item seriously. She’s going to try something, and

when she does I’ll cut her.”

“Well, I don’t know why she...” fumbled Cody.

“I can guess,” said Emily, looking at him. “Forget about it. Now’s not the time and

place.” Cody agreed and changed the subject.

One major thing that was accomplished during the first week was the creation of

the subcommittees, the important ones being the territorial and border committee

and the prisoner release committee. Cody wasn’t on either one, but Jane Chenault

was on prisoners with a special brief to get as many Canadians sprung as she could,

and Barrow himself headed the boundary committee on the Northwest side, so Cody

got to sit in on that one, which was actually much more productive and civil than the

main conference since the American delegates were Stanhope and Lodge, both of who

were firm and slippery negotiators but who at least didn't rant and rave, and who took

the matter seriously.

To Barrow's relief and astonishment, it was Stanhope who said, "Let's start from

the premise that we're not going to worry about the outcome of the substantive

negotiations or what form of autonomy might apply in the parts of the United States

we'll be discussing. Let's quantify rather than argue about how many terrorists can

dance on the head of a pine in Spokane and how many in Redding, California. I think

it's obvious, General Barrow, that you will want as much land as possible, while we

wish to concede as little as possible. That being taken as a given, let's see what we can

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come up with as if we're performing some academic exercise in demographic economy or political science."

"I'm amazed at how easy the border subcommittee is going," Barrow reported to

one of the delegation's internal briefings, shaking his head in wonder. "I can't

understand it. I thought that this would be the main show itself, that they'd be argue

and reject and quibble until the cows come home, that every square foot of land would

be like pulling teeth. But they didn't bat an eye about the three basic states, they

graciously accepted our concession of Alaska and threw us Wyoming as a consolation

prize!"

"You ever been to Wyoming, sir?" asked Gair.

"Now we're bobbing and weaving over how much of Montana and northern

California we get," said Barrow, shaking his head. "I think Jeff Anderson is right. This

has to be some kind of gull! They have to have something up their sleeve."

"Any progress at all on freeing any of Canada, sir?" asked Jane Chenault.

Barrow sighed. "Jane, I'm more sorry than I can say, but no. They won't even

discuss it. They say they haven't got the authority to negotiate away someone else's

country, and I have to admit, they have a point. The Canadian government just

refused yet again, point blank, to send even so much as an observer here, much less a

plenipotentiary. Looks like that one glimpse of the Prime Minister on the big screen

telling us to piss off is about all we're going to get. Comrade, the best I can tell you is

that our neighbor to the north goes on this new country's permanent to-do list and

someday Canada will be free as well as us. But it doesn't look like it's going to happen

here."

Cody Brock was assigned to the standards subcommittee, which consisted of himself, Olaf Olafsson and Lisa Napolitano, and some American bureaucrats whose

main object seemed to be that the Northwest Republic didn't go onto the metric

system. "That's actually more important than it sounds," explained Red Morehouse to

Cody in a phone briefing. "It's an economic issue. Who will the Republic be importing

most of its technical and mechanical goods from, the United States or Europe?"

"Well, hopefully, we'll be manufacturing them, not importing them," replied Cody.

"I agree, but let's not mention that to the Americans, shall we?"

"What should we push for, sir?" asked Cody. "As much as you can tell me on these

phones?"

"We're going to be getting a lot of new arrivals from Europe, fleeing their

own

unrestricted Third World immigration,” said Morehouse. “We already are, in fact,

mostly young men who want to fight. The NDF has two fledgeling German divisions

now and one British, including a corps each of ANZACs and South Africans, and the

French-speaking Charlemagne Division is on the drawing board. My inclination is

hold out for as much metric as you can get, but let them talk you back to miles instead

of kilometers and Fahrenheit instead of Celsius, which is a better temperature scale

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anyway. This is so they can show some gain to match against our holding out on the

substantive issues. It’s a sideshow. But I think it’s a damned good sign that they even

want a standards agreement. It shows they’re serious and they’re envisioning trade

and economic relations with a new nation.”

In between the arguments, Barrow and Stanhope and occasionally Barrow and

Oliver Lodge actually managed to conduct a passably civil dialog on

substantive

issues, but not one very long on progress. Morehouse had been correct in his assessment of Oliver Lodge. When the man of big business did speak he did so

quietly, briefly, and to the point, and all the others shut up and deferred to him.

“They’re stalling for time,” Barrow told Morehouse in a phone conversation made

through a scrambling attachment Doc Doom had cooked up, which they hoped

worked. “That’s the only way I can figure it. But why? Time is on our side. Every day

the NDF assumes command in more and more of the Pacific Northwest and the

Homeland becomes more and more of a reality on the ground. What the hell are they

playing at? Why don’t they wind it up, one way or the other?”

“Could it be you’re reading too much into them?” asked Morehouse. “Could it be

that the United States really honestly does not have a plan for a situation like this?

I’ve always believed that we always overestimated ZOG’s competency. Frank, these

people have always thought maybe ten minutes ahead, on a good day. Their entire

style of government has been crisis management, staggering from crisis to crisis.

Maybe they've finally reached a crisis that they just plain don't know how to handle,

and they're just keeping the balls in the air waiting for the flying saucers to come

down out of the sky and land on the White House lawn."

What the sessions boiled down to was the Americans trying to browbeat, seduce,

or bullshit the NVA into making concessions on just about every front having to do

with the substance of political and economic independence, and Barrow shooting

them down every time and countering with demands for more prisoner release.

Completely off his own bat, and drawing on his best legalese from his police and

house-buying days, the night before coming down to Longview Barrow had drawn up

a simple six-point document, which he had cleared with Morehouse beforehand:

Agreement for Disengagement, Mutual Recognition, and

Non-Belligerence Between the United States of America and the

Northwest American Republic

1. The following plenipotentiary treaty between the United States of America

and the

Northwest American Republic shall be legally binding on both participatory governments, from the date of signature by the delegations assembled at Longview,

Washington, and unless and until full ratification by the participatory governments is

specifically denied or rejected, shall have the force of international law.

2. The United States of America shall recognize the Northwest American Republic as

a fully independent and sovereign nation, to be reserved specifically for the

habitation, protection and interest of the non-Jewish, Caucasian peoples of the world,

of the race historically known as Aryan or Indo-European, and shall respect the

territorial integrity and sovereignty thereof.

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3. The United States of America shall withdraw all military, paramilitary, law enforcement, administrative and governmental forces from the territory of the

Northwest American Republic, within fourteen (14) days of the signing of this

instrument, said territory to be determined by the duly assigned subcommittee of the

conference now convened at Longview, Washington.

4. The signatory parties shall agree that no indemnification or compensation for loss

and damages sustained by any and all persons or institutions during the hostilities

leading to the independence of the Northwest American Republic shall be demanded,

paid, or discussed save by a joint commission of the two participatory governments to

be convened at a later date mutually agreed upon.

5. The participatory parties agree within one (1) year of the signing of this instrument

to establish a Border Commission to determine the final and recognized boundaries

and frontiers of the Northwest American Republic.

6. The respective military and paramilitary forces of the two participatory

governments shall maintain a complete ceasefire during the withdrawal phase of this

agreement, and shall refrain from any and all acts of hostility towards one another

during the period preceding ratification thereof.

At the bottom of this document were signature blocks for the five NVA primary

negotiators and the five primary American negotiators.

Barrow had Emily print this document out in two copies on nice heavy, creamy

parchment and encased in a couple of document holders, one copy for them and one

for the Americans, and all of the NVA negotiators signed both copies of the impromptu treaty and had the hotel's notary affix her seal to each signature. Then

Barrow periodically shoved the papers under the Americans' noses and demanded

they sign, to which they reacted like vampires confronted with a crucifix.

A major problem was none of the NVA people being able to set foot outside the

South Wing without getting mobbed by reporters wanting comments on everything,

inside information on what was going on in the conference meetings, and in-depth

interviews of the "Portrait of a Hater" kind. The stress and the cabin fever started to

grow almost immediately. Barrow told his people, "Look, comrades, we're shut in

together and as comfortable as these surroundings are, we're going to start getting on

one another's nerves. Be aware of it, be aware of what's causing it, learn not to sweat

the little stuff, and let's make an agreement not to start snapping and crabbing at one

another. This is a great adventure and something you're going to tell your grand-

children about. Make a decision that you're going to enjoy it!"

In August, when the weather was still warm, the hotel agreed to work out a schedule with the peacekeepers between the two sides governing the use of the

facilities such as the golf course, the tennis courts, the fitness room and sauna, and

the outdoor and indoor swimming pools, but the media proved impossible to restrain

or interdict, stalking the NVA delegates with telephoto lenses and trying to phone

them and sneak into the rooms. On several occasions reporters were nearly shot by

Volunteers on guard duty on their floor, and on one occasion Doctor Doom, of all

people, lost his temper with one blowsy news-hen and jabbed her with a homemade

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electric cattle prod of his own design he had taken to carrying. One supermarket

tabloid paid a paparazzi photographer \$100,000 for a surreptitious picture of Jane

Chenault in a swimsuit by the supposedly closed outdoor pool, which the

photographer had admittedly taken at some risk to life and limb. “That’s twice my

Domestic Terrorist bounty, eh!” she protested indignantly, waving the offending

newspaper in a team meeting.

“Uh, it gets worse, Jane,” said Barrow sympathetically. “According to a talk I had

with Red this morning, a national so-called sophisticated men’s magazine is offering

\$250,000 for pictures of you or Lisa or Emily in the nude.”

“Yeeeeewww!” said Cody, staring at Nightshade in disgust and receiving a one-

finger salute in return.

“Not me?” asked Mabel McCausland. “I don’t know whether to be pleased or insulted.”

“My understanding is that the offer applies as well Ms. Horowitz and some of the

American secretaries, and the female hotel staff. They want to do a spread called

Ladies of Longview.”

“For \$250,000 Leah will strip off in a heartbeat,” said Cody sourly.

Corby Morgan was scowling in rage. “Frank, you sure it wouldn’t be a good idea to

just say to hell with all this, and go back to blowing these bastards’ brains

out?”

“I think this may go beyond ordinary tabloid sleaze,” Barrow told them. “It may be

some kind of government plot to cause us embarrassment, throw us off, make us lose

our cool. I think a lot of you gals, and I am going to be very, very angry indeed if any of

you are humiliated in such a manner. John C., I think we can find some way to make it

clear to those reptiles that these particular ladies of Longview have a lot of friends on

the outside, and if anything of the kind happens the parties responsible aren’t going to

be around long enough to spend that two hundred and fifty Gs.”

“I’m on it,” said Morgan.

“Do you think they’d go so far as to bug our bathrooms and showers, sir?” asked

Jane Chenault wearily.

“Stanhope and Lodge assure me privately that the bathrooms aren’t bugged or

monitored, that their people do have that much decency,” replied Barrow. “Do they? I

don’t know. We’ve been fighting these people for five years, they are capable of

murder and torture in every form, and I have never noted any particular signs

of any

decency at all. I don't think they'd stick at watching us on the crapper. But to be frank,

other than trust in Doctor Doom's electronic wizardry, there's just not too much we

can do about it."

Whether Nightshade was present or not in the sessions, if Cody had his laptop,

which he usually did, they spent a lot of time instant messaging one another. The

Federals never objected to this practice, so the two of them assumed that the IMs

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were bugged and made it a point to include various scatological and libelous

comments about the enemy negotiators. Cody and Nightshade were actually well

known around the hotel, because to their chagrin, the media picked up on the two of

them almost immediately. It seemed that FBI intelligence had finally caught up with

them, put two and two together regarding Emily's alleged kidnapping on Capitol Hill

in June, updated their files, and passed the information on to their tame journalists. A

week after the conference began Cody and Emily came into the morning briefing and

found everyone poring over copies of the latest Newsweek magazine. “Hey, Em,

you’re a cover girl now!” a grinning Doc Doom told her. There was with a blowup

photo of the two of them in uniform on the cover of the magazine, taken with a

telephoto lens as they debarked down the helicopter ramp on the first day, with the

headline “THE NVA’S KILLER KIDZ.” Inside, the cover story was headed “NATURAL

BORN KILLERS” with more photos of them from the press conference, labeled

Deadly Nightshade and Wild Bill.

“Wild Bill?” asked Lieutenant Waters.

“It’s better than Raging Psychopath from the Hills,” said Morgan sulkily, looking

at his own photo in the same issue.

“That’s actually my name,” said Cody. “William Cody Brock. My Dad liked cowboys. Wait until they pick up on Doctor Doom.”

“I’d rather they didn’t,” said Barrow in some irritation. “Doc needs to stay beneath

the radar.”

The main story in Newsweek featured a not wholly inaccurate account of the Country Joe Krajewski hit, a somewhat less accurate retelling of the events in Eastgate mall, and an almost totally fabricated account of Cody's stabbing of Larry

Sapirstein. It also mentioned that Emily Pastras's grandmother had been euthanized

under the Senior Citizens' Quality of Life Act. "This is like Mark Twain said. I could go

over this story with a divining rod and never find myself. No doubt I have Leah-Susan

to thank for this," sighed Cody. He turned to Nightshade. "I'm sorry, comrade. Looks

like you got caught in a shit storm aimed at me."

"Well, Mom had to find out sometime," said Emily with a shrug. "I suppose I'd

better call her."

"Uh, yeah, I think so," agreed Cody. When Emily went out of the room to use the

phone in the hall, he followed her. "Em, I didn't know about your grandmother. I'm

sorry."

"Hey, I told you once, I have a story like everyone else," she said with a shrug.

"Look, I don't want to pry and it's none of my business, but how did that happen?"

asked Cody. “You guys were rich, right?”

“After my father died, I had a stepfather too, for about a year,” said Emily in a

dead voice.

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“Jew?”

“No. Just a sorry white bastard, and no he didn’t do to me what I think those Jew

girls did to you. He wasn’t into nookie, he was into money. Grandma got a big chunk

of my father’s estate and step-daddy wanted to speed up the process of my mother

inheriting it. We could never prove anything, but Grandma went into the hospital for

hip surgery and forty-eight hours later a certain Doctor Singh gives her the hot shot.

They said it was a mistake in the paperwork, the silly doc was new in the country and

had trouble with his English, so he mistook her for some old woman who was a

charity patient on the next ward, the one he was supposed to kill. An error I presume

he rectified. We got a really nice letter of apology from the hospital. My Mom found

some funny calls on step-daddy's cell phone bill to Singh's private number on the two

days in question. She's not a total idiot. She threw the son of a bitch out and told him

if he kicked up a fuss she'd call the cops and the news media. Exit step-daddy."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she said, looking at him. "When I knew Grandma was gone, that this

horrible unfeeling monster had simply ground up her bones like she was so much

garbage, that was when I knew the world had to change. I did an archive search on the

internet until I found a seven year-old Party e-mail address in an old chat room that

by accident more than anything else was still valid. By the grace of God I was able to

hook up with the NVA, Deadly Nightshade was born, and the rest, as they say, is

history."

The NVA delegation weren't imprisoned. There was in fact a trickle of travel back

and forth between the Volunteers in the hotel and the outside world, via special

helicopter runs under the aegis of the UN peacekeepers. Barrow was allowed to send

messengers out, and also to receive couriers from the Army Council. About two weeks

after the press conference wherein the Los Angeles Times reporter had let the Aztlán

cat out of the bag, they received a visit from now Captain Nigel Moore of SS military

intelligence. The NVA delegates had taken to holding conferences in the capacious

bathrooms of the suites, trusting at least to a limited degree in the Secretary of State's

promise that they were not electronically monitored, since they didn't really have any

other choice. After Moore's arrival the primaries assembled for one of these special

hot tub sessions, and Cody was allowed to squeeze in. Captain Moore gave his

presentation standing in the shower, to a packed john.

"Right," said Moore, "Here's what we've been able to piece together. As most of

you are probably aware, the Mexicans have been trying to get the American

Southwest back ever since the end of the Mexican-American war of the 1840s. For

almost a century it never went anywhere, despite a few incidents such as Pancho Villa

raiding into Texas and New Mexico, so forth and so on. But then in the 1950s,

American agriculture began to be transformed, from white-owned family farms and

ranches into what is now known as agribusiness, and that created a huge demand for

cheap labor at the very moment when the American economy was improving and the

availability of the old-style poor white Okies who used to pick all the fruit and the

lettuce and whatnot dried up. Understandable, I suppose. No one wants their kids to

be doing stoop labor in the fields when they could be going to college on the GI bill

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and working in an air-conditioned office, but since somebody has to do the stooping,

it created the beginning of the immigration crisis.

“You all know what happened over the next seventy years, as the United States

ceased to enforce its immigration laws and large parts of the North American continent became part of the Third World due to massive and unchecked

immigration. The bulk of that immigration was Hispanic and mestizo, the Feds

stopped even trying to send them back, the cities became huge barrios, and by

modern times huge sections of the Southwest had become de facto part of Mexico,

with the added advantage of American welfare benefits. The political move for a

separate Hispanic nation in the Southwest was an entirely logical outgrowth of this

capitalist policy, and it actually pre-dates our own independence movement here in

the Northwest. The Mexicans call the territory that they claim Aztlan, since according

to their legends the Aztecs were originally a nomadic people who came from that part

of North America. The Aztlan movement has been increasing in strength and

influence for many years, especially since Hispanic politicians began to get elected

and essentially take over first local and then state-level governments and the judiciary

in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and especially California, as well as the southern half

of Florida. Spanish has replaced English as the primary language in most of those

areas now, the language of the courts and legal documents, the street signs, so forth

and so on. The *Frente de La Raza* eventually became an umbrella group for all the

various disparate elements that wanted independence from the United States

under

some kind of condominium arrangement which would still give them access to the

American welfare and medical systems.”

“They want to have their cake and eat it too,” said Barrow.

“Precisely,” agreed Jack Flash. “And they may well get it. Actually, a system of the

sort has long since been put in place since Bush the First, under the guise of NAFTA.

Mexicans have been for all practical purposes a kind of honorary American since the

1980s. But in the past five years, with white men actually fighting for a nation of their

own in the Northwest, the demand for a Hispanic nation in the Southwest has reached a point where ZOG simply can’t ignore it any more. From what we can gather,

their own demographics and economics people told the Federal government a long

time ago that the Hispanification of the Southwest had progressed beyond the point

where it could be reversed, and that some kind of formalization of the Hispanic

character of at least five states was inevitable.

“The Federal government reacted in the same way they always react to bad news.

At first they classified all the reports top secret and hid them away. Then when the

evidence of the Southwest's changing demographics became too public to ignore and

they could no longer bury the issue, they tried to spin it and co-opt the Mexicans into

the system by giving them an increasingly large slice of the American pie, which

worked for a time. Then we came along, and at some point it became obvious that the

Northwest insurrection could not be suppressed either, and that one way or the other,

the hated gringos were going to get a slice of America back. Needless to say, the spics

have now ratcheted up their own demands for independence from Washington, D.C.

although not from the Federal gravy train, using the FdLR as the political vehicle.

Apparently the rumors of this coming conference here at Longview were afloat some

months around the water coolers in D.C. before we ever knew of it. Several months

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ago, a coalition of Hispanic politicians more or less forced their way into the

appropriate offices and told the Federals flat out that if the evil gringos of the Northwest got a country of their own in North America, then they were damned well

getting a country of their own. Now, bear in mind that we've been forced to patch all

this out with a great deal of speculation, once we were tipped off by that odd question

from Ramirez."

"You know, I think that may be one of the reasons why we're getting this odd deer

in the headlights reaction from the Americans," said Barrow. "Crunch time has finally

come, and the United States is getting hit from all sides. I honestly don't think they

can wrap their minds around human beings who are motivated by anything other

than their own self-interest. It's like we really don't speak the same language."

"So all of this affects us how?" prompted McCausland.

"The corporate faction within the American power structure has apparently decided that it is time to cut their losses and come to some sort of economic and

business arrangement with both white and Hispanic separatism, so long as the multinationals continue to exercise looting rights over both the Southwest and

Northwest. Their dedication to the old manifest destiny idea as to how the North

American continent absolutely must be united under one empire has been replaced by

economic multi-nationalism. Hillary Clinton wants one more stint in the White

House, and she has negotiated a deal with them. She will instruct her daughter to sign

off on whatever treaty comes out of this conference, and go along with the creation of

some kind of Hispanic NAFTA-land or whatever in the Southwest as well, in exchange

for a Supreme Court decision declaring the Twenty-Fourth Amendment to the

Constitution invalid.

“She already has a Congressional resolution to that effect, but since she doesn’t

want to go through the Constitutionally mandated process of approval by the states,

so she wants a Supreme Court declaration as well as an additional fig-leaf when she

goes for a third term. This decision will be rendered on a test case she has had one of

her flunkies file in New York state, and which is now working its way through the

judicial system. That will allow her to run again, and with conservative white

votes

and conservative Hispanic votes as well eliminated, she's pretty much certain to win.

In essence, the red-stater corpos have agreed to cut their own electoral base out from

under them in order to save money, and Hillary is on board as well because she would

rather preside over a rump segment of the U.S.A. one more time than finally admit

the Baby Boomers' time has passed. Which is one of the more peculiar episodes I've

come across in a lifetime of studying political science, but it seems to me that

everyone in power has pretty much decided that the old ways are obsolete and it's

time to flush them anyway. However, for obvious reasons, this deal is a bit too cynical

for public consumption and she doesn't want it coming out, hence their consternation

when that Spanish reporter asked the question in the press conference."

"So, you're telling us that both factions have come here to Longview with the full

intention of actually letting us go?" asked Barrow incredulously.

"Oh, it's much more complex than that," said Moore. "For one thing, the Zionist

faction of the American power structure is fighting the breakup of the

continent tooth

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and nail, as witness Mr. Weintraub's unilateral attempt to create Biblical death

squads as a counterrevolutionary force against us. For another thing, even the corpos

and Hillary have no intention at all of letting us go in the economic sense. They fully

intend to hang onto our Northwest timber, our minerals and ore deposits, what coal

and petroleum we have, our cattle and wheat and protein crops, our commercial

fishing, our rivers with their hydroelectric potential, our manufacturing and

industry, our deep water ports and our water resources that they want to transfer to

the parched Southwest that the Mexicans have ruined. Alaska has oil, and there's no

way in hell we're getting that. But it never rains, but it pours. In addition to all of the

problems involved in the breaking up of the continental empire, they face cataclysm

overseas."

"Israel is about to go down," said Barrow.

“Israel is about to go down,” agreed Moore. “There’s no doubt. The Arab armies

are massing once again. This time they’re trained and battle-hardened by three

generations of war, they’re armed with everything up to and including nuclear

weapons, there are millions of them, and this time the rest of the world has decided at

long last to stand aside and let nature take its course regarding the great Zionist

experiment. The only hope for Israel’s survival is a full court press American military

intervention, with American ground troops taking on the entire Muslim world and

maybe in the end the Russians and Chinese as well. The Protestant evangelicals may

yet get their Armageddon, only it won’t make Jesus come back, no disrespect, Major

McCausland. Depending on how deeply America gets involved, it will only unleash

hell on earth. We need to get out of it.”

“No offense taken, Captain” said McCausland. “Christian Identity has always taken the view that the Armageddon referred to in the Bible was symbolic for the

destruction of the Adamic race, the white peoples of the earth, by the forces of Satan,

the Jews.”

“Red state or blue state, the Zionists have an iron grip on both. The great Middle

Eastern oil empire begun under Bush Two has turned out to be a disaster, economic

and social and military, and the Jews are using every trick in their playbook to hang

onto their effective control of America’s Israel First foreign policy. Controlling

interests in major corporations, interlocking directorates on every board, control of

the media, control of Congress, infiltration of the intelligence agencies and every level

of government, control of the money supply through the Federal Reserve, Late Great

Planet Earthery among the peasantry’s evangelical sects, and in some cases good old-

fashioned sexual entrapment of key American influentials through a regiment of

Monica Lewinskys and Susan Horowitzes. Plus naked violence of the kind Mr.

Regenthal and his little chapel were planning. The Jews are frantic, and I imagine

men like Oliver Lodge and Walter Stanhope are pulling their hair out in private. They

are watching the whole world they have grown up in and served all their lives

fall

apart before their very eyes.”

“So, Captain, if I understand what you’re saying here...?” said Barrow slowly.

“I am saying, General, that the United States of America is reeling, on the ropes,

on the verge of collapse,” said Moore with a grin. “This is their last attempt to salvage

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something out of a situation that has been rendered completely untenable. Oh, I’m

sure they still have some nasty tricks up their sleeves, but anything they threaten is

just bluff. You comrades can get our Republic, if you will simply stay strong, keep

your eye on the prize, and continue saying no until they hear it and accept it.”

Moore had to go back to Olympia that night, but before he left he had a quick

supper in the Sockeye Grill with Cody and Nightshade and brought them up to date

on their old company. He also told them “I’m happy to be able to report that Kelly

Shipman and her family appear to have decided to remain in the Republic.”
Cody

picked up on the fact that this meant Moore had seen Kelly recently, but he didn't

pursue the matter.

August became September. While the Song of the Jabberwock went on and on in

the corridors of the Lewis and Clark Hotel, outside the conference in the real world,

the Party and the newly christened Northwest Defense Force were quickly and

efficiently assembling the form and apparatus of the coming state. Barrow and

Morehouse estimated that at any given moment during the War of Independence,

there had been possibly two thousand Volunteers on active service throughout the

Homeland and elsewhere, with maybe twice as many supporting personnel, active

sympathizers, and assets. This force of around six thousand irregulars had effectively

tied down and baffled over a million Federal troops, Marines, FBI, FATPOs,

Homeland Security operatives, Secret Service, National Guard, state police and

Highway Patrol, local police, prison guards, bureaucrats and administrators, and

forced the government that employed them to the conference table. In the purely

military sense, the accomplishment of the NVA was stunning and impressive.

Within the first month of open recruiting for the Northwest Defense Force, there

were fifty thousand men and women under arms in the fledgeling Republic's forces.

Barracks, training depots, and fortified positions were springing up all over the

Northwest, often side by side and riding herd on the Federals in their own

installations, including a ring of rebel positions in the streets, buildings, and

woodlands around Fort Lewis. By the end of September there were a hundred

thousand NDF troops and a newly born navy and air force. The navy consisted of

yachts and fishing vessels and tugboats hastily armed and transformed into gunboats

and torpedo boats, with homemade weaponry almost as dangerous to the sailors as

their opponents. The air force was a motley of chopped aircraft ranging from captured

American helicopter gunships, to jet airliners converted into bombers, to small

private planes with machine guns rigged to fire through their propellers like World

War One biplanes. There was also one B-52 which was seized by a team of SS

commandos, plus a squadron of microlights attached to infantry units and

used for

close-in reconnaissance. Given the chance to do so with the full social approval which

his twentieth century-bred psyche craved above all else, the white man was once

again responding to the ancient call to arms. The pioneers had done their job.

Civil administration was appearing in most of the small towns and counties

outside the six or seven main metropolitan areas still held by the Americans. Local

police in hundreds and then thousands were changing sides and putting on the khaki

uniform of the new Northwest Civil Guard, a nationwide paramilitary police force

designated to handle routine law enforcement, crime detection, and community

protection duties. Many of the men who a month before had been on the opposite side

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and potential targets for NVA bombs and bullets were now taking the oath of loyalty

to the Republic and going back on their old beats. Tricolor flags now flew over police

stations, fire stations, city halls, post offices, and government offices. Black-robed

Federal and state judges, the few who were left, were fleeing from the Pacific Northwest like rats leaving a sinking ship, and they were being replaced on their

benches by locally elected members of the community who sat on the bench dressed

like everyone else and who knew little of law but much of justice. In some cases these

new judges had nothing in front of them but the Bible and/or a copy of the old United

States Constitution and the Bill of Rights, Founding Fathers' version, yet they managed just fine and to the satisfaction of the communities they served.

Courthouses were cleaned out, and massive bonfires of old tax records, civil lawsuits, and criminal cases involving the oppression of the weak by the strong went

up in smoke and flame to the starry Northwest sky. Lawyers were being hunted down

and killed like plague rats. Prisons were broken open, including the hellhole at Walla

Walla. Cody was notified that his father had been freed, but reluctantly decided that

he did not want to call him or conduct a conversation with him on a telephone circuit

that was certainly tapped by the Federals. "That's my private business," he told

Barrow when the latter offered to arrange a phone conference. "ZOG had

already had

entirely too much to do with my family and I'm not letting them have anything more

to do with me and mine. We've waited for ten years and we can wait a bit longer, so I

can meet my dad when we are both free men."

Land was being re-distributed out of the hands of the multi-national corporations

and developers and being returned to farmers, foreclosed homes returned to their

owners, and confiscated wealth in every form returned to the people who had created

it. Nursing homes full of sick and elderly white people were opened, and their tormented residents heaped up with blankets, medicine, clothing, decent mattresses

and mountains of delicious real food instead of the slop they had been fed by America,

as local residents formed volunteer duty rosters to care for them while the Nigerian

and Filipino orderlies who had tortured and abused their elderly white patients

were chased down the street and lynched, or else taken for rides out into the woods

from which they never returned.

The ceasefire was a joke. Every day there were shooting incidents between

Federal

forces and the NDF or between the impromptu local militias which had sprung up to

take back what was theirs. Some of these amounted to Iraq-style pitched battles with

mortars and artillery and tanks. On the Labor Day weekend the NDF moved in on

Seattle, a few thousand men commanded by General Robert DiBella of the newly

established Army of the Puget Sound. In five days of pitched fighting the rebels drove

the Federals into four major pockets around the city from which they were evacuated

by helicopter to Fort Lewis. The city which had once convicted the men of the Order

was now Aryan, and the Republic established a temporary capital in Olympia, by way

of thumbing their noses at the American garrison in Fort Lewis.

Portland was a different story. It was the only major pocket of American control

where the former rulers seemed determined to make a stand of it. The city there was

more compact and had always been more tightly controlled by the Federals. By

concentrating all of the remaining FATPO forces there as well as Ranger and Marine

units, and setting up mini-posts on a block by block basis to virtually lock down the

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whole town, the intransigent American commander, USMC General Delmar Partman,

was able to force the NDF out of the city by the first week in September. The rebels

withdrew north of the Columbia River, and the newly-designated First Corps of Army

of the Columbia commanded by SS General Carter Wingfield began to concentrate in

Vancouver, Washington. A Second Corps commanded by Generals Billy Basquine and

Phil McDevitt moved up from southern Oregon and northern California, and

positioned itself in the environs of Salem. Both corps were small, enthusiastic with

sky-high morale, sketchily uniformed, hastily trained and patchily armed. Some units

were carrying the Russian Kalashnikov and some captured American M-16s. They

were light on armor and heavy weapons.

On the evening of September the tenth, the first cool night that heralded the

coming autumn, the NVA delegates at Longview gathered on their balconies and

looked to the southeast, where they heard low rumbling like thunder and flashes of

light low in the sky like some subdued aurora borealis. “Those are 155-millimeters

coming from Portland,” said Barrow grimly. “CNN says that Partman has decided he

wants to get our people to move back from the north bank of the river. Our own

intelligence tells me that Partman has repeatedly demanded permission to blow up

the interstate highway bridges that cross the Columbia River, but the White

House won’t let him do it. That would cut off Washington from the rest of the west

coast, which might help us instead of them, and besides, they still don’t want to admit

that this is a full-scale war now.”

Yet the negotiations at Longview still dragged on, with the daily quibbling over

minor incidents on the outside that neither side really had any control over, the

constant hair-splitting over things like the metric system and customs and tariffs, the

slow release of prisoners that was like pulling teeth. The Americans had finally

countered the N.A.R. delegation’s simple six-point program with a lengthy printed

draft of their own comprising one hundred and forty separate articles, and enough

preambles, codicils, commentaries and fine print to choke a horse.

On the night of October the twenty-first, the eve of the anniversary of the Coeur

d'Alene uprising five years before, Barrow was poring over this document trying to

make some sense out of it. It was around midnight, and there was one of the many

ongoing bull sessions among the delegates taking place in his suite. The air

conditioner was rumbling on low below the window, but this far into autumn it

was functioning as a heater and blowing warm air. "I don't get these people, I really

don't," said Barrow, throwing down the multi-page American draft proposal. "I

honestly can't tell if they really have a plan, if they're deliberately playing for time, or

whether they're just totally clueless and stalling because it's the only thing they can

think of to do. What the hell is so hard about 'You have fourteen days to get the hell

out and leave us alone thereafter?' We speak English to them and they respond with

gibberish. You guys have looked this mess over?" he asked, pointing to the document.

They all nodded wearily.

“It took them two months to come up with even this much?” asked Gair

plaintively. They had now been in the Lewis and Clark Hotel for two and a half

months, and most of them had not been off the hotel grounds during that time.

Luxury accommodation or not, it was getting very old. Exciting events were taking

place outside the conference that everyone wanted to be part of, and the strain was

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starting to tell. On several occasions Barrow had been compelled to bring the negotiating sessions to a close prematurely, because he had spotted the warning signs

and he was afraid John Corbett Morgan was going to kill someone, most likely

Weintraub.

“It’s just a goddamned stall,” said Morgan. “They ain’t got nothing in their hand

and they just want to keep on bluffing and bluffing and hope something will turn up

that helps them out.”

“No,” said McCausland meditatively. “I don’t get that feel. These are subtle

people,

comrades, subtle as the serpent. They do nothing without reason. There's something

in there in that sea of sand. Something they want. But what?"

"I think I may know, sir." The door opened and Nightshade entered the room.

Cody noticed she was wearing a gray sweat suit and sweat band on her head and her

battered old running shoes instead of her uniform. She pointed to the walls and

cupped her hand to her ear.

"Doc Doom did a sweep today, and he swears its clean since Jack caught that one

peacekeeper they'd bribed coming in here," said Barrow. "He's got some kind of

device attached to the electric motor in the HVAC unit that he says throws off some

kind of subsonic tone that will mess up any convectional mikes, which is why we're

running the heater. Say what you need to say, just discreetly, if you get my drift."

"Check out Articles 83 through 85, sir," she said. "I'm not sure what, but there's

something buried in there they're hoping we don't notice."

"Okay, so exactly what are sections 83 through 85?" asked Barrow. "Let's take a

look.” He pored over the document on the table before him until he found the relevant

sections, then he read them. After he read them he started cursing in a low and

dispassionate monotone.

“Oh, yeah. Suddenly I see why our Mr. Lodge is so keen on this new proposal of

theirs. I think the dog has finally shown his teeth and gone for the bone, comrades.

Sections 83, 84, and 85 deal with what most people would consider to be dry economic issues. Section 83 creates a so-called free trade condominium between the

Republic and the United States, which denies the Republic the right to impose any

export or import tariff on goods moving between the two countries, whereas the

United States may impose tariffs and customs on non-U. S. goods coming in and

Republic exports going out. In essence, as far as actual trade goes, we would still be

part of the United States, and the Americans get a blank check on all our natural

resources, including the right to ship them out of the country regardless of whether

we need ‘em or not, and probably use our own materials against us in some way.”

“It was the South objecting to that very arrangement with regard to cotton exports

and European manufactured imports that actually caused the Civil War, never mind

all that bullshit about slavery,” pointed out Stepanov. “It would appear that the

buccaneer capitalists of Boston have learned nothing in the past two hundred years.”

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“Section 84 has to do with corporate law,” continued a bemused Barrow, “We’re

supposed to recognize American corporations as legal entities, safeguard their property, and give them the same tax breaks and the same rights they have in the

U.S., in other words virtual immunity from the law or regulation by the Aryan state.”

“So we’re supposed to be just like some South American banana republic?” asked

Gair, scandalized. “Hell, I imagine one of those corporations will be even be United

Fruit, looking to take our apples and blueberries!”

“Article 85 is the real kicker,” Barrow told them “It deals with so-called currency

union. Stripped of all its verbiage, if we sign this thing the Republic gives up

the right

to issue our own money, we specifically renounce the gold standard and any kind of

trade credit system not utilized by the United States, and we agree to use the U. S.

dollar as our currency, i.e. those private Federal Reserve notes issued by the Jews.

Essentially what these articles do is reduce us to an economic colony of the United

States, no better off and most likely a good deal worse off that we were before. We are

even obligated to pay back all outstanding Federal loans and treasury bills and bond

issues, so forth and so on. The kikes have walked off with the money years ago, and we

have to pay off their paper? We start our existence as a nation carrying trillions of

dollars in usury debt to the international bankers? No, no, no, no. Not happening,

hebes!”

“A sovereign Aryan nation is supposed to allow the Federal Reserve to create and

control our money supply?” asked Gair incredulously. “My God, the Federal Reserve

is the first thing a neophyte right-wing crank of old used to learn about when he

officially entered the lunatic fringe. What breathtaking arrogance!”

“This is Lodge, of course,” said Stepanov. “This will be his input. I think you need

to see him privately tomorrow, Frank. They’ve jerked us around long enough. Now we

know what they want. They think they’ll give us our flag and our own little puppet

government while they take everything of value in the Northwest as they have always

done. I would be willing to wager that if we agreed to these stipulations of his in some

kind of side treaty or addendum, hopefully secret, we would get their signatures on

our own six points and be out of here by tomorrow night with the Republic in our

pockets.”

“You’re seriously suggesting that we agree to let these corporate Jews in all but

name use our new country as a teat to be milked?” demanded Gair.

“No, I am suggesting that we make such an agreement to bring this overly long

process to an end, get on with the building of a new all-white world, and then when

time and place shall serve we tear it up and throw it in their faces,” said Stepanov.

“We slap any customs dues we want on anything we want, we kick their kosher

corporations out of the Northwest and we print a hundred billion of our own dollars

with Adolf Hitler’s picture on every banknote, and back every penny of it in precious

metal even if we have to really kidnap Jews and pull out their gold fillings! These

pushcart-peddling swindlers have lied to our people how many times down through

the past two thousand years? Surely we are morally justified in turning the tables on

them just this once?”

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“Which would then give them every valid excuse to say we’d broken our word and

tear up the main treaty as well,” pointed out Barrow.

“Do you seriously think they intend to honor it any longer than is convenient for

them, no matter what they promise?” demanded Stepanov. “Do you think that as soon

as the pressure is off, the United States won’t be back in here, invading us, trying to

take our country back and enslave us again as soon as they think they can

win?”

“Granted,” said Barrow. “I already know that the very first thing we’re going to

have to do is to build a military to defend what we’ve won, and that for the next two

generations at least every able-bodied man will have to spend a large part of his adult

life in the army just to keep these monkeys off our backs. I think we all understand

that what we’re negotiating here isn’t a treaty, it’s merely a truce that the Americans

are giving us because they have no choice, and that they will hate us forever for

forcing them to do so. But I don’t want our country to be born in an act of deceit, my

friends. Remember the words of Marcus Aurelius. If it is not true, do not say it. If it is

not right, do not do it. Yes, these people will break their word at the first expedient

moment. Well, we’re not Jews. We’re better men than they are, and we’re damned

well going to act like it! I think you’re right, Lodge is the man to see. So far I’ve kept to

the diplomatic protocols and not tried to get any of them off in a corner besides that

one meeting with Stanhope the day we arrived. I’m going to go outside the

box

tomorrow and ask to see Lodge alone.”

Nightshade leaned down and whispered in Barrow’s ear for about ten seconds.

He nodded and tore a strip of paper off a yellow legal pad and began scribbling on it.

“I agree,” said McCausland. “The Republic must be founded in righteousness.”

“Suppose we split the difference, General?” asked Gair. “No phoney treaties or

lies, but hey, this is supposed to be a conference of diplomats, so why not be

diplomatic? Tell Lodge we understand his concerns and that us poor ignorant

rednecks just ain’t got no idea how to run an economy, like we didn’t have the

example of the Third Reich in front of us for a blueprint, and we’re going to need the

help of him and his Boston Brahmin buddies on the board of directors, but can’t we

talk about all that later because we sure are getting tired of this hotel food and we’d all

like to go home, right? Blah, blah, blah, you get the idea. See if you can swing Lodge

around to our side by promising him a pig in a poke. Okay, maybe that’s not up to

Marcus Aurelius standards, but you can’t deal with Jews without at least a

little

deception”

“There is the old saying about using a long spoon if you must sup with the devil,”

agreed McCausland.

Barrow handed the note to Emily, who walked up to Cody and gave it to him. He

looked at what Barrow had written. It said Go with Nightshade and do what she says.

She leaned over and whispered, “Go change into civvies, something light and disposable like this if you’ve got it. Then meet me in the smoke hole.” Cody got up,

went into his own bedroom, and changed out of his uniform into an old pair of jeans,

a T-shirt, and a well-worn pair of Doc Martens he’d kept from his street kid days on

Pioneer Square. He tore up the note and flushed it, stuck his backup pistol in the clip

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holster in his back, then walked out of the room through the NVA people who were

still discussing Barrow’s projected economic throwdown with Oliver Lodge. All of

them had seen Barrow write the note and now saw Cody leave, and all of them

studiously ignored it.

He went out to what had become an unofficial outdoor smoking area for those

who shared rooms with non-smokers, a couple of chairs set against the wall by the

vending machines on the outdoor landing. Nightshade was there puffing away. He

saluted her. "Lieutenant Brock reporting for duty, ma'am. Smoking now? Those

things will kill you."

"Yeah, well, you get to inhale," she said, standing up and tossing the cigarette. She

pulled him against her and shoved him against the wall. She pushed her face into his

and kissed him.

"Are you nuts?" he whispered. "There's no place more exposed and more likely

we're under surveillance than here! We're in full view of that corner room in the East

Wing and you know damned well that media wing or not the Feds have an eye and an

ear in there!"

"Yes, idiot child, I know, which is why we're out here, so they get a good

look at

us,” she whispered back into his ear, gently biting it.

“Come on, grab my butt and act like you’re into the wild thing! I know what I’m

doing!” Cody slid one hand under her sweat shirt and cupped her head and bunched

her hair in his other.

“Ooh baby, ooh baby, so forth and so on,” he said while she nuzzled him, his hand

on her head making it look even more from a distance like they were making out.

“Okay, I need your help on something, and I warn you this may be kind of rough

for you,” she said in a low voice. “You know I talked to McGrew before we left

Centralia and he gave me a job to do? I was doing it, and there’s been a little glitch.”

“How little?” he said, kissing her closed eyes and tongue-lapping her ear.

“I’m going to show you. We’re going to give each other a couple of hickeys, then

we’re going back inside so Federal surveillance assumes we’re going to hit the sack in

one of the rooms. That tabloid shit helps, since everyone thinks we’re Bonnie and

Clyde already. Then I’m going to take you somewhere.”

“All of this assuming Doc is right and the floor is clear of cameras and the Feds

don’t see us running around out of the sack,” Cody reminded her. “Moan, gasp, oog

and aarg, et cetera.”

“While you’re under there, you know that bra isn’t glued on,” she said.

“Whatever camera they’ve got recording us can’t see what I do under your sweat

shirt,” he said, crushing her to him.

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“Screw the camera,” she asked. “Hickey time!”

“Do we really have to get that realistic?” he complained. Apparently they did. After

the said lip action she giggled fulsomely, took him by the hand, and dragged him back

inside.

“Okay, whoever was watching, be they Feeb or reporter, will figure that we’re now

looking for an empty room,” she said. “Joking aside, they won’t expect to see us out

and about for a while, and we can account for a couple of hours or more of absence if

we have to. Come on.”

She led him down to one end of the corridor and into what looked like an old laundry room, lined with stainless steel rod shelving and various sanitary and housekeeping supplies. She turned on the overhead light and went to the end of the

room, where she pulled aside one of the shelving units, which rolled quietly on oiled

casters, exposing a plywood door panel about five by five with a padlock on it.

Nightshade took out a key, unlocked the padlock and slipped it through the hasp, then

took out a thin solid washer and slipped it carefully through the crack in the door

about two inches from the top right hand corner. "This is just a tad tricky," she said,

slowly pulling the door open. Then she pulled from her pocket a thick wad of a putty

or gum-like substance and clamped it down on the washer. It stuck and held the

washer in place. "The Feds aren't completely dumb. The FBI figured we might want to

go exploring in the shafts and vents, and so they put a photoelectric silent alarm on

this door. Even the slight change in light that would come from opening the door in

the dark would set it off, but Doc tried this washer and Playclay trick and his meter

thingie didn't read, so let's hope it's worked again, and they don't know we've opened

this door." Inside the door was what appeared to be a steel dumbwaiter.

"Okay, I gather we're descending to the depths in this," said Cody, looking inside.

"But won't the electric motor make noise or set off some kind of alarm?"

"No, we're not going up or down in it, because you can't operate it from inside the

elevator," she said. "It wasn't meant to haul people. Look, let me first tell you what

I've been doing. That day back when we left Centralia, you heard McGrew say there

was one of our Third Section agents here in the hotel?"

"And you're in contact with that agent?" asked Cody.

"Bingo!" she said. "And Lisa said you were just another pretty face! For various

reasons, it's proven impossible for that agent and General Barrow to get together and

confer, even for a few moments, and the phones and the internet are out, so I've been

acting as go-between. That hasn't been easy, since I have even less excuse for being

seen with him or her, and I wanted to see if there was some way I could move around

unseen like a rat in the wainscot."

“Wainscot?” asked Cody.

“My grandmother was English and she used to read me Beatrix Potter stories, before they gave her the hot shot. This hotel was built back in the 1950s, and it had

one of the first examples of central air conditioning and heating in the Northwest.

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Nice, roomy ventilation ducts, or at least roomy for a skinny broad like me. My first

inclination was just to do the old human fly trick and explore the ventilators as best I

could, see if they’re alarmed, so forth and so on, and see if there was any way I could

move around the hotel unobserved that way. I’m glad I didn’t mess around in the

ducts, because that individual whose name I didn’t mention told us that the main

vents and the interstitial areas where the fans and heaters access the outside are all

alarmed with motion sensors. Like I said, the Feds aren’t dumb, and they don’t want

anybody crawling around in there.

“But there’s one thing they missed. Back when the hotel was first built, they also

had some of the first automatic dishwashers, but in the Fifties those were big machines that made a lot of noise, and so they installed the dishwashers down in the

basement. Each floor had a couple of dumbwaiter access doors for room leftovers, as

well as the dining room, and the big banquet room. These things carried dirty dishes

down to the basement where they were unloaded and packed into the washers, and

then stacked and sent back up when they were clean. Those shafts were later closed

up when the basement dishwashers were removed, but they're still there, and they are

accessible by a couple of service hatches like this one. The doors are alarmed, but not

the shafts themselves, because the FBI were rushed, or lazy, or maybe it was just

affirmative action incompetence. But these lifts are hydraulic, and so they're movable

by hand."

She pushed the dumbwaiter up and then grasped the bottom of it and lifted it up,

slowly but without too much effort, leaving an open shaft with a cable. "I'm able to get

down in the old dishwasher room, which by lovely coincidence is now stacked high

with old mattresses, and that makes it easy to drop down. The dumbwaiter shafts

have ladder rungs in one side of the wall for service personnel, and you can push the

lift up or pull it down after you as you climb up and down.” She took out a flashlight

from its hiding place and flashed it in, showing him the inset rungs bolted along the

shaft. “It’s a piece of cake. So I put on my cat burglar outfit, not to be confused with

my duckbill platypus costume, and I was able to lower myself down to the basement.

Originally I just wanted to see if I could somehow move around the hotel via these

dumbwaiter shafts, and I can, a bit. I can get into the West Wing, for example, if I

have to, and that means so can others of us, if need be. But this led to something else.

There was a vent connecting that old dishwasher room down there and their little war

room next door.”

“War room?” asked Cody.

“Our friend tipped me that the American delegation has taken to going down into

the basement and whispering around a guttering candle in the hours of darkness,

when the powers of evil are exalted, and the demon Hound stalks the moor.”

“Your grandmother read you Conan Doyle as well, did she?” asked Cody.

“No, dummy, that was Mrs. Jensen’s English class at Hillside! You had her as

well.”

“Why the hell didn’t they just have their bull sessions in one of their suites like we

do?” wondered Cody.

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She shrugged. “Hell if I know. Apparently they’re just as paranoid about us as we

are about them. Our source tells us Doc Doom has them all in a tizzy because he’s

been able to really clean out our floor of all their surveillance crap, and they don’t

know what’s going on. They think we’re bugging them now, so they go down there and

conspire in a hole. Anyway, I’ve been able to climb up on top of those dusty

mattresses and lie there next to the ventilator and listen very nicely. I couldn’t use a

mike or a recorder, because Doc told me that anything electrical might set off some

kind of alarm, but I can pretty well hear what’s going on. I’ve been down

there six

times in the past two weeks, including tonight, which was when I overheard them

discussing those economic ambush clauses they slipped into their treaty proposals.

Plus a lot of other stuff I can't tell you about, but which has been passed on in code to

the Army Council, which code they hopefully haven't broken. No problems until

tonight just as I was leaving."

"And what was that problem?" asked Cody.

"Come on, I'll show you," she said. "Hold the flashlight for me." She climbed into

the shaft, grasping the rungs, and he held the light and watched her clamber down

into the darkness like a monkey. It was only one floor so it wasn't very far down, and

he saw her hold up her hand, and he dropped her the flashlight. Then he eased into

the shaft and climbed down carefully himself, feeling for each rung with his Doc

Martens. The former dishwasher room was a large cinderblock chamber piled with

musty-smelling mattresses and box springs, nor was it totally in darkness. A single

forty-watt bulb glowed over the doorway, which presumably was one of those that led

into the outside corridor along which he and Barrow had traveled to meet with Walter

Stanhope on the day of their arrival. Cody could see the air vent high in the far wall,

and the pile of mattresses where Emily told him she listened to the Americans and

their plotting. "That's the ventilator to the next room," she said, pointing up to one

wall. "It's dark now. They're not in there." She led him over to one corner where there

was a single mattress on the floor, covered with old dirty sheets and mattress covers.

She shifted the dusty cloth mound aside and flashed the light, and Cody saw that

there was someone lying on the mattress.

It was Susan Horowitz, the woman whom he had known for years as Leah

Sapirstein. She was dressed in a casual pants suit, pearl earrings gleaming against

olive neck, jet black hair spread in a fan out on the dirty mattress, chin jutting high

and left, neck snapped cleanly. Her eyes were blank and her mouth was open. The

smell and the stained legs indicated that her bowels and bladder had emptied into her

trousers as she died. “Well, isn’t this another fine mess you’ve gotten us into, Ollie!”

he said, shaking his head.

“She walked in on me,” said Nightshade. “I gave her a kung fu neck twist I saw in a

movie, and damn if it didn’t work. I don’t think she was looking for me specifically, I

think she was sneaking in here to listen in on what was going on in the next room just

like me.” She slid a metal cylinder out of Susan’s pocket. “This is some kind of high

end recording or transmitting device. Fortunately it doesn’t seem to have been on

when she came in. My guess is she was working for someone. Mossad?”

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“Quite possibly,” agreed Cody. “Hadassahs often wear more than one hat. The

Sapirsteins go to Israel almost every year and she could well have been recruited

there. Hell, maybe they all were.”

“Look, Cody, I know you hate the Sapirsteins, but this woman was technically

your sister for a while,” said Emily quietly. “I couldn’t let her reveal that we’d found

their secret meeting place and lose the listening post. I had no choice, but I'm sorry.

She was part of your life and I took her away."

"A bad part. Don't sweat it. I won't." He looked dispassionately at his stepsister's

corpse. "You're right, I did have Jensen for English Lit. Take thy fortune; thou find'st

to be too busy is some danger. Hamlet, act three, scene four."

Nightshade snorted, "Yah, well, if you're Hamlet, I'm Ophelia. Rosemary's for

remembrance, I'll wear my rue with a difference, hey nonny nonny and I'll go jump in

the lake. Now, the reason I brought you down here was to ask you something."

"What's that?" asked Cody.

"Have you ever cut up a body?"

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "Damn, where's Bobby Bells when you need him? I

missed that class back in A Company. Bells chopped up a couple, I know. But I'll tell

you what I didn't miss, and that was Bells' ongoing rap on modern forensics and how

not to get your ass jammed up by some CSI bimbo who thinks she's Agent Scully. You

left something of yourself on her, fibers or skin or hair, you couldn't help it,

and

needless to say you just had to cack a kike right in the middle of a small army of FBI

agents and cops!”

“But that is not the end of my derring-do. With you two’s past history, you know

that you’re the first one they’ll come looking for when she’s missed? For all we know

she may be missed already, if only in Secretary Stanhope’s bed.”

“Yeah, I picked up on that,” he said dryly.

“They give those forensics classes in Threesec too. Look, as a starting point, let’s

agree that she can’t be found anywhere in our part of the hotel or connected with us at

all, right?”

“Agreed,” said Cody.

“That leaves us two choices,” said Nightshade. “One, we dump her in the

American part of the hotel or in the kitchen, someplace like that, and then act

innocent. With this girl’s apparently well known kinks and maybe her working for

Israel as well, we won’t necessarily be the only suspects. The second choice is that she

just disappears, which is the best way, because then it’s all up in the air and the

impact on the conference isn't anywhere near as bad. Hey, maybe the slut ran off to

Vegas with an MP or something, who knows? That won't fool the Feebs for long, but

as long as they merely suspect, it won't become that big an issue. They find a body,

and the whole conference has problems."

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"Mmmm, agreed," said Cody. "But that means we have to either destroy her, or

stash her. This is a five star hotel, but I don't think they've got vats of acid anywhere

for the convenience of homicidal guests. You know anything about the furnaces?"

"I checked them out in my nocturnal wanderings, yes," said Nightshade in a low

tone. "They're down the hall, which is patrolled by peacekeepers. Propane, but no

access we could use to stuff a body into the flames, and if we even tried to open the

boilers we might break a line, get a gas leak, and end up sitting on the moon along

with the rest of the hotel. There's all kinds of places around the grounds we could bury

her, if we had time and a nice foggy night, but the hotel is chock-a-block, and even if

we could get her outside we'd be seen by somebody in sixty seconds and probably end

up with our picture on the front page of the National Inquirer hauling a dead body

around. We can't bury her in here because the floor is concrete. We can't leave her in

here under some mattresses or in the old dishwasher well, because the Americans

meet next door almost every night, and after a couple of days she's going to get ripe

enough for somebody to get a whiff through the ventilator. Plus the peacekeepers do

check this room periodically. I've had to duck out of sight a couple of times. Even

hefting her out of here up one of those dumbwaiter shafts is going to be hard to do, at

least hard to do quietly, which is one reason I called you in to help."

"One reason?" asked Cody.

"Well, there was also our slurp session out by the vending machines," said

Nightshade. "A girl needs some romance in her life. What about cutting her up?" she

asked again. "There's a maintenance room down the hall with tools, including some

hacksaws and hatchets, and some heavy-duty garbage bags. It would be a bit tricky

getting in and out with the blue berets around and about, but because they go up and

down periodically the corridor doesn't have motion detectors, so we might could get

in and get some stuff and get back here. We can do the job down in that well where the

dishwasher was. It's got drains in it."

"Mmmmm, hold off on the hatchet, Carrie Nation," said Cody, sitting down on a

mattress and putting his chin on his hand in thought.

"I'm not sure subdivision is the way to go here, and I'm not just being squeamish.

For one thing, neither of us have ever dismembered a human being before, and I don't

think it's a job we want to try for the first time in the dark with only a flashlight and

working under a time constraint. We wouldn't be able to do much of a cleanup job

down here in the dark, and the minute some Federal CSI dweeb throws his black light

in there, up comes the bloodstains. For another thing, if we want to make her

disappear, we're multiplying our problem if we cut her up, because instead of one

body we then have to make eight or ten separate parcels disappear, plus the mess

involved in dissecting her. They find one bag of giblets, and the whole game is up. No,

we need to stash the whole body someplace where it won't be detected by sight or

smell. Getting back to Hamlet, we don't want anyone nosing her as they go into the

lobby, or finding her dead body under the bed like this was some tourist motel in

Florida.”

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“Wherever we put her, it's going to have to be up one of those old service shafts,”

said Nightshade. “Hence my need for a good strong set of male shoulders. We

couldn't get from the door to one end of that corridor or the other without a Swede in

a blue beret spotting us.”

“Okay, where do the shafts go?” asked Cody.

“One over there goes up to the kitchen, one over there goes to the Pump Room,

there's the one we came down to our floor, and one around the corner goes up to the

West Wing,” said Nightshade. “I’d say stash her in a ventilator duct, but not only

would that blow the aroma of rotting Jew all over the hotel in a couple of days, but

there’s those damned motion detectors the FBI put in there.”

“Okay, the one up to the kitchen, where does it come out?” asked Cody.

“A kind of alcove. You’re thinking stash her in a freezer? I thought of that. Number

one, the kitchen has security cameras, although no motion detectors, to stop the staff

from stealing food, I guess. Great country where people have to steal food, eh? Les

Miserables and white people are all Jean Valjean.”

“Yeah, well, we’re sitting in a whole hotel full of Inspector Javerts. Enough with

the literary allusions, dammit! We need to dump this stiff!”

Emily continued, “Number two, that kitchen is crowded all day long, and people

go in and out of the freezers all the time. In fact,” she looked at her watch by the

flashlight, “In another couple of hours the first shift crew will show up to start fixing

breakfast for us hard-working diplomats. We need to figure out what to do, and go on

and do it.”

“Actually, I was wondering what they had up there by way of meat grinders and

slicers?” mused Cody. “Would they really notice a few more packs of frozen cold cuts

or a couple more sides hanging in a corner in the walk-in?”

“Yeeew! Now that’s not merely silly, it’s gross!” she exclaimed.

“I once saw a loading dock out back there. Where is the door to that?”

“To the right from the dumbwaiter shaft,” said Nightshade. “You may be onto

something there. If I remember correctly, that’s about the only blind spot in the

kitchen, blocked from the cameras by the head chef’s little office. I did some sneaking

around in there when I first found these shafts, but I had to watch those panning

CCTVs.”

“Is the door alarmed?” he asked.

“I think so, yes,” she answered.

“Crap! There goes my idea of putting her in the dumpster,” sighed Cody.

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“Or... the trash compactor!” said Nightshade in sudden excitement. “Cody, they’ve

got one of those big, long container type trash compactors! Once it gets full a truck

comes along, hooks up, hauls it away and another truck backs an empty container in

and drops it off! We're using up so much food and generating so much kitchen

garbage that they do this every day, and the truck comes and replaces the compactor

at about four in the morning or so! If we can just get her out there on the dock, all we

have to do is get her kosher carcass inside the compactor and it will be smushed flat

and hauled away to a landfill! Brilliant!"

"Past an alarmed door that will go off if we open it," said Cody. "Well, no use just

sitting here. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Show me the shaft and I'll go up and

take a look. Is the dumbwaiter door padlocked from the outside?"

"No, they still use the kitchen dumbwaiter sometimes, so it's not locked, and

there's no alarm on the door. FBI seems to have missed that one, too. When you get

up there just push the elevator up far enough and push on the door."

A minute later Cody carefully eased himself out into the large and modern

kitchen. It was dimly lit and smelled of fresh-mopped floor, and several unseen

electrical things hummed discordantly. There was the freezer and what appeared to

be a newly-built small cubbyhole office, and there were no closed circuit cameras that

he could see. Evidently this small area was indeed a blind spot. He slipped down the

right-hand corridor to where several large plastic wheeled garbage tips stood by a

wide double door. He carefully examined the door and found that it was indeed

alarmed. He also saw that there was an alarm switch, no doubt intended for the

mutual convenience of security guards and late workers, and that it was in the “off”

position. He was back down in the basement a minute later.

“I can’t believe our luck!” he said excitedly. “The door alarm has a manual switch

and whoever was out there last forgot to turn it on! And whoever’s running security

board upstairs must not have noticed, or else they just don’t give a damn! God, are

these Feds incompetent or what?”

“Well, we’ve been here ten weeks, and while there’s been a lot of yelling in the

conference session and a lot of drunk reporters, it’s actually been pretty sedate. We

haven't killed anybody before tonight, so they probably just got slack. You know, I've

noticed that ever since white people started standing up for themselves and fighting

back, little things like that happen," commented Nightshade. "Other Volunteers have

mentioned it as well. Our luck as a people seems to have changed. Any time we need

that fall of the dice, that toss of a coin, all other things being equal it seems to go our

way. Fortune really does favor the brave, I guess. Right, enough midnight

metaphysics. Let's get Susie Q. recycled. What are those?"

"Supersize garbage bags I grabbed from a shelf in from the kitchen," said Cody.

"That way if she's found, hopefully they'll think she was done in the kitchen and divert

their attention away from this room." They wrapped Susan's body in the garbage bags

by sliding one over her feet and another over her head, then repeating the process for

a double-bagging. Before they did so, Nightshade asked, "Do you think we should take

that recorder thing? Doc might be able to figure out how it works, what she was doing

and who she was working for."

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“Negative,” said Cody. “They find one item of hers on any of us, we have problems.” They lashed the garbage bags around her body with her own belt and then

slid the whole body into a king-sized mattress cover big enough to act like a sack and

give them something to grasp as carrying handles. “Okay, now comes the hard part.

Sure there’s no way we can risk using that dumbwaiter?” They picked up Susan’s

corpse and carried her over to the shaft. “This is going to be a bitch,” said Cody,

staring up into the darkness. “One of us is going to have to stand up there and pull

and one of us stay down here and lift and push.”

Nightshade sighed. “We could probably manhandle her up the rungs with you pushing and me pulling, but I’m starting to get worried about time. Look, I’ll go up

and get out into the kitchen, then I’ll push the car down as far as I can and you haul

the dumbwaiter lift down, put her in it, turn this dial to K and hit the blue button. Our

luck has held so far. Let’s just hope nobody hears or else they think it’s kitchen crew if

they do.”

“Does the damned thing even work?” asked Cody.

“We’re going to find out,” she said. “If it does, I’ll pull her out and you make sure

it’s turned off and then come up by the rungs.” The procedure she described was

clumsy, but it worked. The dumbwaiter whirled and groaned but it had been greased

recently, and it hauled Susan’s body up to the kitchen without making all that much

noise. By the time Cody got up onto the rungs and pushed the car up with his arm,

Emily had the mattress cover off and on the floor, and they lifted the black plastic-

wrapped package and its gruesome contents into one of the heavy gray plastic garbage

tips. They pushed the tip to the door, checked to see that the alarm was indeed off,

opened it and chocked both doors open with little rubber wedges that appeared to be

there for that very purpose. Outside, a gibbous autumn moon shone down, low in the

sky. “Perfect weather for skulduggery. Come out with me and be prepared to do

another cuddle if we see a camera or a guard,” Emily said. “We’ll tell them we’re

determined to do it in every room in the hotel, including on the conference room

table.” Cody stepped outside and looked around.

“Damn, it’s gotten colder,” he said. “I wouldn’t mind getting my hands under your

bra right now.” The trash compactor loomed before them at the edge of the dock,

which in turn was at the bottom of a ramp somewhat recessed into the building. Cody

didn’t see anyone. He propped open the trash compactor’s top cover with a broom

handle leaning up against it, evidently for that very purpose. “Hey, this is a recycling

receptacle,” he said. “I don’t know if we’re supposed to put organic material in here.”

“As long as it’s not plastic or steel,” she said. “Our JAP is neither. I think she’ll

smush up into jelly real good.” Between them they hauled out the tip and dumped the

body in. The trash compactor was half full of cardboard and paper waste, much of it

gooey and soggy with food and food byproducts. It was a large steel container, and

Cody jumped down inside it. “Give me the flashlight,” he said. He cleared out a space

as far up in the container as he could, dragged his former sister’s body

forward, and

buried her in cartons and paper wrapping and glop, so that the black plastic bags

could not be seen. Then Nightshade leaned down, held out her hand and helped pull

him out.

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“Do you think we dare push our luck and start it up and compact all that crap?”

she asked.

“We can’t,” said Cody. “There’s an ignition key somewhere inside the office that

goes in that switch, and we don’t have time to find it, plus the noise would certainly

attract one of the MP security patrols. Lucky we’re down in this trough between the

buildings. This should work, if our luck holds. The morning crew will dump all kinds

of breakfast refuse in here, it will still be dark, and somebody will run a crush before

the truck comes to haul this one away. But we need to get the hell out of here.”

They snuck back inside, pulling the tip after them, and closed the door.

Nightshade picked the mattress cover off the floor and dropped it down the shaft,

then they were inside and back down into the basement. Within several more minutes

they were back up in the South Wing janitorial closet, and after a quick peep into the

corridor down the hall and back into Barrow's executive suite. Cody smelled like

garbage. Barrow and Jane Chenault were sitting on the sofa side by side, watching

CNN. He looked up at them.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"Fine, sir," said Cody, although he was by no means sure it was fine or even if

Barrow knew exactly what had happened. There was still a lot that could go wrong.

"I heard a rumor that the Americans are going to stage some kind of incident tomorrow, sir," said Nightshade. "They're going to pretend to be very upset over

something. More so than usual."

"Yeah, well, they get upset over a lot of things. Nothing we can do about it,"

replied Barrow with a shrug, cupping his hand to his ear. He had never fully believed

that as good as Doc Doom was with electronic gadgetry, he had managed to clear the

entire floor of listening devices. He had a yellow legal pad in his hand and wrote, How

bad will it get?

Nightshade said, “God, that Paulus Ingrams is the ugliest coon on TV!” She wrote

With luck they won’t find her.

Barrow stared at the screen. “We’ve let them drag this out too long. They’re talking and talking and saying nothing, and I’m tired of it. We’ve been stuck in this

hotel so long we’re starting to eat one another like mice in a cage. I’m going to talk to

Lodge tomorrow and tell him that. We need to wind this up, one way or the other.”

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XI.

“A National Socialist is someone who wants to save his race.

A conservative is someone who wants to save his money.”

- Commander George Lincoln Rockwell

Barrow and Oliver Lodge met alone in Lodge’s suite at eight o’clock next morning.

Lodge had a room service breakfast for two laid out. Barrow noticed that even this

early, the international executive was wearing a suit and tie. "Help yourself," Lodge

said. "I've always liked breakfast meetings. I have found that men tend to think more

clearly and sharply in the early hours. Oh, one thing before we tuck in. This is a

damned nuisance and an imposition, but the head of our FBI security detail has asked

me to ask you if you have any idea where Senator Galinsky's intern Ms. Horowitz

might have gotten to? She seems to have gone missing, and supposedly you two had

some words back on day one here."

"We got a bit bored last night so we decided to sacrifice a Jew to our pagan gods by

burning her in a wicker cage under the stars, while we danced around the bonfire in

horned helmets," said Barrow.

"That's in rather poor taste, don't you think?" said Lodge disapprovingly.

"How the devil should I know where Mr. Stanhope's recreational vehicle is?"

replied Barrow irritatingly. "I'm not screwing her. If we couldn't restrain ourselves

from making away with Jews for a while, we wouldn't be here."

"I understand one of your young men has had a, er, prior acquaintance with Ms.

Horowitz?” probed Lodge delicately.

“Yes, she was part of the family your government sold him to like a pet hamster

under the It Takes A Village program,” said Barrow.

“Cody doesn’t want any more to do with her or any of them, and anyway he was in

our part of the hotel last night, with me and the other members of the delegation.”

“One other member anyway,” said Lodge, smiling and shaking his head as he held

up a copy of the front page of the USA Today which showed Cody and Nightshade in a

photograph taken through what appeared to be a night vision lens, locked in a

passionate embrace the night before out by the vending machines. The caption read

Northwest Nookie.

“I do apologize for that,” said Lodge. “The behavior of some of these press people

is abominable. I remember when this was a reputable paper.”

“You created a rubbishy public so the media gives them rubbishy entertainment.

Look, I don’t mean to sound so crotchety, Mr. Lodge. Thank you for seeing me. I know

this is a violation of the conference protocols. We’re not supposed to be meeting with

one another without other members of our delegations present, which always

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indicated to me that you must not trust each other. My people don't object to my

meeting you in private, but apparently yours do. That tells me something. Maybe that

indicates I should have done this a long time ago. Am I correct in my surmise that you

are the man who holds the real power in this dog and pony show, and that if you and

I can come to some kind of understanding we can pack up our briefcases and go

home?"

Lodge shrugged. "Well, I like to think my word carries some weight with my colleagues," he said. "Weintraub and Galinsky are here because they pretty much

have to be. If we tried to sit down and have a pow-wow with you boys without

someone from the Tribe in attendance, the stink would be beyond bearing. But you

shouldn't discount Walter Stanhope's clout as well. He's a player. You might say I

speak for the world of business and he speaks for the world of government and

politics. Brubaker is here as a sop to the military, who never like to admit they're

beaten in any era."

"So you admit you're beaten?" asked Barrow keenly.

"I said the military don't like implying they're beaten," said Lodge. "I will go so far

as to say that right now it would be really convenient for us if we could cease pouring

money down this Northwest rathole and get on with putting out some other fires, like

the one which is approaching in the Middle East and in our overseas possessions. You

guys are the mouse that roared, and this whole sideshow is bad for business."

"By business I presume you mean the couple of thousand men in suits who actually run the whole planet through international finance capital?" said Barrow.

"Yup. That's who I mean," said Lodge. "The great big bad world conspiracy itself.

Insofar as there is one, I guess we're it. Not even a couple of thousand of us. A very

wise old Jewish gentleman, Walther Rathenau of Germany, once made the comment

that three hundred men, all acquainted with each other, control the destiny of the

world. That was in 1923. Today I'd put it at about five hundred. I know most

of 'em,

and the rest will take my calls.”

“I recall that for all his alleged wisdom, Rathenau was run down on the streets in

his limousine and shot down by some young German officers, in retaliation for his

pulling the plug on German ammunition production at the height of the 1918 spring

offensive,” said Barrow. “When Hitler referred to the Jewish stab in the back,

Rathenau’s was the hand on the dagger. An interesting parallel, Mr. Lodge, and an

instructive lesson. All the power and all the money in the world can’t stop a bullet,

when it is fired by a heart that is proof against all your temptation and all your money

and all your threats. That’s why so-called terrorism drives you people around the

twist. Terrorism is the weapon of the weak against the strong, and it is a highly

effective one, possibly the only one that can get through to you any more, the only

weapon that can pierce your wall of power and privilege. You can’t bribe a bullet, you

can’t corrupt it, you can’t vote it away, you can’t brainwash it into thinking it’s a

snowflake, you can't have a corrupt judge in a black robe bang his gavel and make it

go away, you can't sue it, you can't jail it, you can't hire some dumb-ass local deputy to

beat or murder it, and once it's fired it's going right into the target. You and your kind

have to keep all the hearts and minds of humanity in darkness and bondage, because

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it only takes one free man to pull a trigger and bring all your schemes and your

constructions to nothing. That's why we're here. Because white mens' hearts and our

souls have escaped, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't put Humpty

together again."

"Bluntly, yes," said Barrow. "I won't lie to you, Barrow. A large part of why we are

here speaking to you today, instead of hunting you down like dogs, is that you have

demonstrated the capacity to kill, and I don't mean homeboys or Mexican braceros or

Joe Schmoe the cop on the corner. We don't care about ordinary people. They are an

inexhaustible resource. Mere gangsterism we could handle until the cows come home,

but you are gangsters who understand what targets to select, and that is something

new. You don't shoot at Oz the Great and Powerful, all smoke and mirrors. You shoot

at the little man behind the curtain, and that has gotten our attention. If it makes you

feel any better I will concede your point. A large part of the reason for this conference

is that some of those five hundred men who really count have been hurt, and you have

seriously interfered with the conduct of our business by forcing us to worry about you,

to take you into consideration. That has to stop."

"The Old Man calls it breaking the credible monopoly of force on the part of the

state. By the by, we want you to let him go, but he has sent word that it's not

necessary. He's willing to stay there in Florence and be murdered if the mood strikes

you. He doesn't care about himself so long as we don't yield and we bring the Republic

into being. I imagine that perturbs you as well. You've never dealt with anyone to

whom money wasn't the be all and end all, have you?"

“Well, it’s a little premature to talk about his status,” said Lodge with a smile,
“But

I do have a little surprise for you on the prisoner release front. Today, in fact.
I’ve

noticed you’re getting a little antsy, and I figure it’s time we made a gesture.
Call it

compensation for these strenuous negotiating sessions. This isn’t official, just
something I did on my own bat. Well, Walter Stanhope came up with the
idea,

actually. He seems to be almost sympathetic with you at times, although I put
that

down to the fact that he got turfed out of the Senate by a taco bender.”

“And how will your Jewish colleagues react to this little bit of generous
unilateralism on your part, whatever it may be?” inquired Barrow.

“They have less to say about it than you might think,” said Lodge seriously.

“Certainly much less say than they would have had in the past, when Jug-
Ears and his

neo-cons ruled the roost with an iron hand. Again, that’s largely thanks to
you boys

and your habit of filling the little man behind the curtain with lead. A lot of
those little

men behind the curtain that you’ve whacked out were Jewish, and we’ve seen
that

they are by no means invincible or omnipotent. We’ve also discovered how
easy it is to

do without them. You're right. All the protekzia in the world can't stop a bullet.

Jeanette Galinsky is here because she's Hillary Clinton's eyes and ears. Weintraub is

here because Israel wants him here, but don't overestimate their influence. Jewish

power is still strong in the world, Barrow, but not nearly as strong as it was fifty years

ago."

"But they're actually a separate faction within the capitalist world?" probed

Barrow.

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"Mmmm, well, let's say that as a group, the Jewish world financial community

sometimes has interests which are a bit divergent from the rest of us," said Lodge

carefully. "Now Frank, suppose you just go ahead and say what you want to say."

Barrow sighed and helped himself to some scrambled eggs.

"Articles 83, 84, and 85," he said. "They're not on. Not now, not ever. Don't even

bother to bring anything like that up again. We set our own tariffs and we issue our

own money and we control our own economic policy. I know you don't believe this

and you're going to try to get around it, but when I read those passages in that big

mass of bullshit you laid on us, I finally understood how little point there is in our

staying here. I've come to tell you that despite the fine hospitality and excellent

cuisine of this establishment, we're going to be leaving soon, most likely tomorrow,

unless of course you try to stop us, in which case we're going to kill as many of you as

we can before we get shot down ourselves. We came here to end the war and bring our

new nation into existence. Almost every day since we have been here, we have

presented for your signature a simple single-page document of six points, which

would bring five years of bloodshed to an end. No terms, no conditions, no

indemnities, no recriminations, just a simple agreement that this war is over, we have

won, and you leave now. We are serious about that document, but apparently you

people either cannot or will not understand that it's over. You fought a war to keep us

in the Union, you have lost, now it's time to pick up your marbles and go

home. In

return all we have gotten is ream after ream of bullshit like that draft proposal you

finally gave us. I have looked that over and I am appalled. You seriously don't think

we're going to stay here in this hotel for another year quibbling on and on about crap

like that, do you? There is nothing difficult or complex about what we want. What part

about 'You have two weeks to get out' do you not understand? As to those articles

that reduce our nation to the same servitude we just fought for five years to escape, I

suppose you thought that I was so dumb I wouldn't notice them?"

"No, not at all, General," said Lodge. "I never thought you were dumb. Anyone

who can force the United States of America to even consider some of the things we

have discussed at this conference isn't stupid. We know that, even if some of our

colleagues of the Hebrew faith might not entirely grasp it. There's a lot of things they

don't grasp."

"Like the coming to an end of their world?" asked Barrow.

"That's definitely something they don't grasp," agreed Lodge. "The Jews are

a very

ancient people and they have survived a lot, but this has led them to believe that they

will survive forever. But time marches on, even for them. I and the men I do business

with understand that now, Frank. You and your crew have made us understand it. It is

not a lesson we have enjoyed learning, but we have learned it. You seem to think that

articles 83 through 85 are some kind of insult or attempt to do you in or enslave you.

They are not. They are actually an admission on our part that you have won. You

didn't read them right. We weren't shutting you and your gunmen out, we were letting

you in. Giving you something you would never have had in a million years if you

hadn't done what you did. We are offering you a cut. I don't mean you personally. I

wouldn't insult you by offering to bribe you. But your Party, your new government,

your new nation—you get a cut, a cut that you can use to do anything you want. Build

a thousand statues to Adolf Hitler if you want. Create your ideal White Homeland. Whatever you want to do.”

“Of course, by accepting this cut we also acknowledge that it’s your pie to divide,”

said Barrow. “It isn’t. Never mind, I see you still can’t hear the word no. Probably you

never will be able to. I suppose you’re constitutionally incapable of it. On another

subject entirely, let me ask you something, Mr. Lodge. Have you men in the suits and

the corporate board rooms decided to finally dump Israel? When the Arabs attack

next year and Israel frantically calls to the U. S. for help, are they finally going to get

an answering machine?”

“Mmmm, well, I’m just a businessman and I wouldn’t know anything about that,

of course...” Barrow waved his hand.

“I think we can take all the disclaimers as read, Mr. Lodge.”

“Okay, disclaimers having been read, Israel was an interesting experiment, an experiment which after a century the world needs to admit has failed,” said Lodge.

“An attempt to bring the Sidewalks of New York to the land of the Bedouin and the

mosque. The British originally offered Palestine to the Jews in 1917 with the Balfour

Declaration. It was a bribe in order to induce them to change sides during World War

One and stab Germany in the back, as your Adolf Hitler so presciently observed. It

was never intended to be taken seriously, but the Jewish people have always produced

a high percentage of neurotic obsessives, and a lot of them did take it seriously. Its

original strategic purpose from the free world's point of view, or the capitalist world if

you will, was as a forward airfield and an outpost in a largely Soviet-controlled region.

That purpose hasn't been valid for well over a generation, and eventually we ended up

having to go in and conquer that part of the world ourselves at great expense after all,

in order to secure our oil supply."

"Your oil supply?" interjected Barrow with a bemused chuckle. "My God, you

honest to God don't get it, do you?"

Lodge disregarded him. "In the long run, that little colony proved to be more

trouble than it was worth. Sometimes one simply has to do that, admit you've made a

bad investment and let it go. When you think about it, dumping a few million Jews

down into the middle of a sea of hostile Arabs and trying to steal a little sliver of land

from them that happened to be some of the holiest real estate in Islam right out from

under the noses of a billion Muslims wasn't a very smart idea, but remember this was

done in the aftermath of World War Two, when the Jews and America were riding

high, wide, and handsome on a wave of victory that would never end, when Jewish

arrogance and Jewish hubris knew no bounds. After their help during World War

Two in destroying National Socialism and making the world safe for big money again,

they presented their bill, and we said what the hell, what are bunch of ragheads going

to do? So we gave them their shitty little country just to shut them up. Big mistake."

"And now you think you're giving us our shitty little country just to shut us up?"

said Barrow. "Well, I can live with that. I don't care what you think of us so long as

that Masonic dishrag goes down from our sky and the Tricolor goes up. But we aren't

Jews. We're serious about this new world we're making, and I feel constrained to

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repeat that these three articles that give you looting rights on everything of value

we've got aren't on. Nothing of the kind is going to happen. When you leave, everything with the word Federal in it leaves, and that most especially includes your

Federal Reserve."

"General Barrow, we don't give a damn who works those mines and forests and

ranches, so long as we get our cut, no pun intended," said Lodge. "It's true that Third

World immigrant labor is cheaper, but believe it or not, over the years we have come

to understand that what's cheaper in the short run can prove to be more costly in the

long term. We understand the necessity of investing money in long-term projects. We

are willing to make your new country a long-term project. Man is an economic

animal. Oh, you get guys like that big hillbilly with the beard who thinks he can fight

and shoot his way out of anything, but eventually economic man triumphs.

Once you

boys are sitting there in those offices with the power and the responsibility, behind

some desk with a sign on it that says the buck stops there, things will look very

different, believe me. And you know, we really don't hold you in quite the contempt

you seem to feel. This whole revolution of yours has been quite a daring exploit,

although it was no fun having your bombs and your bullets aimed at us. I'll be

honest with you, a good many of my colleagues are looking forward to dealing once

again with guys who look like us and not like girls."

"Dear me, that statement would get a working man from one of your assembly

plants five years in prison," said Barrow. "It might even get you a few mandatory

hours of sensitivity training."

"Hardly. I wrote the template for most corporate ethnic diversity and sensitivity

training courses, so I know they're crap," said Lodge with a chuckle. "The schoolbooks

teach our children that America is about freedom and democracy and the pursuit of

happiness, and lately they teach that it's about diversity. That's horse hockey, General

Barrow. America is about the accumulation of wealth. Columbus wasn't trying to

prove that the world was round; all educated men from ancient Greece onward who

could look at the horizon and understand what they were looking at knew that. He

was looking for trade routes to the East Indies, but why was he doing that? For the

greater glory of God or the spirit of intellectual inquiry? Bullshit. He wanted to be

rich. All of our ancestors who came to this country other than the ones who were

shipped here in chains as indentured servants just like the blacks were came here in

order to find wealth, gold, land, tobacco, cattle, opportunity to have more than their

neighbors. And even the ones of our people who came here in chains, and there were

as many of those as there were black slaves, were brought here in order to make other

people rich"

"Including a good many of your Boston brahmin forbears," Barrow reminded him.

"Including a good many of those," agreed Lodge. "Oh, not that we're not a

spiritual country as well. We've always had more religion than we can stand, as I hear

you folks are already starting to find out. God in America has always been foursquare

on the side of the big man with the money who drops the parson's portion into the

collection plate. That and it gives Americans yet another excuse to make ourselves feel

superior to other people. Why, the Pilgrims had barely gotten their first log cabins

built before they were whipping Quakers through the street and driving red hot nails

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through the tongues of people who said something the church elders didn't like.

America has always had a hell of a lot of religion, just a different kind. Europe

produced the great Gothic cathedrals; we have prosperity theology. Europe produced

St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Francis of Assisi; we produced Billy Sunday and the

Reverend Ike. I'm not surprised you people have some religious issues of your own.

You get this new country of yours, you ought to try prosperity theology as a state

religion. Our own native American denomination that fits all. What the hell is wrong

with a God who wants you to have a Cadillac?”

“God’s Cadillac comes with a few too many strings attached,” said Barrow. “Like

all those niggers riding free and ripping off the hood ornament, and all those

Mexicans who want to chop it down into a low rider. You say that America is about

wealth. That’s wrong. America is about race.”

“The two are inextricably intertwined. Look, I will give you this much,” said

Lodge, leaning forward intently. “Race is the American problem. It always has been,

ever since one of Columbus’s sailors shot the first Indian with a matchlock musket.

Aside from the Civil War of the 1860s, and the Civil Rights Movement of the 1960s,

there has never been any kind of serious attempt by America seriously and honestly to

address race. Maybe it’s time that changed. We’ve put it off too long. We’ve got all

kinds of different races and cultures on this continent now, and like so many kiddies,

they can’t seem to play nice. What do you do when you’ve got a house full of squalling

kids who can’t get along and who keep on beating one another with their toys

and

screaming so loud you can't hear yourself think? You give them a time out and send

them to their rooms until they settle down and ask to come out and decide to play

nice. So why shouldn't we send all of our little minorities to their own rooms and

make you stay there until you can play nice?"

"We get the Northwest and the Mexicans get Aztlan?" asked Barrow.

"They've got it already," said Lodge flatly. "Yes, that's coming. Aztlan will simply

recognize an established fact. And I don't think there will be any trouble from them

over their versions of articles 83 through 85. The Hispanic peoples have always taken

a very pragmatic approach in matters of government and business and the relationship between the two."

"I believe it's called corruption," said Barrow. "Well, I won't argue with you, sir, I

guess I'll just have to show you. This morning I'll formalize it. You sign the six points

and we run up our Tricolor on that flagpole outside, or else we go back to the shooting

and the bombing, starting with an assault on Portland. This round will be real civil

war. I hope you're prepared to live with that."

"Dammit, you know I don't want anything like that to happen, Barrow!" wheedled

Lodge. "Jesus, I'm not some kind of monster! I'm more sympathetic than you might

think. After all, if you know anything about me you'll know that even though I serve a

Democratic administration at the moment, I'm considered to be a staunch conservative."

"Well, you see, there's the problem," replied Barrow seriously. "I'm a National

Socialist."

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"And how do you define the difference?" asked Lodge. "I'm willing to acknowledge

to you, in private, that there a lot of similarities, although if you ever repeat that

outside this room I'll call you a liar on worldwide television."

"I don't define the difference," said Barrow, slowly and carefully. "Commander

Rockwell did. He said that a National Socialist is someone who wants to save his race.

A conservative is someone who wants to save his money. I have said that

race is the

American issue, but the problem is we've never actually admitted it and resolved the

core dispute, which is to whom does the continent of North America belong? The

liberals and Reds have always claimed that America was founded by and for white

racists and based on white racism. That's not true, unfortunately. If it was, if we had

admitted *de jure* as well as *de facto* from the beginning that the white man was

claiming this land for us and us alone, then things would have been a whole lot

different. But economics intruded, and we just had to trade those barrels of perfectly

good sippin' whiskey for twenty niggers back in 1619. America as we know it was

created largely by conservatives, who by virtue of their racial and cultural heritage

had the mental and spiritual wherewithal to do so. The result is that this country is a

plutocracy, and so it always has been. That is what is going to change, Lodge. I know

you don't believe this, but we're going to strip you of what you have and give it back to

the people who created that wealth. Society will be reduced once more to its

organic

components, the worker, the artisan, the soldier, the homemaker and the farmer. The

businessman as a factor in politics and the civic order will disappear. You want to let

us go, Lodge. Believe me, you want to let us go. I just wonder how long it's going to

take you to figure that out."

"Do you think we would have come here if we weren't prepared to at least take a

big step in that direction?" asked Lodge.

"I think you came here to see just how far we would be bamboozled," said Barrow.

"The answer is, a hell of a lot less far than you think. Fool me once, shame on you, fool

me twice, shame on me. Well, we've been fooled enough. Enough bullshit, Lodge. It's

over. You know what we want and we either get it or we don't. I'm not going to waste

any more time with that so-called draft agreement of yours. You might as well have

saved yourself the paper. We're going to wind this up today and give you one last

chance to sign off on our six points and end this war. One way or the other, this time

tomorrow morning I'm calling for Chernilov and his copter. When we lift off, assuming you don't break bad on us and we don't go down firing, we will either have

that signed document with us or we won't. Either way, we'll see how it plays out."

* * *

Cody and Nightshade both accompanied the delegation into the conference room

that morning for the daily meeting, in order to forestall any possible difficulties with

FBI agents who might be investigating the disappearance of Susan Horowitz. In fact,

Senator Jeanette Galinsky attempted to bring up the subject immediately. "Barrow!

Where is my intern Susan Horowitz?" she demanded.

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"Ask Mr. Stanhope," said Barrow. "He keeps more track of her whereabouts than I

do."

"That little Nazi psychopath has done something to her!" shouted Galinsky, pointing at Cody.

"Not lately, ma'am, no," replied Cody in a level voice.

“This is still the United States and you Nazi pigs are still subject to United States

law!” shrieked Galinsky hysterically. “There’s a whole corridor full of FBI agents out

there and all I have to do is call them and they’ll come in here and arrest you Nazi

swine and take you to prison where every one of you belongs!”

John Corbett Morgan drew out his .44 Magnum and laid it heavily down on the

table in front of him. “Call them,” he said flatly.

“That’s not necessary, John,” said Barrow uneasily. This was unscripted, the first

time a weapon had actually been drawn. “I thought you were used to Mommy Dearest

and her mouth by now?”

“Why should I get used to it?” asked Morgan, his eyes glowing dangerously,

transfixing Jeanette Galinsky like a snake with a rabbit. “I understand that less and

less, as the weeks go by and we sit here and take nothing but abuse and insults from

these people. I tell you what, you Jew bitch. You call your FBI men, and you see what

happens! FBI die like everybody else. I know. I’ve killed me a few. Including the one

who murdered my wife. I watched Special Agent Bruce Goldberg die with a

burning

rubber tire around his neck, lady. I listened to him die, and that was even better. So

for the last time, unless you have something important to say, you'd better keep your

goddamned liver lips shut. Because right about now, my patience with you is as thin

as a fiddle string."

"We all feel that way," Barrow told him, standing up. "Put the iron away, John.

There's no need. We're going to go ahead and wind it up now." Morgan sighed and put

the Magnum back in its holster, and everyone in the room breathed a bit easier.

"I have an announcement to make," continued Barrow. "One way or the other, this

will be the last session of these proceedings here at Longview. We have been here for

almost two and a half months, there has been virtually no progress, and it doesn't

seem there is going to be any. Accordingly, I am going to give you one last chance to

sign the six-point agreement which we have been presenting to you virtually every day

for the past ten weeks. If you do not, then we have to assume that the United States is

not serious about bringing the present conflict to an end. Ten weeks is enough, ladies

and gentlemen, more than enough. We have our border delineated, thanks to the

diligent work of our subcommittee, and frankly we got more than we expected,

including most of Wyoming and more of Montana than we thought we could glom.

Groovy. That was the important part of this conference, but none of that is worth

anything so long as we keep dragging this out. It's time to sign on the dotted line and

then we're outta here. Or not, as the case may be.

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“My comrade's theatrical flourishing of the weaponry notwithstanding, we know

we can't make you sign at gunpoint. But it is time that you people faced up to the

reality of why you are here. A new world is beginning and it wants only your signatures, twice, once on each copy of this simple treaty.” Barrow placed the documents down on the table before him. “There is nothing complicated about

getting the hell out of our country in two weeks, and it is well within your logistic

capabilities to get all your forces out of the Republic in that time. If you do need any

help in getting out, free passage on our highways or gas for your vehicles or anything

like that, by all means, we'll speed you on your way. But this delegation is leaving this

room now, and we're leaving this hotel tomorrow. Early. We've eaten our last

breakfast buffet in the Sockeye Grill. Our breakfast tomorrow will be field rations with

our army preparing for the assault on Portland if your General Partman decides he

wants to break bad on us. That need not happen. I assume and hope that being a good

soldier, Partman will obey orders. You've got until tomorrow to save God alone knows

how many lives and give this process of a new nation's birth some kind of peace and

order. Or it can be a bloody mess. It's your call. Now make it. Because we're not

hanging around anymore waiting on you."

"If you can postpone your departure for a moment, General, as I mentioned

before, I do have a surprise for you," said Lodge, as if the whole speech had not been

spoken. "We understand your concern about members of your organization held in

Federal custody, and we have been more than willing to release those whom we feel

are no longer harmful to society. After some discussion we felt that this lady fell into

that category.” He went to the door and opened it. “Ms. Frost? Could you come in,

please?”

There was a flutter at the end of the room, and a tall woman stepped in through

the door. She was wearing a scarf over her head to cover her short, patchy blonde hair

where it had been largely pulled out by the roots. Her face was a glowing red mask

where it had been reconstructed surgically, yet it still showed an expression of

suffering unimaginable. Her chest was flat, both breasts gone. Her original face had

been removed by the FBI paramedics during her interrogation, strip by strip, with a

scalpel, yet through some miracle she was still recognizable. Cathy Frost, still dressed

in her drab khaki prison dress with the number on it. For over a year, she had been

tortured to the point of death, time and again, because the FBI wanted her to betray

the whereabouts of her husband. Although they did not know it, Edgar Frost

had

actually died of his wounds sustained during the contact and been secretly interred in

the hills around Coeur d'Alene, several days before his wife was captured. Cathy could

have saved herself at any time, simply by telling them this and revealing the

whereabouts of her husband's body so they could dig it up and destroy it, but she

would not talk to the ZOG out of principle. In the very height of her torment, all she

ever told them was the Five Words, "I have nothing to say." So it went on and on and

on, until it became a personal issue. The mighty FBI and Homeland Security would

make the evil racist bitch speak. But she never did.

Her case had become so egregious that even in an America become accustomed to

routine torture of so-called domestic terrorists, it had attracted attention, thanks to

the heroic effort of her fellow women prisoners at Pullman Federal Detention Center

who had risked life and limb and torture sessions of their own to smuggle the news of

what was being done to her out of the prison. The international community, finally

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becoming fed up with American behavior in general, had decided to take up her case

as a cause celebre, an interesting example of the trendy Euro-left's hatred of the

American empire finally outweighing their distaste for so-called fascists. The entire

NVA delegation arose in stunned recognition and respect.

The two Jewish members of the delegation were dumbstruck. "Who the hell said

you could do this, Lodge?" screeched Howard Weintraub at Lodge in fury. "This

woman is a Class A terrorist detainee, an unlawful combatant in the direct custody of

the Department of Homeland Security! No one has the right to dispose of her except

me!" Weintraub was especially embarrassed, because he had personally supervised

her torture in the Pullman Women's Detention Center, while the other women

prisoners had sang *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* to the sound of her screams.

"Actually, Mr. Weintraub, it was my idea," said Stanhope quietly. "Ms. Frost's

situation was becoming an embarrassment with international ramifications which it

is imperative that we moderate, and as such it comes into my purview. If you're

worried about some kind of turf issues, I procured the signature of the President of

the United States on the warrant authorizing Ms. Frost's release into my custody."

"Hillary would never have let Chelsea do any such thing!" gasped Jeanette Galinsky in shock.

"The President has a tendency to agree in full with the last person she has talked

to, as you know, Senator. I had a friend of mine talk to her and he carried the order in

his briefcase. Mrs. Frost is now being handed over to the Northwest Volunteer Army

delegation. This is a done deal, and it's a deal that should have been done a long time

ago. I am getting just a little bit weary of having to explain to the international

community why the land of the free and the home of the brave is skinning women

alive in our torture chambers."

"Comrade Frost, welcome to Longview," said Barrow, coming forward to grip her

hand. "I am glad that you have been able to be here, even if it is on the last day. Are

you all right? Jesus, that's a stupid thing to ask!" He looked at Stanhope. "You do

understand we're taking her with us no matter what happens? You're not getting her

back, under any circumstances. Not ever."

"You're not getting any of us back," said McCausland in an angry voice. "Not

ever."

"I'm still alive, General Barrow," said Cathy. Her voice was soft, almost a whisper,

due to the year of screaming that had nearly destroyed her larynx. "I didn't think I

would ever see this day. I have now, and God has been more good to me than I can

say."

"At least you get a chance to tell your story," said Barrow. "I know this is a hard

thing to ask, ma'am, but do you think you could handle some kind of press conference

or make some kind of statement for this army of media reptiles we've got overrunning

this place?"

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Cathy looked at Weintraub and her mangled lips broke into a sneer. “Sure. If Mr.

Weintraub would stand beside me and explain to them just how I ended up looking

like this. I’d be interested to hear his version of things, and then I’ll give them mine.”

“Oh, I couldn’t appear in public with a Class A terrorist,” said Weintraub, suddenly breaking into a guffaw. “I might lose face!”

It is a simple and underestimated historical truth that the Jewish people are in fact nowhere nearly as clever as either they themselves believe, or as clever as others

give them credit for being. Howard Weintraub had forgotten that he was standing a

few feet from a large and violent man whose wife had been murdered by a Jew, in a

manner very similar to the unspeakable mistreatment that Cathy Frost had through

some miracle survived. John Corbett Morgan seemed to take one single step into the

air and fly over the table like some mountain Nijinsky. Weintraub went down like he

had been hit by a roaring, charging bear, the .44 Magnum was at his head and Barrow

was just barely able to grab Morgan’s gun hand and knock it aside before he

pulled

the trigger. The gun thundered and the round went into the floor. Howard Weintraub

screamed like a woman in sheer terror. Barrow was wrestling with Morgan, trying to

get the piece away from him. "Help me!" he yelled at the others. Gair and Stepanov

and McCausland all came to his aid, grabbing the mountain man around the waist

and legs. The door flew open and a dozen FBI and MPs came running in, Uzis and

pistols at the ready. Reporters out in the lobby had heard the shot and were yelling,

demanding entry.

Cody whipped out his 10-millimeter automatic and leveled it at the first FBI

gunner in the bunch. "Back off!" he shouted. "Nothing to see here! We'll deal with it!

Get the fuck out of this room!" Nightshade had vaulted over the table despite the

uniform skirt she wore, her switchblade flashing, and she had gotten hold of a

screaming Jeannette Galinsky by the hair. She held the blade under the Senator's

quivering double chin.

"You heard him!" she yelled at the Federal muscle men. "Out the door, all of you,

or we'll see how this Jew hog can take a little of what you motherfuckers gave Cathy!"

The Feds stood there like a gaggle of geese, waving their gun barrels in the air,

uncertain of what to do. Morgan still had Weintraub clutched in his left fist. He was

even stronger than he looked, with Barrow clamped firmly on his right arm keeping

the .44 pointed away and the other three all over him, and he was slamming

Weintraub again and again against the wall.

It was Cathy Frost who put a stop to it. She walked over and managed to reach

through the struggling group of men and simply touch Morgan on the face, and

suddenly he stopped. Sensing that she might be able to get through where they could

not, the other men let Morgan go and Barrow was able to quickly twist the gun out of

Morgan's hand. "Let him go, brother," she said to Morgan softly. "This is our day, the

day when the people of Coeur d'Alene arose against the tyrant and struck him down.

Don't let a cockroach have any part of it, even by paying him so much mind as to step

on him."

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“How can you say that, when he did you like that?” said Morgan, still half insane

with rage.

“I say it because we are the true seed of Adam. It is we who bear the true yoke of

God, not these creatures of darkness, and God demands that we be better than they

are. All of us have suffered, brother. We share a common pain, you and I, someone

beloved whom these devil things took away from us. There will be vengeance and

justice for us all in plenty. God will not deny us that. But for everything there is a

season.”

“Ecclesiastes,” said McCausland.

“Yes,” said Cathy. “This is our day. Weintraub has but one part in it. He must sign

that paper. Let him go, so that The Beast will let all of us go.” Morgan suddenly

released Weintraub, who crumpled to the floor. He had fainted, and the stink that

filled the room told of what he had done in his underwear in his terror. Nightshade’s

nose wrinkled and she sent a sly smile of remembrance at Cody.

“I think I’ll always associate this time of my life with the smell of Jews shitting

themselves,” said Cody in disgust. None of the others picked up on the possible

implications of the remark.

Barrow picked up the two copies of the six-point treaty. He tossed it down in front

of Stanhope. “Screw this. We’re not even waiting for tomorrow. We’re going upstairs

and we’re going to pack our stuff and I’m going to call Captain Chernilov and tell him

to warm up the helicopter. If you decide you want to stop any more killing, sign this

and mail us our copy. Otherwise, you can all go fuck yourselves. You don’t want peace.

Well, it doesn’t look like you’re going to get it, and your beloved Israel is just going to

have to do without the million or so troops we’ll be keeping occupied here in the

Northwest.” He quickly tossed the .44 back to Morgan. “Here, John you may need this

yet.” He turned to the gun-toting Federal officers clustered at one end of the conference room. “Get out of our way,” he told them. “Now.”

Walter Stanhope made a signal to the FBI agent in charge and they turned

and

left. The NVA delegation filed out, hands on their guns. “The stairs, not the elevators,”

commanded Barrow as they pushed through the excited crowd, some of whom

recognized Cathy Frost. The reporters shouted questions about Cathy, about the

gunshot they had heard, about the whereabouts of the missing Susan Horowitz.

After a long and nerve-wracking walk they reached their rooms. Jane Chenault was

staring at pandemonium on CNN.

“My God, what happened?” she cried. “What, my God, Cathy, oh, Cathy! Oh, what

did they do to you?”

“Hi, Jane,” said Cathy as the two women hugged one another. “It’s so good to see

you again! It doesn’t matter, Jane. I have lived to see you all here in the uniform of the

country Marc and Eddie died for and I suffered for, and I am fine, fine, fine! Hey, you

think this is bad? At least they did some reconstruction on my face before trotting me

out in public. Two months ago I looked like the Phantom of the Opera!”

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“How can you joke about it?” whispered Nightshade in horror.

“The best way not to weep is to learn to laugh, Lieutenant,” said Cathy.
“Look on

the bright side. At least the media will now have something else to put on the front

page besides you and your boyfriend here going at it like rabbits next to the Coke

machine. Yes, I saw that on the helicopter coming in.”

“They have a video of it,” said Jane disapprovingly. “It’s been all over the news. I

thought we had a very clear no-nookie rule established, young lady!”

“You do realize now that your Mom’s worst fears are confirmed?” asked Cody with

a grin.

“That was part of an undercover mission!” Nightshade protested.

“Oh, is that what you kids call it now?” asked Cathy.

“Cease this bootless badinage and start packing, you guys,” said Barrow.
“We may

yet have to shoot our way out of here.”

But they didn’t. Instead, half an hour later there was a knock on the door. It was

Seamus O’Connell, looking pale and wan. He had lost twenty pounds in the past ten

weeks and even joked about it. “Sure, ‘twill take a lot of Bewley’s fry-ups and good

pints o’ Guinness to bring me back up to fightin’ weight.” O’Connell handed Barrow a

large leather folding document case.

“What’s this?” asked Barrow, not able to force himself to look.

“Confirmation of what you already know, General,” said O’Connell. “The very

proof of the pudding so to speak.”

“Confirmation of what, Mr. O’Connell?” asked Stepanov over Barrow’s shoulder.

“You won the war, gentlemen,” said O’Connell. “The Pacific Northwest is yours.”

Barrow opened the folder and found the treaty inside.

It was signed by all five American plenipotentiaries. “My country took eight

hundred years to drive out the oppressor at the point of the sword,” O’Connell went

on. “You lads did it in five. You’re bloody good, I’ll give yez that.”

“We had some good teachers, sir,” said Stepanov with a smile. “The lives of Michael Collins and De Valera were required reading in the Party.”

“How did this happen?” asked Barrow in wonder, staring at the paper in his hand

in disbelief.

“Mr. Stanhope. Apparently he called them all in and gave them a good talking to.

He asks one thing: that you postpone your departure long enough to help with the

announcement. It’s going to be a bit hard for a lot of people on the American side to

swallow. After that, it’s all yours.”

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“We’ll be down in twenty minutes,” said Barrow.

After O’Connell was gone, Stepanov said “That must have been some talking-to!

What in the name of the devil did he say to them?”

“I suspect he was speaking with Lodge’s voice,” said Barrow. “Lodge is nothing if

not a businessman. Theatrics don’t convince him, but he knows better than to pour

good money after bad. That’s all I can think of. Let’s just take it as a miracle and leave

it at that.” The news still hadn’t sunk in, and everyone was simply standing and

looking at one another.

“So what do we tell the world at the press conference?” asked Cody. “How good

are you at making historic speeches, sir? You did all right in the conference.”

“We don’t tell the world anything, Lieutenant,” said Barrow. “We show them.” He

went to his suitcase and pulled out a large plastic bag, from which he drew a folded

Tricolor flag of strong weatherproof nylon. “Six by ten, pre-10/22 Party

manufacture,” he said, opening a few of the folds. “Made in Taiwan for one of the old

Party front companies, ironically. This is the one that flew over the central post office

in Coeur d’Alene five years ago, during the Sixteen Days. Red Morehouse gave it to me

before I came down here. This hotel has a very fine outdoor speaker system for golf

tournaments and whatnot. I’m giving Chernilov another call, and I’m going to ask him

to send down all those CDs he has of classical music so we can select something nice

and dignified to play as we march out there and lower that red, white and blue flag of

a once noble experiment that failed so badly, and raise up this flag of a new nation

wherein hopefully, we’ll do a better job this time.”

“Maybe this time we’ll learn to keep the rats out of the barn,” suggested Morgan

hopefully.

“I hope so, John. Comrade Frost, would you do the honors?”

“I would be honored, sir,” said Cathy.

It took almost an hour to get everything set up, get the reporters and everyone else

herded outside to await an unannounced major event, and get the American

delegation present. Weintraub and Galinsky originally refused to attend and Barrow

shrugged. “Fine with me,” he said. And yet at the last minute they came downstairs,

white and staring, creeping quietly up to the fringe of the group that stood in the

lobby speaking in low tones, unable to keep away. “Are we ready?” said Barrow. “I

know I am. Where’s McCausland and Gair?”

Cody appeared at Barrow’s side. “Sir, could you come into the office?” he said in a

low voice. “We have a problem.”

The problem was John McCausland and Robert Gair, standing in the back room of

the office where the public address system’s control panel was placed, bellowing at

one another with rage. This time it was John Corbett Morgan who was keeping them

apart; they seemed about ready to start swinging on one another while Doctor Doom,

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who was in charge of the PA, sat hunkered in the chair in astonishment with a small

stack of music CDs in front of him. “What the hell?” demanded Barrow.

“Musical differences, sir,” said Lieutenant Waters.

“This day will be a celebration of the victory of Christ!” screamed McCausland. “It

will be a statement to the world that this new land will not be some kind of comic

book Fourth Reich of socialism and paganism! I’ve put up with this constant derision

of the Bible and the Christian faith for ten weeks now, General, but by God, sir, this

one time we are going to acknowledge that America is a Christian country and that we

are a Christian people and we always will be! For fifty years ZOG has shut God out of

our national life! No more, damn you!”

“Major McCausland wants me to play Handel’s *Hallelujah Chorus*,” explained

young Waters.

“Twenty million Germans and other Nordic people slaughtered!” bellowed Gair.

“Babies burned in their cribs in the Dresden firestorm, from bombs dropped by

Christians fighting for the Jews and the Jew god! German women raped by the

millions by the Bolsheviks! You want to go back before that, try the Thirty Years’ War,

two thousand years of White people slaughtering one another because some of us

are stupid enough to worship a goddamned Jew as a god! This day is vengeance for

1945 and it’s a sign that our Folk have finally awakened and we are casting off all

these Jew lies!”

“Captain Gair wants *The Ride of the Valkyries* from Wagner,” said Doctor Doom.

“Oh, for Christ’s sake!” yelled Barrow. “Okay, bad choice of words. You guys just

couldn’t leave it alone, could you? I suppose you want something else,

Commandant?”

“Actually, I’d like some Charlie Daniels, but this Russian chopper pilot seems kind

of light on country,” said Morgan.

“Well, let’s see what else he’s got,” said Barrow, pawing through the CDs.

The

problem was that Chernilov was a Russian and he had mostly heavy classical stuff.

“Okay, looks like we’re going to have to find something to compromise with. Nuts, I

have no idea what most of this stuff even is! Well, here we go! *Hohenfriedburger-*

mársch, the Hills of Peace, by Frederick the Great. A good, solid, dignified piece.”

“The Nazis were very big on Alte Fritz,” agreed Gair. “Okay, that will do.”

“So instead of a pagan piece about female demons flying through the air we play a

Nazi song?” growled McCausland.

“Enough, gentlemen,” said Cathy Frost calmly from the doorway. “We are in the

presence of the enemy. This has to stop, and it has to stop now. If you think that this

movement owes me anything, I want you to lay your differences aside and this my

way, on just this one occasion. It is the only reward I will ever ask of the Party.” She

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opened her purse and took out a Walkman CD player. She took out the CD inside. “I

asked the Red Cross for this when I was released,” she said, handing it to Waters.

“Lieutenant, when the Tricolor begins to go up the flagstaff, please play track number

four, as loud as you can. It is my favorite hymn, the one my imprisoned sisters sang

for me so I could hear it while I was being tortured under the so-called Dershowitz

protocols. Yes, Captain, it is Christian, but it was written by one of the greatest men of

our race who ever lived, a German. His name was Martin Luther. The name of it is *Ein*

Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott, which means *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. However you

view God or the gods or whatever destiny rules our world, this day could not have

come about without the approval of that force. He has been with us, gentlemen,

throughout all these terrible years. And even if we have forgotten Him, He has never

forgotten us. Play track four, Lieutenant.”

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XII.

“I think I’m free.” - Jane Chenault

The Northwest nation was born on a crisp and clear afternoon in the autumn,
five

years to the day after the Singer family had been burned alive in their home
in Coeur

d'Alene rather than allow their children to be torn from their arms by The
Beast. Five

years to the day after Gus Singer's neighbors had taken guns from their
hiding places

and opened fire on the armed forces of the United States, in order to help a
good

neighbor and a good man fight against the tyrant who came in his power and
his

arrogance to do them harm. Five years to the day after white males became
men

again.

The crowd watched in stunned silence as the group of delegates walked out
the

front door of the hotel. They and the watching world could hear a rattling
from the

cable on the flagpole, as the Stars and Stripes which had flown over this land
since the

days of Lewis and Clark went down for the last time, after something over
two

hundred years. Human history brings change, and two hundred years in the

Northwest was the span that destiny had allotted for the red, white and blue
banner

that now seemed to drop like a stone down the staff.

There was a brief and quick folding, and Barrow handed the flag to Brubaker, who

was weeping openly. Barrow stepped back and saluted; Brubaker was too overcome to

return it and simply clutched the American flag to his chest. Then Cathy hooked the

grommets on the new nation's banner into the clips and drew it floating and snapping, high into the air, green and white and blue against the sky.

As the Tricolor went up, music burst forth from the hidden speakers. A *Mighty*

Fortress Is Our God, by Martin Luther. It was a thundering paean to God and human

destiny, in the proud and ancient tongue of the greatest and most noble nation among

the Children of the Sun. Generations after the heroic immolation in the Berlin bunker,

the spirit of a mighty people and their Leader was avenged by a hundred mighty

voices, singing in German. Nobody noticed that the hymn came from a public address

system. It seemed to come from the sky and earth itself, as if a choir of angels and

heroes from Valhalla had descended to earth sing at the new dawn of time.

The entire crowd suddenly burst into an incredible cacophony of noise. Men

and

women screamed, wept, cursed, pounded one another on the back, embraced one

another in a mad passion of joy that at long last their ancient race was free once again

to be who they were. Jeanette Galinsky ran hysterically through the crowd, shrieking

and bellowing in Yiddish like a wounded beast. Howard Weintraub fell to the grounds, jerking like an epileptic, white froth coming from his thick lips. No one paid

them any attention. Their day was done. Barrow stood staring at the flag, his arm

around Jane Chenault. He turned to her and said “So what are you doing after the

revolution?”

“I think I’m free,” she whispered.

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Cody and Emily turned to one another and hugged in unbelieving joy, both of them crying. “This day has to last forever!” Cody whispered into her ear. “Never leave

me! Stay with me always!” Her face was buried in his shoulder, and she simply

nodded.

H. A. Covington

XIII.

“In the long run, this is the only way. We finally understood that.” - Cody Brock

On the first day of November, Cody and Emily were in Camp Murdock outside the

appropriately named Battle Ground, Washington. The preparations for the Northwest

Defense Force assault on Portland were almost complete. General Delmar Portman

had refused a direct order from the President of the United States to comply with the

terms of the Longview Treaty, issued a call for her impeachment, and was digging in

with the last holdouts, American troops and FATPOs and several thousand hastily-recruited loyalist militiamen.

Murdock was the temporary base which the First Corps of the Army of the

Columbia was using for its jumping-off point; the move south was already beginning

as elements of the rebel army moved out. Carter Wingfield was in command, and by

his side was the newly appointed Political Officer for the Army of the Columbia,

former U. S. Secretary of State Walter Stanhope.

“Stanhope was the Third Section agent at Longview?” yelled Cody in astonishment when he heard. “How in hell did that happen? Don’t tell me Threesec

has penetrated the Skull and Bones itself?”

“I had some trouble wrapping my mind around it myself,” admitted Barrow. “That

day we met privately in the hotel room, when you and the late unlamented Hadass

were circling one another in the living room, we couldn’t really speak because

Stanhope himself made it clear that he didn’t know whether or not the room was

clean. I took a napkin and put a couple of question marks on it, that’s all. He wrote

back, ‘Even a rich man sometimes wakes up one morning and looks in the mirror’. I

still didn’t entirely trust him, but damned if he didn’t come through. We need a man

like him in the Political Bureau, a man who knows how it’s done and can teach the

rest of us. Did you meet with your Dad, Cody?”

“Yes, sir,” said Cody. “He’s changed a lot, of course. He’s actually heading out to

Florida. Captain Moore was able to pick up on some information that my

sister

Gwendolyn may have been sent there. He's going to try and find her. She may not

even want to Come Home, of course, but one way or the other, we've got to know."

Cody and Emily were now wearing camouflage fatigues and field gear, and new

wedding rings on their left fingers. That afternoon a group of what appeared to be

Northwest army nurses was getting off a mini-bus, canvas bags over their shoulders

and suitcases in their hands. They were wearing NDF camouflage fatigues with white

and scarlet Red Cross armbands around their left sleeves. It looked as if the

quartermaster had run out of the sassy little female berets, because these women were

wearing the Alpine fatigue caps of a line unit on top of braided, clipped, or bunned-up

hair. One of them, a tall and lithe girl with a single blonde braid running down her

back, came up to Cody. "Excuse me, Lieutenant, can you tell me where to find the

Third Mobile Field Hospital Unit?"

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“Down about five hundred yards on your left,” said Cody, pointing. Then he did a

double take. “Kelly?” he said in stunned recognition. “Kelly Shipman?”

“Cody! I hoped I’d meet up with you somewhere!” cried Kelly in excitement.

“What the... ” Cody gestured at her uniform. “How did you... why... I mean, yeah,

I guess after what happened and all.”

“It wasn’t just the Mitch Newman thing,” said Kelly, shaking her head. “I think

maybe I got into this a little with you back at Hillside—God, that seems so long

ago!—but even back there, for a long time I understood that I was having doubts. It’s

not that I don’t still love acting and want to be an actress and work on set. I do, more

than ever. But I always had this odd feeling in the back of my mind that before I could

do that, there was something I had to do. Pay my dues, so to speak. I was never really

happy with having everything handed to me on a silver platter. Most girls would be,

but for me it just somehow seemed off-kilter a bit. You have to live for something else,

for a while at least, before you start living for yourself. Otherwise, if everything is

always about you, how do you grow as a human being? America never gave me that.

All America ever gave me was a credit card and the mall. It turned out those weren't

enough."

"How about your parents?" asked Cody. "How did they take it?"

"Not well," admitted Kelly ruefully. "But at least my staying kept them here as

well. I told my Mom and Dad that I had to go with my own people, and do something

bigger than just me. They'll come around. I'm worried about Jason, him still being in

the U. S. Army, but this is something I have to do."

"It must have been a hard decision," said Cody.

"No," said Kelly. "It wasn't. That's what surprised me so much about it, the fact

that once I understood there was something in life greater than my own dreams and

ambitions, I wanted to shoot higher than just being some pretty face on a movie

screen. Oh, don't get me wrong, I know Hollywood's out now, and this means I'll

probably end up doing Arsenic and Old Lace in some old renovated theater in Boise

instead of starring roles in Hollywood. But I can live with that. In fact, in a

way I think

I might enjoy being a real actress with a small audience of real people than some kind

of icon that multi-national corporations use to sell people junk they don't need. Is that

a ring on your finger?"

"Yeah," he said, holding it up.

"Emily?"

"Yup. She's around here somewhere."

"Right behind you," said Nightshade, coming up on them and holding up her own

ring on her left hand, slung M-16 over her right shoulder. "Well, well, looks like Betty

Grable decided to try out for MASH."

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"Hi, Emily," said Kelly with a smile. "How'd a skinny broad like you ever beat a

hottie like me out for a guy like this?"

"I'm a good listener, and I laugh at his jokes," said Emily. "That, and I can suck the

lug nuts off a timber truck."

"Ooo-kaaay, I don't think we'll go there," said Kelly primly.

“Speaking of hunks, how’s things going between you and our own 007?” said Emily.

“I’m kind of seeing him, yes,” said Kelly with a sudden blush. “When we can. He’s

off somewhere doing a spot of cloak and dagger, as he puts it. He’s told me a lot about

both of you. You’re both up to 007 class, the way he tells it. Boy, did I miss out on you

two in school! Still waters run a hell of a deep, don’t they?”

“Jack Flash is a good man,” said Cody seriously. “You could do a hell of a lot

worse, Kelly. So do you know if you’re coming with us when we move on Portland,

which should be any day now?”

“Somebody’s going to have to sew you guys back together,” said Kelly with a sigh.

“I wish there were another way to get freedom and justice besides this.”

“In the long run, this is the only way,” said Cody. “We finally understood that.

Almost too late, but the penny finally dropped. Well, there go the first units down to

the north shore of the river,” he said, pointing to a long convoy of camouflaged trucks

pulling 155-millimeter and 108-millimeter field guns behind them. “This time, when

Partman opens up with his artillery, he'll get a dose of his own medicine. I've noticed

that the United States doesn't like getting a dose of its own medicine."

"Yeah, well, screw what the United States of Amurrica doesn't like," said Emily

with a grin, waving as the artillery train rolled by. "In case you hadn't noticed, they

ain't in charge anymore."

The trucks roared southward down the highway, the heavy guns rolling behind

them, and the Northwest troopers' machine guns leveled over the cabs, at the ready to

fire on any of the slave master's dogs who dared to bark. Loud over the speakers

boomed the rocking battle cry of an earlier generation:

"Look what's coming up the street!

Got a revolution, got the revolution!

We're Volunteers of America, Volunteers of America..."

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Epilogue

The Storm Set To Sweep Oscars

Chicago - (Reuters) –

As the movie world prepares for its annual Academy Awards extravaganza in an

unaccustomed venue, indications are that the combined US/NAR mini-series *The*

Storm is set to sweep the boards. The Storm will almost certainly bring away the

Oscars for Best Actor, Best Actress, Best Supporting Actor and Actress, Best Director,

Best Soundtrack, and Best Screenplay, with wins possible in several other categories.

The Storm made cinematic history not only as the most-watched mini-series of all

time, commanding viewer shares in the 90-percentiles in the North American,

European, Southern Pacific and Asian markets, but as the first open collaboration

between movie-makers and actors in the United States and the Northwest American

Republic.

The Storm raised eyebrows with its unique production technique of two separate

plot lines and casts, one cast from the Northwest Republic portraying a band of

Northwest Volunteer Army fighters engaged in revolutionary combat against the

United States government, and one American cast including minority and Jewish

actors from Ad Astra Pictures who played members of the Seattle FBI office and the

long-since disbanded Federal Anti-Terrorist Police Organization (FATPO.) Since

under the constitution of the Northwest Republic, non-whites and people of Jewish

ancestry are not allowed into the country, most of the American cast's scenes were

filmed in Hollywood, while the outside scenes and NVA segments of the movie were

shot in Seattle, along with a meld of old news footage from *The Trouble* which gives

The Storm a convincing period flavor.

White American actors Del Raymond, Sean Carroll, Denise Winters and Pete

Parisi, as well as other white cast members from Ad Astra who play FBI agents and

FATPO officers, were in fact allowed into the Republic and did outdoor scenes, which

led to friction and a number of resignations and protests among minority cast

members.

Each cast also used its own American, Aztlan and Northwest writers to produce

the dialog, so that both sides of the conflict were presented in balance. Action sequences were based on actual historic events which took place during the

Northwest insurgency, which is known in the Republic as the War of Independence.

Director Kelly Shipman supervised Hollywood assistant director Ray Thorne on the

Ad Astra set by satellite video conference hookup, and also in person on several

occasions until Northwest cast members and personnel were banned from entering

Aztlan by the *Oficio del Diversidad Nacional*.

The Storm has been widely praised by drama and film critics as being the most

realistic and convincing portrayal of the Northwest conflict yet achieved by the

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cinematic art. But *The Storm* also generated another kind of storm, a massive controversy due to the flouting of international sanctions against the NAR which

reached its culmination when the annual Oscar ceremony had to be moved to

Chicago

from its traditional Hollywood venue at the request of the government of Aztlan.

Presidente de la Raza Mario Fuentes expressed “profound regret” at his

government’s decision but said that “we feel it is inappropriate for a nation such as

ours, which has been founded on freedom, diversity, and multiculturalism, to be host

for a ceremony which honors a film such as *The Storm*, a film not only produced in

blatant violation of international sanctions and Aztlan law, but which presents a

skewed and glorified view of one of the most tragic and horrific episodes in living

memory. We regret that the Ad Astra studio saw fit to collaborate in the making of

this deeply racist picture, and we consider it a sufficiently serious breach of our laws

and of simple human decency so that a criminal investigation has been opened.”

The Storm has been banned from public showing or broadcast nationwide in

Aztlan, and also in several American cities with large Jewish and minority

populations such as New York, Philadelphia, and Atlanta, on the grounds that it

allegedly promotes racism.

Legislation is pending in Congress to have the movie classified as hatespeech and

possession or downloading of a copy made punishable with a term of imprisonment.

The controversy seems only to have swelled the movie's popularity worldwide. Sales

of the movie online and in stores are still at record levels, and everywhere it is shown

in theaters it is still playing to packed audiences.

Director Shipman, from the Seattle-based Cascade Film studio, who is considered

a shoo-in for Best Actress tonight, does not deny the controversial aspects of the film.

"I'm somewhat at a loss to understand just how we were supposed to deal with actual

events involving the establishment of a world-wide Homeland for one race of people,

without mentioning race," she said in a recent interview. "The entire history of the

North American continent is based on racial conflict. We tried pretending that race

didn't exist for a lengthy period during the last century, and you see where it got us

all."

Ms. Shipman is considered likely to carry off not only the Best Director but the

Best Actress award for her portrayal of NVA guerrilla and intelligence operative

Captain Emmeline Parsons, code name Nightshade. Responding to concerns that *The*

Storm's allegedly heroic portrayal of the Northwest Volunteer Army, who officially are

still considered terrorists by the United States and Aztlan legal systems, would offend

minorities and people of the Jewish faith, Ms. Shipman said "I have to confess that

catering to the sensitivity of the Jews was rather low on our scale of priorities when

we were making the film. All I can really add is that with a ninety-one percent viewer

share in the United States last April when *The Storm* was first broadcast, I don't think

it could have been all that offensive. Offended or not, people watched it."

Ms. Shipman, who is married to General Nigel Moore of Special Service or SS,

herself served in the Northwest insurgent forces during The Trouble, as an eighteen

year-old nurse. She is modestly dismissive of that time in her life.

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"I wasn't actually ever in the NVA," she said. "I think I joined something

like two

or three days after it officially became the Northwest Defense Force, so I was never a

domestic terrorist, if you insist on the term. No fifty thousand dollar bounty on my

head. It was while the Longview Conference was going on. I was a member of the

official army of a government, even if it wasn't formally recognized yet. I helped save a

lot of wounded people's lives, soldiers from both sides and civilians, and I will always

be proud of that. Mostly I just remember that was a cold, wet winter and I had to sleep

in a tent in a clammy sleeping bag a lot of the time, when I wasn't on night shift or in

the OR. I was issued a pistol at some point, in case our field hospital was attacked, but

I don't remember ever firing it. I think I still have it in a trunk up in my attic somewhere. It's probably rusted solid."

Shipman has admitted that her character of Emmeline Parsons, the role which is

expected to win her an Oscar tonight, is based on a genuine woman who was a rebel

agent and assassin, whom she actually met when both were in high school in Seattle.

“By sheer coincidence I was in the same school with the real Nightshade. None of us

had any idea that she was a Volunteer, until the last few months of the war,” said

Shipman. “That was what made her such a great spy. She was just this quiet

unobtrusive little girl off in a corner that no one would have suspected of being

involved in anything. Of course, she was a lot younger than Emmeline in the movie.

An amazing number of Volunteers were very young. I certainly can’t credibly play a

teenager again, so my movie Nightshade had to age some, up into her late twenties.

Late twenties, I can still manage, thanks to a lot of time on the treadmill and a really

great makeup crew. When we were doing the film I tracked the real girl down, and got

together with her. We lived over old times at Hillside High, and she and her husband

gave me a lot of really great tips and advice on the role. But she wouldn’t even let me

give her a mention in the end credits of the movie. She’s married with children of her

own in high school now, and she didn’t want her kids to have to deal with their mom

being known as the real Deadly Nightshade.”

Chicago police are on high security alert to deal with a number of planned demonstrations against the Oscar Ceremonies, to be held in the Daley Plaza Civic

Center beginning at 8 P.M. Central Time tonight. Rachel Cohen, spokesperson for the

Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith and Barry Glickstein of the Coalition for

Anti-Fascist Action issued a press release... [snip]

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